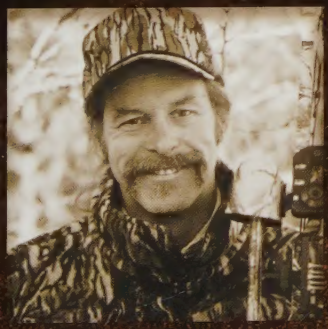
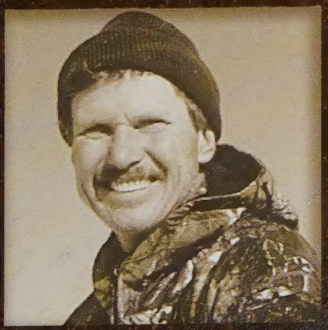
45 UNFORGETTABLE BOWHUNTERS!

Inside the Lives of the Sport's Most Famous and Infamous Personalities

by M. R. James





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by M. R. James

ihunt!®
COMMUNICATIONS

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Unforgettable Bowhunters

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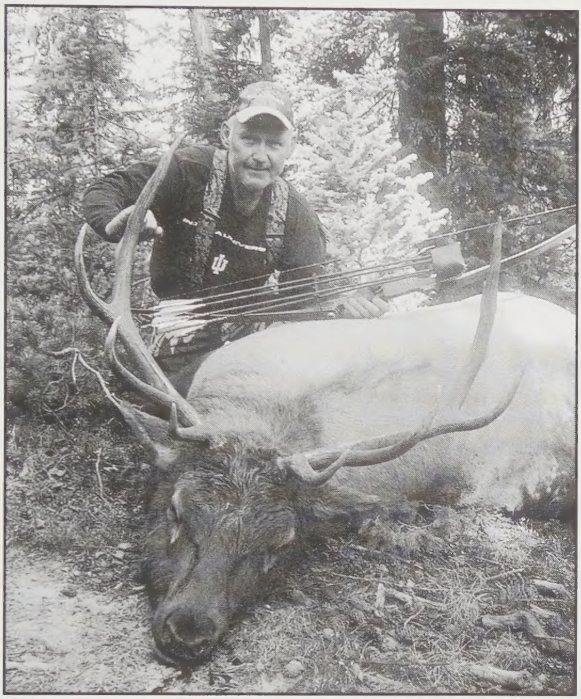

For Dr. Chuck Williams of Kalispell, Montana. A best friend, fellow bowhunter, Pope & Young Club senior member and godfather to grandson Marc Charles James. May our past hunts serve as mere prelude to many more shared adventures in the seasons ahead. Ain't kids and "retirement" great?

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE GENESIS OF THIS BOOK can be traced directly to an old *Reader's Digest* magazine series that I always enjoyed. In issue after issue, writers shared their recollections of "the most unforgettable characters" in their lives. While those popular installments were authored by different writers and the memorable individuals included an array of teachers, police officers, soldiers, physicians, family members, neighbors, co-workers, etc., each of the 45 chapters I've written focuses on one or more unforgettable bowhunters, who for reasons that quickly will become obvious to readers, are forever etched in my mind.

Mining memories for the nuggets showcased in "Unforgettable Bowhunters" was an inspired and mostly enjoyable experience. Fortunately, I received plenty of encouragement from fellow writers and friends, including helpful assistance from many of the unforgettable hunters spotlighted within these pages. To one and all I offer my deepest, most sincere thanks. Any mistakes made in mentioning names, dates or places are mine alone.

Heartfelt gratitude is due past and present *Bowhunter* magazine partners, employees and contributors: Don Clark, Bob Schisler, Steve Doucette, Fred Wallace, Dwight Schuh, Jeff Waring, Dave Canfield, Dr. Dave Samuel, Dave Holt, G. Fred Asbell, Dr. Larry Bamford, Len Cardinale, Larry D. Jones, Jay Massey, Dr. E. Donnall Thomas, John "Maggie" McGee, Roger Rothhaar, Roy Hoff, Dick Sage, Judy and Herm Kovar, Tom Nelson and Dick Sage.

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Finally, thanks to ihunt! Books publisher Gregg Gutschow for his advice and enthusiasm. And special thanks to the woman I married in 1960. Janet's wifely patience, support and encouragement made writing this book - and the long decades we've spent together - much easier than I ever dreamed or deserved.

M. R. JAMES spent 35 memorable years writing and editing material for *Bowhunter* magazine, the publication that he founded in 1971. Under his editoral direction, *Bowhunter* evolved into the most successful special-interest periodical in archery history. And during his bowhunting career that now spans nearly half a century, James has been more than an eyewitness to the sport's most significant changes and challenges. Standing beside the legendary hunters, innovators and manufacturers, he played an active role in helping to shape the face of modern bowhunting.

A former high school English teacher, university writing instructor, daily newspaper sports editor and feature writer, industrial editor and freelance outdoor writer, James arrowed his first record-book whitetail deer in 1963. He later successfully bowhunted most recognized North Americal big game species. A member of the Professional Bowhunters Society since 1965 and a current senior member and president of the Pope & Young Club, he was a National Bowhunter Education Foundation board member and advisor for nearly two decades.

In 2001, James was inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame as its 54th member. In 1999, he earned the Outdoor Writers Association of America's distinguished Excellence in Craft award in recognition of his outstanding writing and editing career. In 1988, the editors and publishers of *Petersen's Hunting* magazine named James one of hunting's 25 most influencial personalities. James has been a columnist and Bowhunting Advisory Council member for *North American Hunter* magazine for more than 25 years.

James has authored half a dozen popular how-to bowhunting books and the critically acclaimed hunting autobiography, "My Place." He was editor of the Pope & Young Club's very first book of bowhunting records in 1975, and later edited two additional Club record books in 1993 and 1999.

An award-winning writer, editor, photographer and public speaker, James logs thousands of miles each year attending state, regional and national bowhunting gatherings, presenting seminars and appearing regularly on outdoor television programs.

James, who has a bachelor's degree in the language arts and a master's degree in English, is an Illinois native who spent most of his adult life living and working in Indiana and Montana. He and his high school sweetheart, Janet, were married in 1960. They have four grown children and eight grandchildren.

INTRODUCTION

IT IS DAWN of a muggy Midwestern August day in 1971. Four men crowd into a cramped booth at an all-night diner on Fort Wayne's bustling southwest side. Too excited to order breakfast, much less eat it, they anxiously flip through newly delivered copies of a publication subtitled "A New Magazine for the Hunting Archer." Although they do not realize it at the time, this new publication which they collectively named *Bowhunter*, is about to forever change their lives - and the ancient face of archery itself.

As pages turn, forgotten coffee turns tepid in ceramic cups standing beside beading water glasses. Satisfied smiles slowly appear. Nods and knowing looks are exchanged, but there is no need for words. A shared dream has just become reality.

Meanwhile, outside the Indiana diner the workday morning traffic flow is thickening on West Jefferson Boulevard. Cars and trucks flash by, their pre-rush hour drivers and passengers oblivious to this singular moment in the world's history. Besides the four men in the booth - M. R. James, Don Clark, Steve Doucette and Bob Schisler - only a handful of people understand the significance of what is beginning. Historians have much more to occupy their minds than the birth of a mere special-interest magazine.

At this particular time in our country's pre-Watergate history, Nixon is in the White House still three full years from resignation and disgrace. The painful Vietnam pullout continues, a first-class U.S. postage stamp costs 8 cents, and a newly minted novelty - Eisenhower "silver" dollars - clink noisily in the pockets and coin purses of many gainfully employed Americans.

Bored Beatles are going their separate musical ways. The Doors' frenetic Jim Morrison, at age 27, lies quiet at last in a Paris graveyard. Recently silenced by death, too, are the trumpet and gravelly voice of 72-year-old jazzman Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong. Overseas in Russia, ousted supreme Soviet strongman Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev has less than a month to live.

Back in the States, despite a slow economy, at this selfsame moment thousands of workmen are busy putting the finishing touches on the sprawling $40 million Walt Disney World complex near Orlando, Florida, and construction continues at the elegant $10 million John Fitzgerald Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts on the grassy banks of the Potomac in Washington, D. C.

Cronkite reigns as king of television news. Flickering images of Apollo 15 and its crew - Scott, Worden and Irwin - flash nightly on a proud nation's color TV screens. Millions of regular viewers, who now sit before their television sets for an average of six hours daily, tune in weekly to laugh at Archie Bunker's outrageous bigotry and Flip Wilson's variety show humor.

Simon and Garfunkel's "Bridge Over Troubled Water" is the year's musical chart-topper. In movieland, Dustin Hoffman's sympathetic "Little Big Man" focuses attention on the white man's inhumanity to his red brothers; however, tinsel town movers and shakers are still abuzz over George C. Scott's refusal to

accept the best actor Oscar for his award-winning role as General George Patton in the year's best movie.

Echoes of disbelief still resound across America after newspapers published the top-secret Pentagon papers. William Peter Blatty's "The Exorcist" tops the bestseller fiction list for 1971, while Dee Brown's "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee" is popular nonfiction reading fare.

1971 photo of M. R. James signing articles of incorporation for *Bowhunter* magazine as partners Don Clark and Bob Schisler look on.

In the world's ever-changing sports headlines, solemn Bobby Fischer rules chessdom and smiling Lee "Supermex" Trevino continues to dominate links play. Oakland A's lefty Vida Blue is baseball's most talked-about player, even while Baltimore's Orioles and Pittsburgh's Pirates face August's dog days on a collision course leading to a World Series showdown - and an eventual seventh-game victory by the underdog Buccaneers. Joe Frazier, having decisioned boxing legend Muhammad Ali in March, still reigns as world heavyweight champ. The preseason collegiate grid rankings favor Notre Dame and Nebraska. And UCLA's cage dynasty, led by Walton and Wooden, is mere months away from extending its national reign to six straight years.

Away from major newspaper scrutiny and banner headlines, the little-known world of bows and arrows is ruled by two Pennsylvanians, target archery champ John Williams and legendary bowhunter Fred Bear. In less than a month Bear will leave his Michigan-based headquarters and journey to Dry Creek, Alaska, where he'll drop a 55-inch bull moose with one arrow at 15 feet. And in this same pre-*Bowhunter* publishing world of 1971, only two archery magazines - *Bow & Arrow* and *Archery World* - offer interested readers nationwide newsstand distribution and home subscription delivery. Both magazines attempt to cover all aspects of archery, dividing their coverage between target competition and bowhunting.

But interest in tournament archery is ebbing, while each year the challenge of hunting with the bow and arrow is attracting more eager participants. Already some 1.25 million North American archery hunters take to the woods and fields each fall in pursuit of game, despite a modest nationwide success rate of about 5 percent. Further, more than 50 cents out of every dollar spent by archers during 1971 is directly related to bowhunting. That fact alone should make launching an all-new bowhunting magazine especially timely. Combine good timing with an all-new bow design that over the coming years will attract

hundreds of thousands of new archers to bowhunting, while changing modern archery forever, and you have the door to opportunity standing wide open.

In retrospect, the birth of *Bowhunter* magazine could not have occurred at a more opportune time because the 1970s marked the advent and general acceptance of the compound bow. But 1971 hunting archers seeking one of the strange-looking bows, each arrayed with wheels or pulleys and wire cables, had only two manufacturers' product brands from which to choose - either Allen or Jennings. However, by the end of the decade most major U.S. bow companies would have climbed aboard the fast-moving compound bandwagon. Coincidentally, by 1980 *Bowhunter* would reign as the undisputed king of the archery publications.

Of course, in August of 1971, the four bowhunters crowded into a booth in a Fort Wayne, Indiana, diner knew none of this. Naïve to the world of magazine publishing, they were unaware of the ills afflicting the nation's magazine industry. They knew nothing of a recent 11 percent decline in magazine ad sales, or of a newly approved postal rate hike which would jump 142 percent during the next five years. None knew that *Look* magazine, a popular weekly publication founded in 1937, was over $10 million in debt and planning to cease publication after distributing its October 19 issue. All the four men knew was that their collective goal - creating and publishing an all-new, all-bowhunting magazine - had come true. They held the proof in their hands. At that moment nothing else really mattered.

"Welcome to the world of *Bowhunter*!" proclaimed the editorial greeting on page 5 of that initial issue.

"For more than two years now careful preparations have been underway to create a magazine which is devoted solely to the ever-growing sport of bowhunting...and this issue represents the realization of that dream."

*****

FAST FORWARD to Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1988, just another cloudy and windy winter day in northeastern Indiana. The front page of *The News-Sentinel*, Fort Wayne's afternoon daily newspaper, carries a four-column above-the-fold feature article headlined **"Magazine might hit financial bull's eye."**

"A magazine four local bowhunters started as a hobby may soon make them millionaires," writes David Heath.

"Historical Times, Inc. of Harrisburg, Pa., has offered to buy Fort Wayne-based Blue-J Inc., publisher of *Bowhunter* magazine, for about $10 million, according to a source familiar with the deal.

"M. R. James, editor and publisher of *Bowhunter* and a majority owner of Blue-J, said the company has accepted the offer pending a review of the contract.

"*Bowhunter* magazine was founded 17 years ago by James and three co-workers at Magnavox Government & Industrial Electronics Co.

"'We were all avid bowhunters, and we lamented the fact that there were no

special magazines for bowhunting nuts like us,' said James, who no longer works at Magnavox.

"The first issue, published in August 1971, sold about 8,000 copies, mostly through newsstand sales. Today, the magazine has paid circulation of nearly 170,000 and newsstand sales of 55,000.

"Historical Times, a subsidiary of Cowles Media Co., publisher of the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*, hopes to increase the magazine's circulation among the estimated 2.4 million bowhunters in the country, James said.

"'The company was interested in *Bowhunter*,' said Eric Strauss, a New York investment banker, 'because it wanted to expand its outdoors magazine operations.' Historical Times currently publishes *Fly Fisherman* magazine.

"*Bowhunter* is published bimonthly, with two special issues each year. A staff of about 15 workers in Fort Wayne put it together with the help of a dozen regular contributors around the country. About 85 percent of the articles are by free-lance writers.

"James continues to edit each story and design the pages. Historical Times has agreed to retain him as editor."

*****

IT REMAINS TO BE DETERMINED exactly what the new millennium holds in store for *Bowhunter* magazine and bowhunting. One day future archery historians will write the final chapter to the story of modern bowhunting. They will accurately, objectively and completely record the many important events that transpired during the last half of the 20th century and beyond. But in the meantime, each passing day and each passing hunting season adds countless anecdotes to the continuing narrative.

And just as today's readers pore over the words written in the 1880s by the Thompson brothers - and words later penned by Pope, Young, Bear, St. Charles, Dougherty and other notable bowhunting pioneers - readers yet unborn may one day ponder published accounts in books, *Bowhunter* and other special interest periodicals while searching for insightful clues into bowhunting's history and the men and women whose exploits they document. Their scrutiny and subsequent analysis well may be complemented by candid commentary from the very bowhunters who bridged the chasm between the 20th and 21st centuries. Personal accounts and confidential observations add ample flesh to the bare bones of yesterday's dust-rimed chronicles.

Simply stated, that is why the candid observations and fragments of personal narrative presented collectively in this book should prove both beneficial and entertaining. Of course, each reader will have to form his or her own opinion of its merit, its historical significance and its ultimate worth.

IN THE BEGINNING...

THE SINGLE-PROP CESSNA banks low above a green sea of pines, noses into the wind and drops toward a grassy runway beside the remote Schafer Meadows ranger station. From my co-pilot's seat, I catch an occasional glint of moving water through the treetops off our right wing: the Middle Fork of the Flathead River. I know that this silver-green ribbon of shallow, fast flowing water divides northwestern Montana's vast Great Bear and Bob Marshall Wilderness areas. To the left, Lodgepole Mountain trails streamers of misty cloud vapor. Dead ahead is the USFS outpost where, according to prearranged plans, my outfitter will be waiting with the horses we'll ride south along Dolly Varden Creek toward hunting camp. With any luck at all, by first light tomorrow I'll be goat hunting in the rugged high country somewhere between Argosy Mountain and Triobite Peak.

This was September of 1991, 20 full years after the debut of *Bowhunter* magazine. I'd been away from home chasing caribou bulls in the Northwest Territories when a treasured goat license arrived. In those days, hunters successful in the annual special sheep, goat and moose drawings weren't notified until August. While late-arriving licenses may not have posed much of a problem for most Montanans, the good news in '91 caused me to do some serious scrambling. Having earlier drawn Wyoming goat and elk tags, I'd already made plans to spend most of September in the Cowboy State chasing bulls and billies. October and November, as usual, were completely devoted to hunting whitetails in half a dozen states. Unless I could squeeze in a few mid-September days for a short hunt in the Montana wilderness, I'd be eating goat tag stew by season's end. Compounding my dilemma was the troublesome knowledge that any lucky Big Sky hunter drawing a goat, sheep or moose license could not reapply for seven long years.

Hasty telephone calls to a couple of bowhunting friends eventually put me in contact with a licensed local outfitter, Shawn Little. I'd never met the man, but he reportedly ran a successful deer and elk camp in the same backcountry hunting unit where I was licensed to spot and stalk mountain goats. After Shawn confirmed that he knew where several old black-horned, pantalooned billies fed and bedded in the rocky ledges above his wilderness camp, I booked a three-day goat hunt before hanging up the phone.

After the chartered Cessna taxied to a stop and my pilot killed its engine, I

Ishi: The last of the Yana Indians, captured in 1911, was befriended by Dr. Saxton Pope and Art Young. Ishi, in turn, taught his companions how to make and shoot bows. They often bowhunted together in northern California until Ishi's death in 1916.

step down and see a cowboy-hatted man approaching. Smiling broadly, Shawn Little extends a callused hand. "You must be M. R." he says. "Man, I'm sure glad to meet you. You're not at all what I'd expected."

The puzzled look on my face prompts a quick explanation. Seems that after our recent telephone call, the outfitter contacted a couple of bowhunters he'd previously guided.

"Do you know a guy named M. R. James?" Shawn had asked. "And what can you tell me about him?"

The responses were generally the same: He's the guy who started *Bowhunter* magazine. He bowhunts a lot and writes stories about his hunts. He's one of the Pope & Young Club's officers. He's got lots of hunting experience all across North America.

"Goat hunting can be tough," my outfitter had grumbled. "I sure hope he's in good shape. Do you have any idea how old a fellow M. R. is?"

"Well," one fellow speculated, "I can't say for sure, but it seems to me he's

Dr. Saxton Pope: The surgeon's classic 1923 book, "Hunting with the Bow & Arrow," inspired thousands of readers including legendary bowhunter Fred Bear. This photo of the pioneer archer was snapped shortly before his death in 1926.

been around bowhunting forever. I'd guess he's at least in his early 70s."

I was 50 at the time. And I shot my Montana billy two days later.

DON'T LET THE WRINKLES and white whiskers fool you. Despite what some juvenile whippersnappers might believe, I wasn't around to witness the birth of bowhunting. Neither did I ghost write Maurice Thompson's 1877 book, "The Witchery of Archery." Nor did I work at *The San Francisco Call* newspaper with Art Young in the early 1900s. And Dr. Saxton Pope certainly wasn't the surgeon who performed my childhood circumcision.

In the interest of full disclosure, I'll readily admit that I never once shared a bowhunting camp with the Thompson brothers. Or Pope, Young and Ishi. Or "Chief" Compton. Each of these pioneer bowmen lived just a wee bit before my time. But I did know Fred Bear and Roy Case and the Eastons and the Hoyts and Glenn St. Charles and Jim Dougherty and Tom Jennings, as well as most other bowhunters and archery manufacturers that you might be able to name.

Arthur Young: Dr. Pope's constant hunting companion poses with a California black bear killed on one of their many bowhunts together. The bruin was arrowed in Humboldt County in 1918.

For example, back in 1971, when I was up to my anchor point launching *Bowhunter* magazine with three friends, I still worked full-time as a communications manager at The Magnavox Company in Fort Wayne, Indiana. That's the same year when Pete Shepley, a Magnavox engineer working in the company's plant over in Urbana, Illinois, was founding a new archery company he called Precision Shooting Equipment. As most readers might know, both fledgling companies were destined to become undisputed leaders in their respective fields, bow magazine publishing and bow manufacturing. Yet I'll wager that very few folks know that each successful business evolved from a common company base in adjoining states. Pete and I know. We were there.

I was also there in 1965 when I first shared a Colorado deer camp with California bowhunter Jerry Gentellalli, who founded Rancho Safari and later designed the popular CatQuiver and Shaggie 3-D camouflage suit. A few years later I was there at the Wilcox Tavaputs Plateau Ranch in Utah when Jim Easton shot his first muley. I was there in Nebraska in '71 when Delta Industries founder Laverne Woock and I each tagged muley bucks on a shared Pine Ridge bowhunt with other members of the Professional Bowhunters Society. I was there in '78 when my mentor Roy Hoff was inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame during a ceremony at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Roy, by the way, was the Californian who founded a 1943 publication that evolved into *Archery Magazine*. He bought and published my first archery articles back in the mid 1960s, and Roy later served as a *Bowhunter* columnist. I was also there in 1980 when Jim Crumley fired the first shot of the modern camo clothing revolution, targeting treestand bowhunters with a full-page Trebark *Bowhunter* magazine ad. Later I was there

Fred Bear: Fred did more to stir interest in modern bowhunting than any man alive during the 20th century. The man in the Borsalino hat not only founded Bear Archery but tirelessly promoted archery and bowhunting from the 1930s until his death in 1988.

Jim Easton: Jim arrowed this tall-antlered Utah muley buck at the Tavaputs Ranch where I often hunted in the early 1970s. The list of archers who sampled the great deer hunting there reads like a Who's Who of successful bowhunters.

to share successful hunts with camo kings Bill Jordan and Toxey Haas, with game call masters Will Primos, Dick Kirby and Jerry Peterson, among others.

This list of industry personalities could go on and on, but my point is I've been around bowhunting and bowhunters for nearly half a century. In 1989 I sat at a table in Boise with T. J. Conrads, Larry and Brenda Fischer, Wade Carstens and Jon Skinner, answering their questions and offering advice and opinions about a new magazine they planned to launch: *Traditional Bowhunter*. Today I remain pals of diehard traditionalists like G. Fred Asbell, Larry D. Jones and the Wensel twins, Gene and Barry. But at the same time I'm good friends with high-tech bowhunters such as Chuck Adams, Dave Holt, Bill Krenz and Dwight Schuh, to name only a handful of today's top archers.

I mention such events and bowhunters not to toss out obscure facts or drop names. I'm merely establishing my perspective as an eyewitness narrator who is able to relate the great history of bowhunting, past and present. Simply stated, my intention here is to share with you my personal observations and recollections of the special men and women who wrote that history. Trust me, this is an interesting time-travel journey. But in order to fully grasp the magnitude and true meaning of modern bowhunting, we must begin by taking a brief

Doug Easton: He began crafting bows and arrows in his California garage in 1922 and gradually grew his company into an industry giant. Interestingly, the first Easton aluminum arrow shafts were produced in 1939.

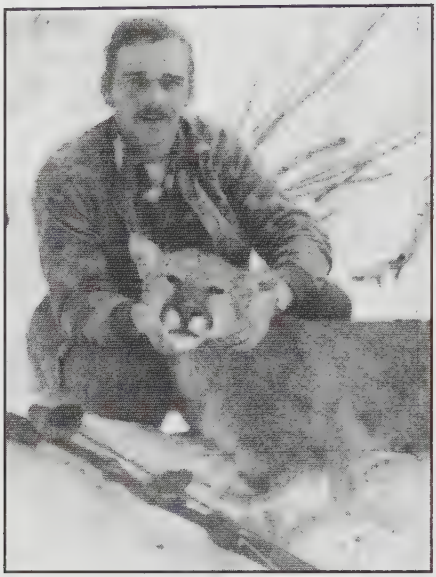
Ann Weber Hoyt: Perhaps the greatest competitive female archer of all time, was also an avid bowhunter in her younger days. She and husband Earl Hoyt, the noted bowyer and bowhunter, are both members of the Archery Hall of Fame.

look backward to historical events and characters which set the stage for contemporary archery's Golden Age.

THE DOMINO EFFECT

CONTEMPORARY BOWHUNTING was born in the years following the final bloody battles of our Civil War. Two brothers, Confederate soldiers and loyal followers of the stars and bars, headed home to Georgia at war's end. Stripped of their right to own or use firearms, Will and Maurice Thompson crafted hunting bows and arrows and headed into the nearby woods, living off the land and honing their archery skills. Later, tales of these brothers' bowhunting adventures appeared in outdoor periodicals and in Maurice's historic book, "The Witchery of Archery," Reading those printed words kindled a spark that grew very slowly but eventually became the raging fire that still burns brightly today. For hundreds, then thousands and finally millions.

Among those whose souls were warmed by reading of the Thompsons were a California surgeon, Dr. Saxton Pope, and his friend, Arthur Young, a newspaper circulation department employee. The two had met, quite naturally, at a



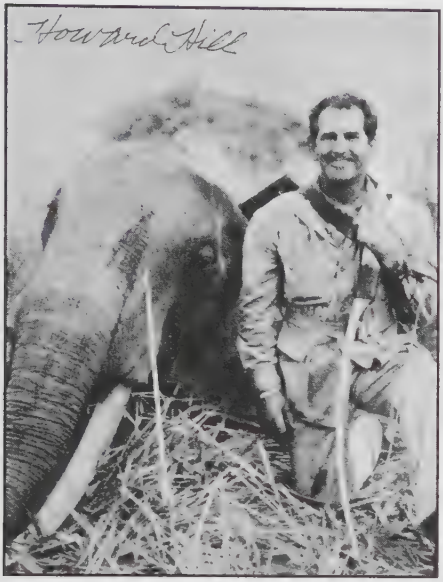
Laverne Woock: The Delta Industries founder and I first bowhunted together in 1971, tagging muley bucks during a northwestern Nebraska bowhunt with other members of the Professional Bowhunters Society.

Pete Shepley: Pete and I both worked for The Magnavox Company when we launched our companies – Precision Shooting Equipment and *Bowhunter* magazine – in 1971. In the accompanying photo I'm addressing a PSE awards banquet held in Indiana in 1978.

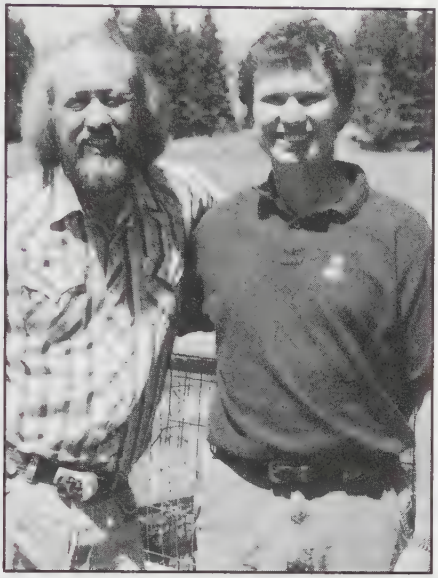
San Francisco archery range. It was a chance but fateful meeting. What these two friends and their fellow bowmen - Ishi, Will "Chief" Compton and Frank Ferguson - accomplished over the next two decades would greatly influence modern archery hunting .

Bows and arrows, of course, were hardly new to North America. The dark-skinned natives used their "shooting sticks" for hunting and warfare long before the first pale-skinned foreigners waded ashore. Many European settlers who followed were descendants of forbears who were undisputed masters of the longbow. Along with their paltry possessions, more than a few of these Old Country settlers brought with them remembrances of legendary feats performed by brave men using bent bows and feathered shafts. Even though firearms and gunpowder quickly proved to be more effective tools for harvesting nature's wild bounty and defeating menacing foes or predators, the romance and appeal of archery tackle never faded with the taming of wild America.

Organized target archery first took root in Pennsylvania in 1828. That year a small but active group of Philadelphia archers banded together, forming the Club of the United Bowmen. Elsewhere across much of eastern America, other sporting gentlemen and ladies were participating in lawn archery target com-



Howard Hill: Perhaps the greatest instinctive shot of all time, his books, films and trick shooting demonstrations entertained millions and inspired tens of thousands to pick up the bow and arrow.



Chuck Adams: We've shared dozens of seminar stages over the years and I've always enjoyed hearing Chuck's bowhunting stories and how-to tips. In this photo we're sharing a day relaxing at my Flathead Valley ranch in northwestern Montana.

petitions. These social events not only produced new disciples of the "stick and string," they sowed seeds in fertile ground. Soon target archery interest and activity spread. By 1879, the National Archery Association (NAA) was organized with Maurice Thompson named the NAA's first president. Other members of what Dr. Pope called "that noble company of archers" included archers Will Thompson, Louis Maxson, George Bryant, Harry Richardson, Dr. Robert Elmer, Homer Taylor and a Mrs. Howell, among others.

But it wasn't until 1923, when Pope's "Hunting With the Bow & Arrow" was published by San Francisco's James M. Barry Company, that the national focus on archery began to include bowhunting. Little wonder. Here was an illustrated book that not only detailed methods for making bows and arrows, but provided bow shooting basics. Complementing the how-to instructions were entire chapters tracing Pope & Young's personal bowhunting adventures. Small game, deer, black bear, mountain lion and grizzly bowhunts; all are detailed in Dr. Pope's book.

"All that we have accomplished," Pope concluded, "is perfectly possible to any adventurous youth, no matter what his age. Nor is that which is written here the finis, for even as I scribble we are on our journey to another archery

Bill Krenz: I bought and published Bill's first bowhunting feature article in 1977. Bill's bylined stories and columns became a common part of *Bowhunter* until he launched his own publications in the 1990s. That's a record book Alberta black bear lying between us in the accompanying photo.

hunt, and bowmen seem ever to be increasing in numbers.

"May the gods grant all of us a space to carry a sturdy bow and wander through the forest glades to seek the bounding deer; to lie in the deep meadow grasses; to watch the flight of birds; to smell the fragrance of burning leaves; to cast an upward glance at the unobserved beauty of the moon. May they give us strength to draw the string to the cheek, the arrow to the barb, and loose the flying shaft, so long as life might last."

Pope's flowery prose resonated within the hearts of many archers, including a young Pennsylvanian who had relocated to Michigan to pursue a career in Detroit's booming automobile industry. In 1927 Fred Bear viewed a grainy black and white Art Young movie titled "Alaskan Adventures." Sitting there in the darkened Adams Theater, vicariously sharing bowhunts filmed in our continent's northern wilds, Fred watched moose, mountain sheep and great bears fall to hunters' arrows. He later met and befriended Young, and the two men built bows and arrows together. Increasingly fascinated with archery, Fred spent untold hours practicing and participating in area archery tournaments. In 1929 he went bowhunting for the first time. Four years later Fred Bear and Charles Piper founded Bear Products Company, launching a company and career destined to alter the face of archery and bowhunting. In 1935 Fred

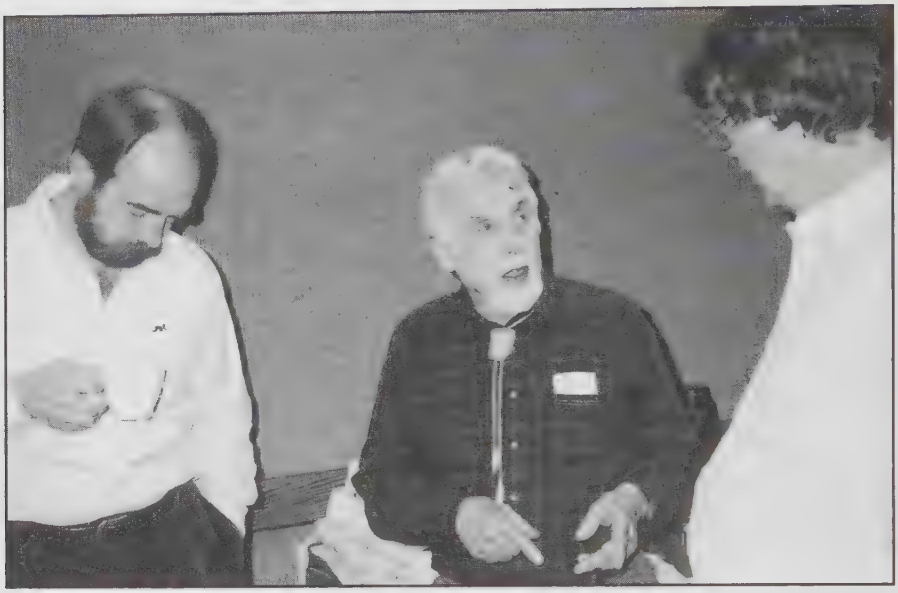
Gene Wensel: I've known whitetail gurus Gene and Barry Wensel for decades. Their stories, videos and books have informed tens of thousands and made them more knowledgeable bowhunters.

Larry D. Jones: Here's one of my favorite hunting buddies and cameramen. We've shared adventures from Alaska to Alabama, including a Texas javelina hunt where my partner tagged this hefty boar.

tagged his first bow-killed deer.

Over the next two decades Fred Bear popularized bows and arrows through mass production, promotion and sales of Bear Archery equipment. Among his many patents were designs for the first modern shooting glove, bow quivers and fiberglass backing for Bear bows. In due time, Fred's bowhunting films, magazine articles and television appearances captured the interest of millions of outdoorsmen and women. By the time of his death in 1988, "Papa Bear" was arguably North America' most popular and visible bowhunter.

Another lesser-known archery pioneer equally influenced by Dr. Pope's writings was Roy Case of Racine, Wisconsin. Born in 1888, he not only organized the state's first archery club in 1927 but founded the Wisconsin Archery Association in 1929. Roy's efforts and example led the fight for special bow and arrow seasons. On December 6, 1930 - exactly 10 years to the day before my own birth - Roy Case arrowed a spike buck during the Wisconsin firearms season, becoming the first licensed archer to legally take a whitetail deer in North America. One year later Wisconsin game laws were revised to include the bow as a hunting weapon, and in 1934 the nation's first bow-only hunting zone was established in Roy's home state.



Glenn St. Charles: The founder of the Pope & Young Club has been a constant and reassuring presence in bowhunting since the 1920s. I first met Glenn in 1972 and have worked with the pioneer archer for more than three decades. I took this candid early 1990s-era photo of "The Old Man" talking Club business with Scott Showalter as G. Fred Asbell listens.

Roy Case also designed, manufactured, and marketed bullet ferrule broadheads from the 1920s until the mid-1950s. His popular, diminutive 1927 Case Kiska head set the minimum broadhead width standard (seven-eighths of an inch) in Wisconsin and many other states. That regulation remains in effect almost universally. As if his ongoing experimentation with early-day archery tackle was not enough of a contribution, Roy Case is widely credited with coining the term "bowhunter" to describe himself and other archery hunting enthusiasts. He continued shooting a bow and hunting with archery gear into his 90s, dying in 1986.

In 1930 Ben Pearson founded the famous archery company that bore his name. A trailblazer in producing and selling archery tackle for nationwide distribution, he died in 1971; however, by the time his Arkansas-based company celebrated its first 50 years, over 6 million Pearson bows and 200 million arrows had been mass marketed and sold. During his lifetime, Ben Pearson - himself a serious bowhunter - shared hunting camps with most of the top archers of the day. This list included Howard Hill, perhaps the greatest instinctive shot of all time. Hill's two bowhunting feature films, "Tembo" and "The Last Wilderness," plus live shooting demonstrations and his two bowhunting books - "Hunting the Hard Way" and "Wild Adventure" - thrilled and inspired countless archers. During a long hunting career, Howard Hill harvested over

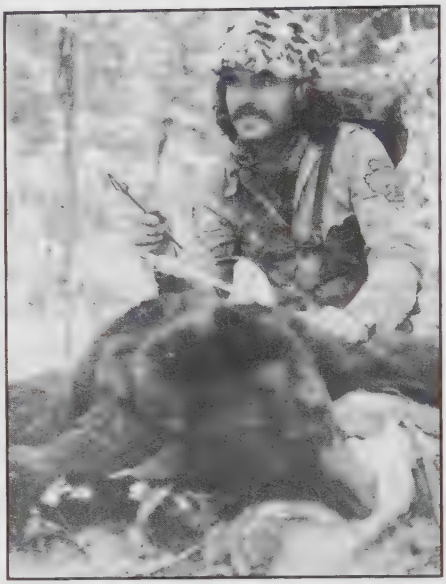
Jim Crumley: A 1980 full-page Trebark camouflage ad in *Bowhunter* started a camo revolution soon joined by Toxey Haas of Mossy Oak and Bill Jordan at Realtree. I snapped this photo of Jim peddling his camo pattern to bowhunters at an Anderson Archery Clinic in the early 1980s.

2,000 game animals with his trusty longbows.

James D. "Doug" Easton pioneered aluminum shaft manufacturing during the 1940s, and set the standard for quality material consistency in the mass production of arrows. Also during the '40s, Frank Eicholtz designed the fiberglass laminates still being used in manufacturing all laminated bows. He's also credited with the center-shot design of modern recurves and invention of Micro-Flite fiberglass arrow shafting. A contemporary of Easton and Eicholtz, talented bow maker Earl Hoyt not only designed and produced quality bows, but he engineered and pioneered and patented such archery innovations as equal length bow limbs, pistol grip bow handles, and bow stabilizers. Earl's wife, Ann, also a bowhunter, is arguably the greatest female archer of all time.

In more recent archery history, no man impacted modern bowhunting and archery more than Holless Wilbur Allen, "The Father of the Compound Bow." A Missouri deer hunter who for years had tinkered with various bow designs in a search for some means of increasing arrow speed, Allen finally patented his revolutionary compound bow design in the mid-'60s. Employing a block-and-tackle principle, he originated a pulley and cable system that stored energy as the bow was drawn, then transferred that energy to the arrow upon release of the bowstring. When bow manufacturers universally ignored Allen's

Jerry Peterson: The Woods Wise founder and expert game caller has shared numerous deer camps with me. Jerry was a pioneer in deciphering the meanings of whitetail vocalization. In this photo I caught Jerry demonstrating his rattle bag at the Hoosier Deer Classic.



Jerry Gentellalli: I shared Colorado deer hunting camps with Jerry in the late 1960s before he began marketing his famous CatQuiver and Shaggie 3-D camo suit.

strange looking arrow-launching contraption, he made and marketed a limited number of Allen compound bows beginning in 1967. A 1971 ad in *Bowhunter* magazine boasted "Knock Down Power" no other bow can approach, with those Allen models selling for $100 to $195.

But compounds didn't really start to catch on until Tom Jennings obtained a licensing agreement with H. W. Allen in '67, producing and aggressively marketing his own line of quality made compounds. Simply called "The Fast One" in *Bowhunter* 1970-era ads, Jennings Compounds quickly gained widespread popularity. In 1972, I field tested a Jennings bow on mule deer hunts in Colorado and Utah, killing three bucks during a two- week August trip. I summed up my initial compound bow test with these words: "As a hunting bow, it is an amazingly fast, flat-shooting weapon. It also may well be the ugliest bow ever devised." I factually reported that a compound's biggest bowhunting advantage was allowing a shooter to hold the bow at full draw easier and longer than a recurve or longbow. Based on firsthand anecdotal experience, I also admitted it was just as easy to miss a deer with a compound as with any stickbow. Regardless of that caveat, the mechanical compound had become the bow of choice for a majority of North American bowhunters by the end of the 1970s.

In 1972, the same year I first hunted with a compound, a Connecticut bowhunter and machinist named Dick Maleski revolutionized commercial broadhead design when he unveiled his Wasp razor-insert style hunting point. This was the first of the various replaceable blade designs that continue to dominate the broadhead market.

I launched my lengthy bowhunting career in the early 1960s and tagged my first Pope & Young Club whitetail in 1963. Two years later I arrowed my first Colorado mule deer and followed those early deer hunting successes with a record book cougar and black bear. In short order, I was quickly hooked on bowhunting. Still am!

Certainly, other names are worthy of mention for their lasting impact on modern archery. Californian John Yount founded the National Field Archery Association (NFAA) in 1939, breathing new life into organized target archery. In 1961, Seattle bowyer Glenn St. Charles founded the Pope & Young Club, bowhunting's first record keeping organization. Glenn's club provided a repository for archery hunting records and helped to prove the effectiveness of modern bows for hunting big game animals. And in 1969 Bill Wadsworth, the "Father of Bowhunter Education" established a training program in New York State that grew to become recognized and used across the bowhunting world to help introduce archers to safe, successful hunting methods. His National Bowhunter Education Foundation (NBEF) has touched millions.

Traditional bowhunter Bob Swinehart of Pennsylvania, author of the 1970 book "Sagittarius" and a frequent hunting partner of Howard Hill, was the first archer to collect Africa's dangerous "Big Five" - rhino, elephant, Cape buffalo, lion and leopard. And speaking of firsts, Californian Chuck Adams made archery history in early 1990 when he completed the "Super Slam," having successfully bowhunted all 27 recognized species of North American big game.

MODERN ARCHERY'S POPULARITY

The stories of these men - and dozens of other lesser-known but equally dedicated bow and arrow enthusiasts - are contained in this book. Each has

I used a Pearson Knight bow to tag this young Michigan buck way back in 1969. Note the military style camouflage that I'm wearing, along with the slip-on camo bow socks covering my recurve's limbs. You'll note that I didn't always have white hair and whiskers – but then I hadn't yet started my 35-year career as *Bowhunter* magazine editor, either.

contributed much to archery's growth and popularity over the past half-century. But early in this twenty-first century modern archery equipment sales have been reported to be relatively flat. The National Archery Association (NAA) and National Field Archery Association (NFAA) are still around, along with newer organizations such as the Archery Shooters Association (ASA) and International Bowhunters Organization (IBO). Regardless, interest in target archery has waned during the past decade. Worse, an obvious graying of the sport's participants continues as the age of the average archer inches ever upward. Sadly, comparatively few youngsters have taken an active interest in bows and arrows. And without a steady influx of new shooters, stagnation and decline loom as very real possibilities facing the national archery community.

True, some youngsters continue to discover bow and arrow fun in their schools' physical education classes, at summer camp or in 4-H programs. Another handful earn Scout archery merit badges, yet it's widely agreed that such meager participation is not enough. Thankfully, today's most promising youth archery project is the National Archery in the Schools Program (NASP). Founded in Kentucky in 2002, NASP has quickly spread across the nation and much of Canada. By 2007, more than 1.4 million youth had participated. According to national director Roy Grimes, NASP expansion continues with the teaching of archery basics in a growing number of schools. And recently a nationwide church-based archery program, Centershot, has been unveiled.

Meanwhile, organized youth and adult archery or bowhunting leagues may be found at certain neighborhood archery stores and pro shops. Other interested toxophiles simply enjoy plinking at targets set up in backyards and city parks. In certain parts of the country 3-D target club competitions and individual practice sessions with life-size animal targets regularly help serious bowhunters tune up for archery seasons.

The Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association has estimated there are some 15,000 to 20,000 archery dealers, manufacturers, distributors and archery affiliates scattered across North America. Archery license sales reported by states and provinces indicate that more than 3 million bowhunters now take to our continent's fields and forests each year. Worldwide, the total number of archers and bowhunters is estimated at 10 million, with about 9 million of that total residing within the United States.

Although no one knows what the future holds for archery and bowhunting, it is my firm belief and fervent hope that bows and arrows will be made and used in some form for centuries to come. Pulling and releasing its string, then watching the arcing flight of a fletched shaft, is one special physical act that can truly transcend time and place. *—M. R. James, Evansville, Indiana*

CHAPTER ONE

THE WORLD'S BEST-KNOWN BOWHUNTER

Chuck Adams Has Earned That Title

"I love to hunt and make no apology for it. My drive to stalk and kill game is every bit as natural as my drive to eat, a basic instinct bred into me by my hunting forefathers. In the dim, distant past, men who did not kill did not eat. The ones who survived and reproduced were vigorous hunters who passed this biological trait from one generation to the next.

"I am the end product, an efficient machine programmed to hunt. My eyes are set in the front of my head to help me judge distance and help me hit where I aim. My hands are nimble so I can make and use a variety of hunting tools. My teeth, bones, muscles, and vital parts are designed to grind up, digest, and utilize the flesh of fish, birds, and animals. My pulse quickens as I move in for the kill, and adrenaline floods my body to sharpen my senses and reflexes. Like the wolf, I am a natural predator - a killer and eater of meat."

— Chuck Adams, *"The Complete Book Of Bowhunting"*

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DID YOU HEAR that Chuck Adams has designed and built a new expandable broadhead? It's called the "Swelled Head."

— John Maynard, e-mail message, July 25, 1998

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WHY WAS IT, I often wondered - even long before this stinging e-mail joke was circulated among computer-linked bowhunters all across North America - that so many hunters obviously hated Chuck Adams' guts?

Back in early 1988, not long after I bought and published a Dwight Schuh feature article profiling Chuck - two full years before the northern California native made archery history by becoming the first bowhunter to successfully tag all 27 of the Pope & Young Club-recognized North American big game species — letters began to arrive from irate *Bowhunter* magazine readers. Here's a small sampling:

Here's the way most bowhunters picture Chuck Adams, grinning over the carcass of some huge critter he's just killed. Such in-your-face evidence of Chuck's frequent success attracts hosts of admirers, but it also rubs some people the wrong way.

I once teamed up with Chuck and Dr. James Kroll, aka Dr. Deer, on a month-long NRA-sponsored Great American Hunters Tour. It was a great way to get to know the world's best-known bowhunter and gain some personal insight into what makes him tick.

"I was very surprised to see Bowhunter *magazine write about Chuck Adams. He belongs in* Archery World *magazine and so do his ideas. There are lots of bowhunters you could have interviewed who deserve it more. Usually I won't even buy a magazine with anything in it by Chuck Adams. I hope* Bowhunter *is not going to become another* Archery World *and use Chuck Adams crap!"*

— James Seeforth, Denver, CO

"I just renewed my [Bowhunter] *subscription ... but I feel like canceling it after you featured a question/answer session with Chuck Adams. I had hoped you could steer clear of him. You have really let me down."*

— Mike Binsack, Fremont, OH

"I found the [Schuh] article to be nothing but a blow-up of Adams, who already has an oversized ego. Being records chairman for the California Bowman Hunters,

I know that Adams has never recorded any animal in our state, and that he never belonged to his home state's archery association. His comments about having a room full of archery trophies must have been won at the club level, because he surely didn't win them at the state level or at any open shoot. Your magazine is very good overall, but the story on Adams was terrible."

— Ed Welch, Modesto, CA

"I am very disappointed in an article on such an obvious pro-crossbow person... In a [recent] Petersen's Hunting *magazine issue Adams remarked, 'Using a crossbow is definitely a sporting, close range proposition.' It is too bad game animals aren't getting smarter or more cunning in order to compensate for the technological advances that people are using to overcome human laziness. Overall,* Bowhunter *is excellent, but this article gets a big zero from this reader."*

— Mike Barrett, Dayton, WY

Although not many folks had ever heard of Chuck in 1971, he was launching his bowhunting career by stalking blacktail deer in his native California. Note that he arrowed his first buck with a recurve bow. Fact is, both *Bowhunter* magazine and Chuck got their start to considerable bowhunting fame in '71.

"I can't believe you'd let Chuck Adams talk about why it's OK to take 80-yard shots. You have to know how irresponsible that is. And how irresponsible Bowhunter *magazine is for printing it. Chuck Adams and his commercialism are just what's wrong with bowhunting right now. I'm embarrassed that a magazine like* Bowhunter, *which is the best, would ever write one word about Chuck Adams."*

— "Mac" Tigert, Pocatello, ID

Chuck called me shortly after we published a handful of these negative comments about Dwight's article.

"Why didn't you balance the criticism by printing some positive letters?" Chuck asked.

"We didn't get any," was my honest response.

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SOME HATE CORRESPONDENCE generated by the Adams article was downright nasty. In June of '88 Chuck opened an envelope at his Stevensville, Montana, residence. Addressed to "Chuck Adams, Self-Proclaimed Hero Bowhunter," the envelope contained a full-page *Bowhunter* magazine Easton advertisement picturing Chuck. A hand drawn bull's eye had been centered on the writer's forehead. Along with the ad tear sheet was this terse message:

"Chuck: You are an unbelievably egotistical asshole! You have done so much to harm bowhunting that I can't decide who is worse - you or Tinker Bell [Tink Nathan]!"

Although unsigned, the letter was written on stationery bearing the Eco Outdoor Enterprises, Inc. letterhead. It had been mailed from Ovando, Montana, home of Eco owner Paul "Stumpy" Brunner's Buffalo Trail Ranch. A well-known, highly successful and frequently outspoken bowhunter I'd known for years, Paul self-deprecatingly called himself "The Eighth Dwarf," an obvious reference to his vertically challenged status. And he frequently signed his personal correspondence, "The World's Shortest Bowhunter."

Chuck Adams dutifully reported the incident to the Ravalli County Sheriff's Department and an FBI agent in Missoula. In a July 14, 1988 note to me, Chuck said law enforcement officials "... said this was clearly a death threat, and FBI added that U.S. Postal laws had been broken in the process." Chuck concluded by asking me what grievance options he had with the Pope & Young Club, since alleged letter writer Paul Brunner was a senior member and I was a Pope & Young Club officer at the time.

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PERSONALLY, I COULD NOT BELIEVE that Paul Brunner would ever try to harm Chuck or anyone else; however, I easily believed the vitriolic words were Paul's. At the time I'd known Paul for nearly two decades, mainly through the Pope & Young Club and Professional Bowhunters Society. His company frequently advertised in *Bowhunter* magazine, and I was a fan and regular user of his sturdy Screaming Eagle treestands. We frequently communicated by phone and letter.

So I also knew of Paul's personal dislike for Chuck Adams. And I cannot say I was surprised by the '88 attack. Unfortunately, in due time the animosity would become more public. In 1994, for example, Paul used his "Traditional Archery" column in *Eastern Bowhunter* magazine to blast Chuck. Seems Paul was bent out of shape over Chuck's quote in the ad stating that he was "frustrated after 14 days of moose hunting," but finally killed a good bull after stalking within 38 yards.

I clicked this photo of Chuck with his Pope & Young Club world record, Ishi award-winning elk rack at a Club convention in Salt Lake City. The big Montana bull was killed in 2000 and has an official score of 409⅝. It reigned as bowhunting's best elk ever until 2007 when an Arizona bull was announced as a new world record.

"Sorry, Chuck," Paul wrote, "if that's as close as you could get after 14 days of hunting, you ain't as much of a hunter as you and Easton would have us believe ... A successful stalk in bowhunting is when you use your stalking skills to get in to 20 yards or less."

Paul ended his verbal broadside with a parting zinger: "Ever wonder why this great shot with a bow has to carry so many arrows?" He then encouraged readers to contact *Bowhunter* magazine and Easton to complain about the Adams ad.

I called Paul and told him that I thought his column's comments were out of line, adding that the Easton ad didn't bother me and that's why it was appearing in *Bowhunter*. We ended our conversation disagreeing but still on friendly terms.

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If you had a dollar for every autograph Chuck has signed, you'd have a tidy retirement fund with enough cash left over to finance plenty of worldwide bowhunts. Here he's seen signing a Ted Nugent cap for a young fan at the Anderson Archery Clinic in Grand Ledge, Michigan. That's Chuck's former wife, Joanne, with him before the couple went their friendly but separate ways.

WHY SUCH OVERT HOSTILITY? Only one man knows for sure, but I have an opinion as to why Paul became such an increasingly hateful traditionalist: *He was waging an ongoing personal war against wheeled bows and any related gadgets, and Chuck Adams was modern bowhunting's most visible target.*

Even though Paul himself had hunted with compound bows (I once printed a photo of Paul posing with a big Stone's sheep ram he'd taken with a wheeled bow), he grew to have very little if any use for "modern" equipment - and some of the high-profile bowhunters who used it. In my presence, he'd never criticized my equipment choice, but he always reserved a lion's share of personal kudos for Gene and Barry Wensel, among others. He reserved his special praise for one particular Montana bowyer and Rocky Mountain bowhunting legend: Paul Schafer. At the same time, he was direct-

ing barbed comments at another successful high-tech bowhunter.

In '88, the same year of the "death threat" correspondence, Paul zeroed in on Dr. Jack Frost of Anchorage, Alaska, the first bowhunter to collect all four species of North American wild sheep - bighorn, desert bighorn, Dall's and Stone's sheep. Paul vocally derided Frost's history-making achievement. Why? Perhaps it was because Frost used a compound bow while Brunner and Paul Schafer were on the same sheep hunting quest using stickbows and at the time lacked only one species to complete their own sheep "slams."

Whatever prompted Paul's verbal assaults, the grudge lasted. Years later, when Jack was up for a Pope & Young Club membership vote to advance to regular member status, Paul used Web sites and e-mails to speak out against Jack Frost. Paul's public rants, posted mainly on the Bow Site's "Leather Wall," were not uncommon, according to site owner Pat Lefemine.

Eventually, Paul's caustic comments ate away the support of people who objected to his criticisms leveled at Chuck Adams and Dr. Jack Frost. In due time the Pope & Young Club, with its rule against any member publicly attacking another, and Paul Brunner parted ways. The mutually agreeable departure had come after the Pope & Young Club board of directors delivered verbal and written warnings. Ironically, Chuck Adams would become a Pope & Young Club regular member in 2002. Two years later Jack Frost was elected to the Pope & Young Club board of directors.

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IT WAS BACK IN 1976, six years after Chuck Adams arrowed his first blacktail buck, that I bought my first Adams-bylined feature article. It appeared in the April/May 1976, issue of *Bowhunter* magazine and was titled, "The Bowsight." This article, I can see in retrospect, clearly represented what Paul Brunner and other anti-Adams forces viewed as a primary basis for their criticism: *the overt promotion of technology in modern bowhunting.*

Despite accusations that Chuck was and is simply an industry whore who gladly accepts money from manufacturers whose products he uses and endorses, I regard Chuck Adams as arguably the most successful bowhunter in the long history of archery. That's my personal belief, but it's an opinion shared by many others who admire the man and his incredible bowhunting accomplishments.

Dwight Schuh, a good friend and admitted Chuck Adams fan, had been stunned by the negative reader reaction to his published interview. Following the appearance of the anti-Adams mail published in *Bowhunter* magazine, he and other admirers took some solace in belated letters of support. Consider the following:

"The Chuck Adams interview was the finest interview ever published. He's non-political and non-egotistical, keeping his eyes on bowhunting - something very much needed today."

— John Janelli, Union City, NJ

"I read with some amazement and with some sadness the numerous attacks against Chuck Adams ... I understand that Adams' crossbow comments have stirred some bowhunters up and I do not wish to address that issue here.

"First, Adams does not advocate that all bowhunters shoot game at long distances. [He] is one of the truly rare hunters who has the natural ability to shoot and kill game at ranges that most of us couldn't consider. He practices what he preaches. He simply says 'do not shoot past your realm of accurate ability.' If a man can make clean kills consistently at 60 yards, he need not be condemned by those who cannot.

"Second, in my career as a guide and outfitter, I have never met a hunter, with bow or rifle, who was more fair-chase-conscious and legal-hunting-conscious than Chuck Adams. I have guided some of the top names in archery and rifle hunting, and I can say without reservation that he is a hunter's hunter and deserves credit for that.

"I am always saddened when I see someone attacked with such vigor, especially by people who do not even know the person or the true character of the person they attack. I want to go on record as a man who appreciates the positive contribution that I have seen Chuck Adams make to bowhunting."

— Russell Thornberry, Rocky Mtn. House, Alberta

(**Author's Note:** Thornberry later moved to the United States and served as the executive editor of *Buckmasters* Whitetail magazine.)

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ON PAGE 151 OF *BOWHUNTER* magazine's August/September 1988, issue, a small display ad asked this question: "Tired of High-Tech Bowhunting? This shirt says it all!"

Beneath these words was a picture of a wooded setting featuring a longbow and back quiver resting against a log. Beneath the illustration were the words: "Chuck Adams just doesn't understand."

Interested individuals could order these anti-Adams t-shirts by sending $10 to "No More Gadgets" at a P. O. Box I, Ovando, Montana, home of critic Paul Brunner. The published ad immediately generated more letters from pro-Adams supporters.

"I think you people owe Chuck Adams an apology. You printed a whole bunch of bullshit negative letters from people who don't know Adams. Next you ran an ad for somebody selling a t-shirt that takes another swipe at him. Anybody should know he

Here are two excellent books by and about Chuck Adams. Anyone wanting to know more about Chuck's life and bowhunting adventures should check 'em out ... after finishing this chapter, of course.

doesn't shoot light arrows, overdraw bows, electronic sight pins, etc., so why call him high-tech? The shirt should read Pete Shepley just doesn't understand!"

— Fred Wilson, Dolores, CO

"The 'Chuck Adams Just Doesn't Understand' t-shirt ad in your last issue really makes me mad. I've been reading Adams for years, and believe you me that man understands traditional archery better than most of the crackpots who would wear such a shirt. I'm ashamed that you showed something that is so insulting to a fine writer and fellow bowhunter. I wouldn't blame Chuck if he sued the pants off you guys.

– Fred Root, Bend, OR

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"WHY DON'T MORE PEOPLE like me?" Chuck once asked me as we chatted privately during a Pope & Young biennial gathering. An associate member at the time, he'd traveled to the convention to collect some more Pope & Young Club plaques and public recognition for yet more record book animals.

"They don't know you," I opined. "People open a magazine and see you everywhere, grinning over some big critter you've just arrowed. Some guys are jealous. Others are skeptics. 'No one can be that good' is a common mantra of many critics.

"Get out and meet bowhunters," I suggested. "Give seminars. Attend more state conventions. Shake hands and swap bowhunting stories. Look critics in the eye and let 'em judge you after they've met you one on one. Don't just rely on the impression people form after seeing your photos and reading your magazine articles."

*****

THINKING BACK, I'm pleased that Chuck Adams took some of my advice to heart. One perfect example of the positive results of face-to-face meetings with Chuck immediately comes to mind.

It began when the telephone jangled at my Montana ranch house one warm summer Saturday in 1995. The caller was E. Donnall Thomas, Jr., a friend and fellow bowhunter from Lewistown, Montana. Don just happened to be in Kalispell, where his wife, Lori, was participating in a local horse show. Don was phoning in response to my long-standing invitation to stop by for a visit the next time he was in the Flathead Valley.

Don Thomas, for readers who might not know, is a practicing physician who also happens quite likely to be the best intuitive and ethical outdoor writer I've ever met and worked with. His innate intelligence and learned bowhunting knowledge, complemented by a natural talent for spinning spellbinding hunting tales and painting vivid mind-pictures of the hunting action, make reading stories of Don's worldwide adventures the next best thing to being there. Simply put, he's an editor's dream - and a reader's delight.

By the way, Don is a former Alaskan and son of a Nobel Prize winner (in medicine), and he sold his first stories to *Bowhunter* magazine in the late 1980s. Don wrote many subsequent features for me and later authored our magazine's popular "Adventuresome Bowman" column beginning in 1995. As suggested by the title of his first book, "Longbows of the Far North: An Archer's Adventures in Alaska and Siberia" (published by Stackpole Books in 1993), Don is one of the finest, most avid traditional bowhunters I've ever chanced to meet. I was genuinely happy to know he was in Kalispell and hoping to stop by.

"Sure, come on out," I said. "But you need to know that Janet and I have another bowhunter and his wife staying with us this weekend - Chuck and Joanne Adams."

There was a long pause on the line. A very long pause.

"Why not?" Don finally said. "See you in a few minutes."

Hours later, after a thoroughly pleasant afternoon spent swapping bowhunting stories, sipping iced drinks on a redwood deck overlooking the surging blue-green waters of the Flathead River, I walked Don back to his truck.

As we shook hands, Don thanked me for a pleasant afternoon. Then he made a comment I'll never forget: "I'm sure glad I came. Chuck wasn't at all the way I had him pictured."

Chuck Adams has collected more Pope & Young Club records than any bowhunter in history, over 100 and still counting. Here he's pictured receiving yet another Club award from records chairman Glenn Hisey.

It's a pity that more of Chuck's critics couldn't have been sitting beside Don and me that June day.

*****

THIS ISN'T TO SAY that Chuck and I haven't disagreed on a number of issues. More than once I've chastised him for including references to long-range or otherwise iffy shots in his submitted articles. In the summer of 1992, I had a reader pass along a copy of an article that had been published in *Deer Hunting* magazine. In it Chuck wrote of watching a buck pause in heavy bedding cover 35 yards away with only his head showing.

Chuck called the distance "reasonably short yardage" and described shooting just as the deer turned to leave. He'd reported that he'd watched his arrow flash away to smack the buck's skull just in front of an ear. It dropped "as if beaned by a brick bat."

In my response, I told the complaining reader that writing such tripe showed a "total lack of responsibility," going against all teachings of bowhunter

education programs and common sense. "Chuck might be able to pull it off," I wrote, "however, most bowhunters can't and yet they may try the shot because 'Chuck says it's OK.' It's not!" And I also took *Deer Hunting* magazine to task, noting "... no responsible editor concerned about bowhunting would allow such crap to appear in print."

Incidents such as this caused me to rebuff Chuck's repeated requests to join the *Bowhunter* magazine staff as a magazine columnist and feature writer. I accurately pointed out that his byline already appeared in a host of outdoor publications. But I also sensed that many *Bowhunter* readers - especially those with deep-rooted traditional archery values - would object to Chuck's name being added to the masthead. These were business decisions, not a personal judgment. And to his credit, Chuck later eliminated such irresponsible anecdotes from his features and columns. Chuck said that he finally understood the problems that such comments caused; I said that he'd finally matured as a role model.

We added Chuck to the list of *Bowhunter* magazine contributors in 2000.

*****

CHUCK ADAMS, I quickly discovered soon after we met more than 25 years ago, is a nice guy. Intelligent. Handsome. A talented writer. And one helluva bowhunter. Bowhunting legend Jim Dougherty once perfectly summed up my own feelings about Chuck with four simple words. "He's the real deal."

Frankly, I'm always amused by bowhunters who say, "If I had Hoyt and Easton and other big companies giving me equipment and paying for my hunts, I could do everything Chuck Adams does."

That's bovine excrement!

Back in the October/November 1990 issue of *Bowhunter* magazine, when I published Kathy Etling's feature article, "Bowhunting's First Super Slam," I wrote a sidebar titled, "For the Record." It included a blunt quote from Chuck that flatly stated that he had paid for all of his "Super Slam" hunts himself, that no archery company had ever paid a penny for any of his many trips. In that same sidebar, he directed a comment at his critics who consider him a high-tech bowhunter. "I have hunted a lot with non-compound bows. It's something I would like your readers to know."

Not surprisingly, Chuck's words and Kathy's feature article generated more mail from both unconvinced critics and ardent admirers. Here's a small sampling:

"... I wonder how anyone could question Chuck Adams' abilities, his sincerity, his honor or even his personal opinions. I have read interviews with and articles by Mr. Adams and have never found him to be egotistical or self-promoting in any way. Anyone who belittles his accomplishments must be extremely jealous and too lazy to

attempt to achieve goals of their own.

"There are always doubters and critics, but Chuck Adams has fully documented the authenticity of his Super Slam harvests. What will the critics say now - that he is conceited for throwing proof back in their face? Give the man a break!"

— Eric L. Nutt, Lawrenceburg, TN

"Well, Grinning Chuck has finally done it, the Super Slam, 27 North American trophy species, 16 of them Pope & Young Club records. Boys, this ain't bowhunting - it's bowkilling for profit and fame. This deed would be more aptly named 'The Easton/Adams Grand Endorsement Payback Slam.'

"Way to go, Chuck. You might be the world's greatest bowhunter in your own and other people's eyes, and your sugar daddy Easton might sell the world's best archery equipment, but your marriage is one of egotism and avarice and your stock is flat with me."

— Wesley Waldron, Trout Run, PA

"... Here is a man who has outdistanced everyone in his field. He stands alone as the greatest bowhunter of modern day. Because of his accomplishments he is a great inspiration to all of us. I don't understand why so many feel a need to criticize him.

"True, Mr. Adams uses modern equipment. Archery today is pro-technology and none of us can stop that. We should learn our equipment as well as Mr. Adams has learned his, so we can be the best bowhunters we are capable of being. But just because my effective maximum range is about 40 yards does not mean that I should dictate what distances others should shoot."

— Dr. Christ Perrin, San Antonio, TX

*****

AS A FELLOW WRITER and bowhunter, I've always admired Chuck's writing talent and bowhunting accomplishments. My standard advice to his detractors is this: *Take time to check out exactly how many people have had the mastery of words and hunting skills to successfully make a living as a full-time outdoor writer.* Well, Chuck Adams has, and he did it the hard way.

After starting his freelance career with sporadic sales to various magazines when still in college, he became an associate editor with a newly launched Los Angeles-based magazine called *Petersen's Hunting*. That was in 1976. He was 22 years old at the time and his annual salary was a whopping $9,800. Later on, Chuck earned money writing books, feature articles and columns as a full-time outdoor scribe. Over the years his bowhunting accomplishments led to sponsorship endorsements. So what? And then there's his normal seminar speaking and public appearance fees. Again, so what? I remain convinced that he's a unique individual who has earned the deserved recognition and rewards he presently receives.

"I did without lots of material things and drove a 10-year-old truck for years," Chuck once explained to me. "I don't have any problem accepting fees from companies and organizations today. I've worked hard to get where I am."

It's true. And Chuck's hard work and successes have allowed him to make increasingly steep monetary demands for his seminars, personal appearances, book signings and autograph sessions. That fact allows skeptical Chuck Adams critics to point to random cases of "Adams' Ego and Avarice." In early 2007, to cite one recent example, Chuck flatly refused to donate a single copy of a signed book to an Indiana Bowhunters Association fund-raiser. Instead, he charged full price for a single autographed copy that was auctioned off at the IBA's yearly convention where I was the keynote speaker. By contrast, I'd donated several of my own books to the IBA, with all profits going directly to the state group. But that's just Chuck being Chuck and me being me. He'd likely say that if he made one such donation, he'd be deluged with requests. He'd also point out that folks get what they pay for. And speaking of money ...

*****

IN 1993 CHUCK AND I took part in the National Rifle Association's multi-city Great American Hunters Tour. Along with the Texas-based whitetail authority Dr. James Kroll (Dr. Deer), we signed on to conduct three-man seminars in 23 Midwestern and Eastern cities - from West Virginia through Indiana and Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and up to New England, finally wrapping things up in Richmond, Virginia. During our month-long barnstorming excursion, we each were paid $1,000 to $1,500 per show, plus per diem expenses of $100.

Crowds varied from a few hundred to several thousand hunting enthusiasts. I emceed our shows and also presented a bowhunting slide show that offered ideas and information on what it took to be a successful big game bowhunter. Chuck entertained the audience with an exciting talk called "Bucks, Bulls, and Big, Big Bears." He showed slides taken during his Super Slam adventures. Finally, James Kroll offered a biologist's facts about whitetail deer, with transparencies showing the life cycle of America's most popular big game animal. The central theme of each night's seminar emphasized bowhunting whitetail deer.

Quite naturally, spending weeks on the road together gave us the opportunity to swap dozens of hunting stories, talk about our personal equipment choices and get to know each other well. Even now, more than a dozen years after our multi-city tour, several things about these NRA-sponsored speaking sessions still stand out in my mind.

I recall James Kroll's slide of a little spike whitetail buck preceding the ever-arguable question: "How many in the audience believe that spikes should be culled from the deer herd in order to improve the quality of the area's animals?"

This is perhaps the most recognizable big bear photo ever published. And when Chuck tells of coming face to face with the giant bruin at only 12 yards, any listener can imagine what it would be like to be the one holding a bow.

Typically, a lot of hands shot up. James would then flash a series of transparencies of that same Texas spike taken over the next four or five years. Those slides showed the same dinky whitetail growing to become a huge record-book-class buck wearing a rack most any deer hunter would be proud to hang on his wall.

I also remember Chuck's enviable work ethic. On those nights when no

show was scheduled, he'd disappear to his motel room to write columns and features. Meanwhile, I'd commonly contact area friends to meet for dinner and chat about past and future hunts. Invitations to have Chuck join us commonly met with polite refusals. "I've got a magazine column [or feature] to finish," was a common excuse. As a writer and editor, I can admire and appreciate such discipline. When Chuck Adams had a deadline to meet, he did his best to deliver.

Equally admirable to me was Chuck's professionalism as a speaker. Articulate. Engaging. And always interesting. He held each audience's full attention with his hunting stories. My personal crowd-pleasing favorite was his description of a 1989 face-to-face encounter with a giant Alaskan brown bear, perhaps the largest bodied bruin ever taken by any bowhunter. Although I heard the same story at shows week after week, I could always vividly picture - along with each attentive audience - a 1,400-pound humpbacked bruin lumbering into view, 12 short yards away, its massive head rolling with each step. Chuck said that he'd drawn his bow as the big bear was emerging from a nearby salmon stream. When the giant approached him and padded past, Chuck buried an arrow to its fletching behind a mammoth foreleg. Roaring, the bear lunged ahead, instantly spun, rose on its hind legs and glared down at the crouching bowhunter.

Chuck candidly confessed his exact thoughts as their eyes locked: *Oh, shit!*

Later, Chuck admitted that those were the longest few seconds of his bowhunting life. Unsure whether the mortally wounded bruin would charge or run, he said time actually stood still, the remote Alaskan tableau briefly frozen. Finally, unaccountably, the bear dropped down on all fours, whirled and crashed away, covering 163 yards before dying on the run. I'm betting that every hunter alive - regardless of the weapon they might have been holding - can't help but wonder exactly what they would have done under those same circumstances.

We have to wonder. Chuck Adams knows.

*****

TO SAY THAT CHUCK BRISTLES at personal criticism or attacks on his credibility is an understatement. I've witnessed it firsthand on more than one occasion.

In 1991, *Bowhunter* magazine technical editor Dave Holt took Chuck to task in his August/September "Modern Bowhunting" column. Dave cited a 1990 magazine article in which Chuck stated that a properly tuned bow will always shoot all broadheads, field points and blunts in exactly the same place. Dave publicly stated that he had "the greatest respect for Adams' hunting and writing abilities" but questioned Chuck's contention that properly tuned bows *always* allow practice points and hunting heads to have the same point-of-impact. Dave respectively disagreed with that statement and posed the same

question to Dwight Schuh, Norb Mullaney and Bill Krenz, a trio of high profile, tech-savvy bowhunters. None could say that their own broadheads and field points or blunts always had identical impact points.

The result wasn't surprising to me. Less than a month later, I received a six-page response from Chuck. He was bristling over Dave's "outlandish comments [that] reveal a near-complete ignorance of what I stand for and recommend in bowhunting articles, books and personal appearances." He requested that I print his response "without change" in the front half of the next available *Bowhunter* magazine.

That didn't happen for several reasons, not the least of which was the rebuttal's hostile, defensive tone and its undue length. I suggested the two men settle their tuning disagreement issue privately, and I'm happy to report the Holt/Adams tuning technique feud was short-lived. In fact, in 2004 Chuck provided this cover blurb for Dave's book "Balanced Bowhunting II:" "The technical insights and product updates are superb," Chuck wrote. "Dave Holt has hit another home run."

This wasn't the only time Chuck Adams received heat about some published statement he'd made. I clearly recall him slamming the use of guides in one of his I-do-it-myself pieces in *Archery World* magazine - and the flak that it caused with the guides and outfitters whose ads appeared in that publication. And there was the time that he denigrated single-cam compound bows in print, causing headaches for the publication when bow ads were canceled. While I can blame Chuck for a lapse in good judgment, I can't help but wonder what sane editor would allow such controversial words to be printed. Opinions offered by any recognized authority are fine. But personal opinions passed along as facts can and do create major problems for any writer, editor or publication.

Chuck once took great offense at a *Bowhunter* magazine news item I wrote which questioned the true number of Pope & Young Club trophy animals he claimed. In one of my "Inside Bowhunting" columns (December/January 1993), I reported as untrue a published claim that Chuck Adams had "... bagged more official Pope & Young Club animals than anyone else - 55 at last count." The true number was 38.

As Pope & Young Club first vice president at the time, I knew the facts. I also knew the club was waging an ongoing effort to stop false claims by *any bowhunter* - or *manufacturer* - who referred to their trophy-class animals as "Pope & Young" bucks, bulls or whatever. That, indeed, was false unless the trophy animal had been officially scored, entered and accepted into the Pope & Young Club records. The claim of 55 Chuck Adams Pope & Young Club record book animals, as I recall, was not made by Chuck himself. Rather, the exaggeration appeared in some archery company's promotional piece on Chuck's remarkable bowhunting success. My set-the-record-straight comments were

not an attack on Chuck - although he took it as such - but rather on careless writers and advertising copywriters who routinely made thoughtless and untrue statements and passed 'em along as fact.

Chuck called to say that he felt I'd blindsided him and should have spoken to him before publishing the true figures. While he had tagged 55 or more trophy-class animals at the time, at least 17 "Pope & Young" caliber critters had not been officially scored or entered. My point was the published number 55 was wrong, and the bottom line was Chuck Adams is ultimately responsible for providing factual information to avoid any errors appearing in print. Point made.

Earlier in 1993 I was an eyewitness to another example of Chuck's sometime-volatile reaction to criticism. This was during an autograph session in Niagara Falls, New York, a stopover on our NRA's Great American Hunters Tour. Following each evening's show, Chuck, James Kroll and I would spend an hour or more meeting audience members who wanted to shake hands and chat. Many asked us to sign books, caps, photos or other items. Chuck and I were seated side-by-side at a long table when a man approached and told me he was personally disappointed that I'd referred to antlers as "horns" during my evening seminar on rattling whitetail bucks. He said that he'd think the editor of a national bowhunting magazine would know the difference between horns and antlers.

"Are you serious?" Chuck interrupted before I could respond. Then Chuck proceeded to verbally ream my critic, making it abundantly clear that all of us certainly knew the difference and any nitpicker who believed otherwise was a fool for making such a ridiculous charge. As the abashed critic slunk away into the crowd, I thanked Chuck for stepping in but assured him that I could have answered the criticism - in a complete and more tactful manner.

That personal anecdote underscores my privately held belief that Chuck detests criticism of *any* kind - even if it involves censure by association. That Niagara Falls story also points to Chuck's obvious loyalty, especially loyalty to long-time friends. Another anecdote, printed below, perfectly illustrates my contention.

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IN JANUARY OF 1995, by pure chance, Chuck and I shared Delta flights from Salt Lake to Indianapolis. Both of us were en route to the Archery Manufacturers Organization Trade Show in Indy, and we had ample time to chat about recent hunts before and during each flight leg. Not surprisingly, we eventually found ourselves standing together at the airport baggage carousel.

Upon our arrival, Janet and I were greeted by our eldest son, Jeff, and his family, who live in suburban Greenwood. They'd brought their roomy van to give us a lift to our downtown hotel, before going out together for a family dinner. We offered Chuck a ride to his own nearby hotel, and he gratefully accepted.

Just over a month later, I received a parcel post package from Chuck at my

Montana home. Puzzled, I opened the mysterious box and stood there speechless, truly stunned as I read the enclosed letter.

The upshot? Chuck is as thoughtful and generous with friends as he is hostile and defensive with vocal critics.

CHUCK ADAMS
OUTDOOR WRITER • PHOTOGRAPHER

February 25, 1995

Mr. M.R. James
600 Bayou Road
Kalispell, MT 59901

Hi, M.R.!

Here are 16 of my best Ishi country arrowheads. I legally found all of these on private ranches within ten miles of Deer Creek, in the heart of Ishi's home territory. Deer Creek is only 15 miles from where I was born and raised.

Please accept 3 or 4 of these as a token of our friendship. To open the display box, simply pull the two retainer pins and remove the glass lid.

Please send back the rest of the heads via certified parcel post to my Wyoming P.O. box. Please insure for $3,000.

The average Yana deer-hunting head measured about 5/8-inch wide and 3/4-inch long. The barbed style of these 16 heads was most commonly used during the 4,000-odd years that Ishi's people inhabited the Deer Creek area.

All 16 of the heads I'm sending you were flaked from obsidian from Lassen Peak, a volcanic mountain on the eastern edge of Ishi's home range.

The darkest obsidian provides the most dramatic contrast in gold or silver jewelry. If you wish to use a translucent head like several in this package, it would be best to spray the back surface of the head with black primer paint prior to mounting. This darkens the head and improves contrast against gold or silver.

Enclosed is the business card of the jeweler who produced my own Ishi arrowhead rings. Ask for Mike Church, the owner.

Until we talk again, M.R., take care...and enjoy the arrowheads!

Your friend,

Chuck

Chuck Adams

encl.

*****

AT THE POPE & YOUNG CLUB'S 2001 awards banquet in Salt Lake City, Chuck Adams received the Ishi Award - the club's highest honor - for a six-by-seven 409 ⅝-inch world record elk he'd arrowed in Rosebud County, Montana, in September of 2000. I'll never forget the genuinely stunned look on Chuck's face when his name was announced.

Afterward, when I congratulated him, I couldn't resist the temptation to mention a conversation we'd had about whether he should continue his Pope & Young Club membership. At that time Chuck was weighing the possible outcome of submitting his application for becoming a regular member.

"I've always supported the club," he confided, "but I couldn't handle the rejection and public humiliation if I didn't get the necessary votes."

"You'll get some negative votes," I forecast. "Hell, anyone applying today - from G. Fred Asbell to Fred Bear, Jim Dougherty to Glenn St. Charles - likely would get a handful of thumbs-down votes. Still, I'm willing to bet you'll make it."

And he did, with ease.

*****

NEVER SATISFIED with resting on his laurels, Chuck Adams continues to make bowhunting history with each passing season. At this writing he has collected more than 100 Pope & Young Club animals, including five past and existing world records. An admitted elkaholic, between 1999 and 2004 Chuck shot five Montana bulls each scoring more than 370 Pope & Young Club inches, two of which topped 400 inches! Such an incredible bowhunting accomplishment cannot be attributed to "luck" or "money" as many of his critics claim. It's a singular achievement that can be traced directly to one man's skill and determination. Love him or detest him, Chuck Adams clearly ranks as one of the best bowhunters of all time.

*****

"It's never been my goal to make my mark. My goal is to enjoy my life. If there was a legacy that I'd be really proud of it's that I have helped other people enjoy bowhunting and the out-of-doors more than they would have otherwise; and, hopefully, that I would have helped people enjoy bowhunting as much as I did. Because I love it completely."

— Chuck Adams, "Life at Full Draw"

Here are three of the Ishi points that Chuck gave to me.

CHUCK ADAMS

- Born in northern California's Ishi Country in 1951
- Killed first deer with a rifle at age 12; began bowhunting at age 15, using a Ben Pearson recurve; bow-killed first blacktail buck during fourth season
- After graduation from Chico State University, took job with *Petersen's Hunting* magazine in Los Angeles as an associate editor; later launched successful freelance writing/photography career
- Completed bowhunting's first "Super Slam" of North American big game animals in 1990
- Received Pope & Young Club's 2001 Ishi Award for his world record Montana elk scoring 409⅝ inches
- Holder of more record book entries than anyone in bowhunting history

CHAPTER TWO

A LONGBOW LEGACY

Nathan Andersohn's Passion

THE GRIZZLY STEPPED soundlessly from the creekside brush off to the left of the portable treestand. Already within good bow range, the bear paused beside the glimmering salmon stream to sniff the cool evening air. No monster bruin, he nonetheless was a prime representative of the species of great hump-shouldered bears that had first padded along these same Alaskan game trails when his nomadic ancestors crossed the Bering Land Bridge from Asia long centuries ago.

Gripping the Bighorn Ramhunter longbow, heart thudding, the man in the tree eyed the bear and waited unmoving for his chance at a trophy of his lifetime. So far the front-quartering grizzly had offered no killing shot. But if only he would turn broadside and expose his vitals ...

As if on cue the bear stepped forward. The bowhunter shifted slightly to take the shot. Instantly the bear froze, paw raised, poised in midstride. Sensing some unseen nearby threat, he began that cautious slow motion ursine u-turn even as the hunter quickly drew, held briefly and released the carbon shaft which flashed away from the longbow and ...

"I hurried the shot," Nathan Andersohn muttered several hours later as I pulled his arrow from the grassy mud beside the well used bear trail. "Shot just under his chest."

"Been there, done that," was all I said, handing the errant shaft to my hunting companion. "Happens to everyone."

And, in fact, it does.

But missing a gimme shot at big game critters is something that seldom happens to the veteran Colorado bowhunter and lifelong bachelor. This Mick Jagger look-alike certainly gets no satisfaction from such blown shots, but Nathan does find personal and professional fulfillment in his successful law practice and the frequent bowhunting adventures he's enjoyed across Africa, Australia and the North American wildlands. Now in his early 50s, Nathan arrowed his first deer as a teenager in 1973. And while he's hunted with traditional tackle exclusively for 33 years, he's toted only a longbow for the past 18.

For the record, as of this writing - after bowhunting 15 states and seven Canadian provinces - Nathan Andersohn has tagged 22 of the 28 North American

Nate's also bowhunted Africa with his trusty longbow, tagging a variety of game species including this toothy warthog.

big game species recognized by the Pope & Young Club, including three of the four wild sheep species. Not bad for any bowhunter, but truly exceptional for a longbow hunter who takes only close-range shots.

While Nathan's all-time favorite longbow is a 60-pound Bighorn Ramhunter, today he favors two takedown models - a Black Widow and Alaskan Black Wolf - for most hunts involving airline travel. And while Zwickey heads have accounted for most of his animals over the years, 125-grain Snuffers have been his broadhead of choice since the late 1990s. Nathan also hunts with wood, aluminum and carbon arrows; however, he favors the carbon shaft.

"The way I look at it," he explains, "when I'm in the woods in severe conditions, hunting with my longbow, I have everything against me so I may as well have straight, durable arrows. Besides, I've found the penetration of carbon shafts is far superior to that obtained with cedar or aluminum arrows.

"Bowhunting has been one of the great pleasures of my life," he adds, "and any man or woman hunter will benefit by pursuing game with archery equipment. It requires a healthy lifestyle choice, including extreme physical and mental preparation."

*****

"MY GOAL HAS NEVER BEEN to obtain 'Super Slam' success," Nathan confides when I once compared his personal accomplishments to Chuck Adams' historic milestone. "What I have hoped to do is to have the opportunity to hunt all the different species of North American big game with my longbow. The ultimate goal for me is the journey, not the end result.

"In 1988 I switched to the longbow," he explains, "and I had a string of very successful hunts through the early '90s. During that time I started thinking it would be fun to hunt as many different species as possible."

Fun? What about the price, the pressure and the time involved?

"Well, the mental challenges required to hunt varied species in new terrain can be overwhelming," Nathan admits. "It's great when an archer hunts a Midwest farm and after years of hunting 60 to 70 days a season finally shoots a record book buck. But it's a whole new level of hunting to spend half the price of a new truck on a 10-day bowhunt in the McKenzie Mountains and come home with an animal of a species that the hunter has never seen before.

"I've heard uninformed hunters state that going on guided hunts is simply buying a trophy," he says with a shake of his head. "It's impossible and illegal to hunt all the big game in Canada and Alaska without a guide. Even with the best outfitters available, the odds of flying into some remote camp, enjoying perfect weather, finding mature animals to hunt, stalking into bow range and making an accurate shot can be nearly impossible. It's unfortunate but knowing the financial expense of the one shot a bowhunter may get at a Dall or Stone

A Michigan native, Nathan has lived in Colorado since graduating from law school in Denver. He tagged this record-class whitetail in 1999 and has killed 22 of the 28 North American big game species during a long and successful bowhunting career.

sheep puts tremendous pressure on the hunter.

"All of this being said, I overcome the mental challenge of financial and social pressure by thanking God for the opportunity to experience these adventures. I also remind myself that my money already is committed, so I may as well have a lot of good time."

Is it possible for the average working bowhunter to complete the North American "Super Slam?"

"I don't believe it's possible for a middle-class bowhunter to take all the North American animals," Nathan opines. "The only hunters who have any hope, without above-average income, would be residents of Alaska or western Canada where large numbers of varied species are available to resident hunters. A more realistic challenge for a middle-class hunter would be to set a goal of taking all of the moose, caribou or deer species."

Talk about your most difficult hunts to date, I urged, your most mentally challenging adventure and the most satisfying trophy.

"The big bears and mountain sheep have been my most difficult and challenging hunts. I've hunted grizzly, brown and polar bears many times with

minimal success. I was nearly killed by a polar bear, and I've had a couple of close calls with other bruins. As far as picking out the most difficult, mentally challenging and satisfying animal, I'd have to name the Stone sheep. I can remember almost every day of the two hunts that I've made, the highs and lows and extreme physical exertion. The degree of difficulty getting within longbow range of a Stone ram makes this sheep probably the most challenging animal in North America. However, all of the difficulty resulted in one of the most satisfying experiences of my life when I double-lunged a 10-year-old ram."

And your favorite big game animal?

"I've always felt if I could only hunt one animal it would be elk. They are magnificent animals. Also, there is no finer time to be on a mountainside than during the mid-September rut. Yellow aspen leaves. Cool mornings. Warm afternoons. Elk are incredibly durable and it takes precision shooting to get clean, one-shot kills. The ability to call rutting bulls within bow range adds a wonderful element to the hunt. And eating elk steaks is a great bonus."

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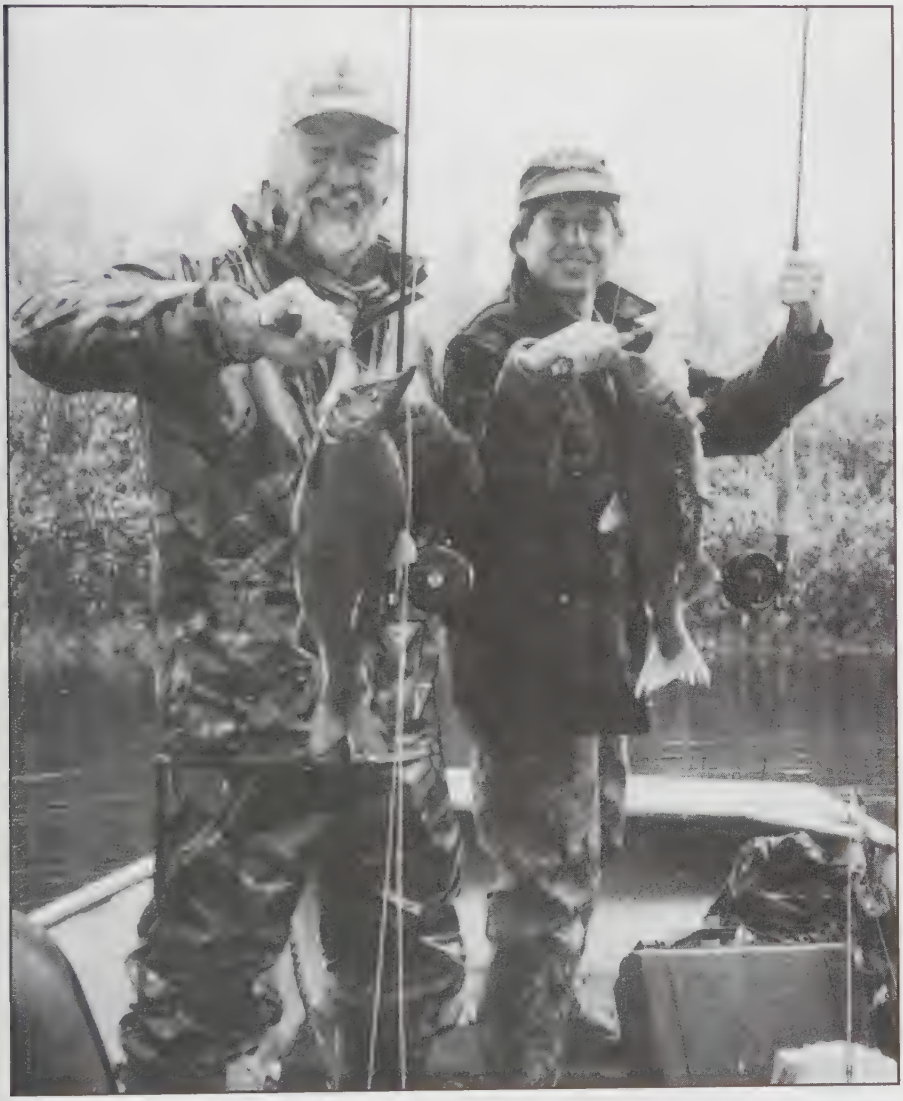
IN 1993 I BOUGHT AND PUBLISHED Nathan Andersohn's very first bowhunting article - a tale of a Saskatchewan black bear hunt - and I encouraged him to write more features for *Bowhunter* magazine. And as a Pope & Young Club officer, I've now worked with Nathan for nearly two decades in his role as the Club's legal counsel.

"I always enjoyed reading hunting magazines and it felt fairly natural to write stories of my own bowhunting adventures," he says. "I've never felt that I possessed superior knowledge compared to anyone else. My stories have always been an attempt to share adventures with readers so they can sit back and relive my experiences with me. Today I'm a staff writer for *Traditional Bowhunter* and likely I'll write a book or two sometime, but my busy law practice has prevented such projects so far."

Speaking of your legal experiences, talk about your involvement in Pope & Young Club business matters.

"I joined the Pope & Young Club in 1973 after shooting my first big whitetail," Nathan replied. "I became a regular member in 1990 and have attended every meeting since '88 when I began serving as the Club's attorney. The camaraderie and friendships I developed through the organization have been tremendous. Some of the political upheaval that occurred in recent years has been unsettling. As one of the more conservative senior members, I've been vocal in opposition to several major changes; however, every organization goes through growing pains and I have good feelings about the Club's future.

"I've had the pleasure to spend considerable time with Club founder Glenn St. Charles. He's always been an inspiration to me, and I've cherished the hours



Our memorable Alaskan grizzly hunt produced more fish than big bruins, although Nathan got a shot at a good bear as it patrolled the shoreline of a alder-choked salmon stream.

we've shared in hunting camp, at Club conventions and in his Seattle home.

"I was very involved in drafting an agreement for obtaining the Glenn St. Charles archery collection for the Pope & Young Club/St. Charles Museum in Chatfield, Minnesota. One of my most rewarding legal experiences was challenging the ruling by the State of Washington Department of

Stalking is Nathan's favorite hunting challenge. He arrowed this huge mountain caribou on a spot-and-stalk longbow hunt in the Northwest Territories in 1995.

Revenue that assessed a sales/use tax of approximately $80,000 on a portion of the goods transferred to the Club. I drafted a legal brief objecting to the tax assessment and was successful in convincing the state there was no basis for taxing the Pope & Young Club."

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BESIDES HIS ADMITTED ADMIRATION for the P&Y founder, Nathan was influenced by several other familiar bowhunting heroes.

"Since I grew up in Michigan in the '60s," he explains, "it was fairly natural to look up to Fred Bear, who was larger than life in all of the hunting magazines and movies during my youth. His stories and movies inspired me to dream that someday I could do adventurous things in faraway places.

"As I matured and read more books, stories by Saxton Pope, Art Young and Howard Hill definitely were motivating factors to pursue traditional archery and hunt 'the hard way.'"

But now that these legends are gone, what do you believe the future holds

for today's bowhunters?

"Technological advances, available information and the quantity of bowhunters have resulted in increased harvest statistics in most parts of the United States," Nathan states. "It used to be that the general public and gun hunters largely looked up to bowhunters and held them in high regard for accepting the challenge of trying to harvest an animal with simple equipment. That's no longer the case.

"Muzzleloader hunters and rifle hunters often point to our early and lengthy seasons - and high success rates as high as 50 percent or more in some areas - and express concern that we're eroding their own hunting opportunities. Some nonhunters now paint us with the same brush of negative attributes the hunter-haters always apply to any hunters: pain-inflicting killers of 'innocent wildlife,' greedy game hogs, loud-mouthed, beer-drinking lawbreakers and on and on.

"Looking ahead, I see both our hunting seasons and number of available tags being reduced, due to the increasing competition with muzzleloader, crossbow and rifle hunters. I also believe that in the long term there will be a reduced number of bowhunters. This may diminish the political clout of hunters, but reduced hunting pressure on game resources may create more opportunities for those of us still addicted to the thrill of the chase."

NATHAN ANDERSOHN

- A native of Sturgis, Michigan, tagged his first whitetail in 1973 at age 18
- Graduate of the University of Denver and Drake Law School; served as legal counsel for the Pope & Young Club since 1988
- Has bowhunted with traditional tackle for over three decades; hunts solely with the longbow today and has taken 22 of North America's 28 big game Pope & Young Club species
- Senior member of the Pope & Young Club, life member of Foundation for North American Wild Sheep (FNAWS), National Rifle Association (NRA) and Colorado Bowhunters Association (CBA). Also member of Safari Club International (SCI), Professional Bowhunters Society (PBS), Compton Traditional Bowhunters (CTB), and Colorado Traditional Bowhunters Society (CTBS)

CHAPTER THREE

BASIC INSTINCT: THE MAKING OF A BOWHUNTER

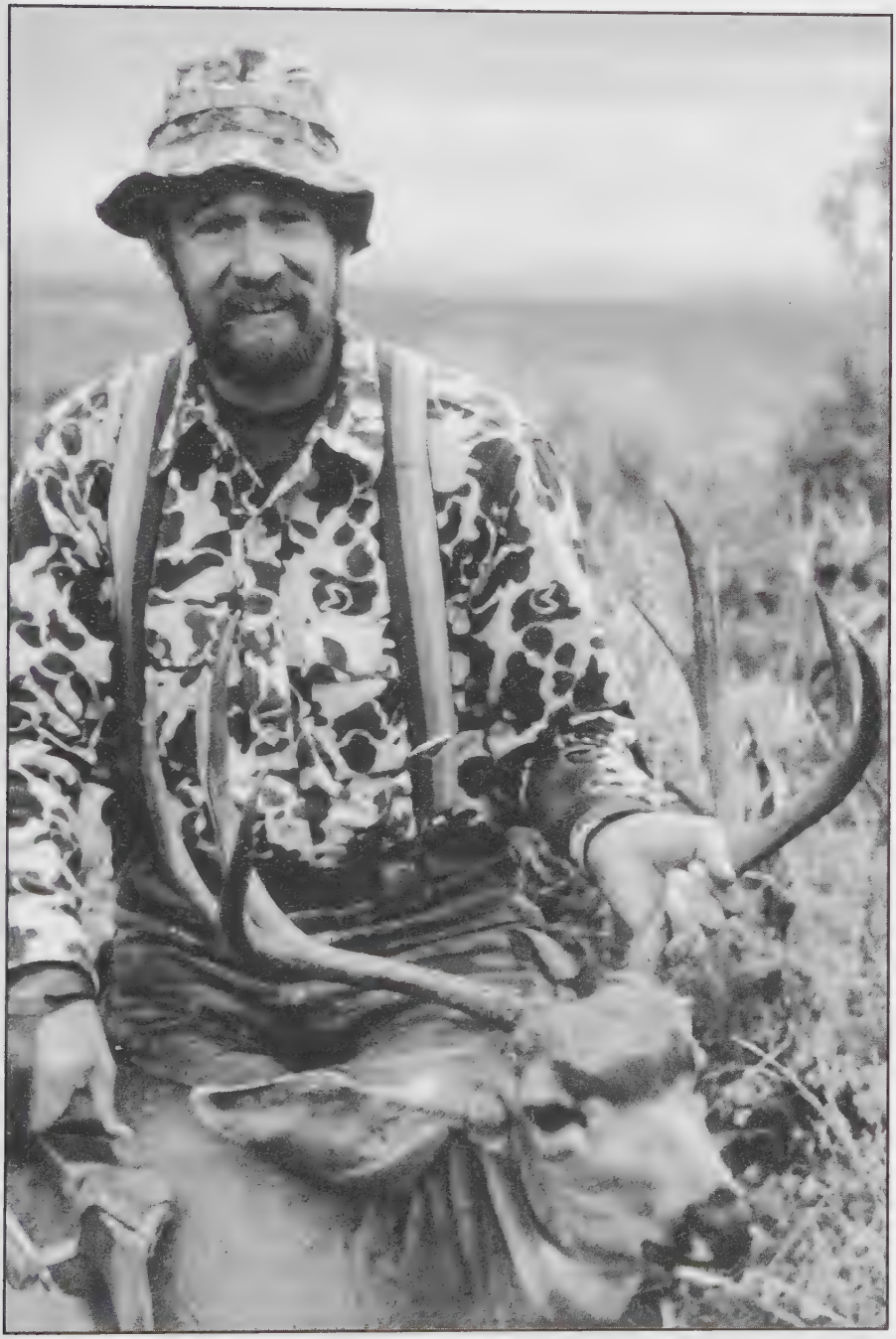
Natural Leader G. Fred Asbell Shows the Way

"I fell two more times as I tried to run through the brushy tangle back in the direction I had come ... And then I was out of the brush and on the creek bank behind the boulder pile. And there was the smaller of the two bulls trotting just below me as if everything had been perfectly timed. Even as I grabbed for an arrow, I could see the bigger bull coming. There was no time to think about how lucky I was - or about how hard I was snorting and blowing - or about the sweat running into my eyes. I swung with him as he trotted past. I watched the big, red-fletched arrow hang in the air - as it always seems to do - and saw it disappear through him.

"He flinched, jumped sideways, and went into the creek. With a lunge he came out the other side and stood there looking around, wondering, I suppose, what had happened. And then he lay down and it was over."

From "On Turning 50: An Old Man's Hunt"
By G. Fred Asbell, Hunting Editor
Bowhunter Magazine, October/November 1991

CROUCHING IN THE SHORESIDE WILLOWS overlooking a well-tracked crossing, I'd watched hopefully as the two caribou bulls - including the giant Fred eventually killed - emerged from the trees directly across the surging northern Quebec river. They'd paused briefly before splashing down into the swirling waters, swimming straight toward me. Their sweptback and velvet-furred antlers reminded me of bobbing tree branches caught in some powerful undertow.



Whenever possible, Fred still-hunts or stalks game animals. He's collected deer, elk, grizzly and black bears, moose, bighorn and Dall's sheep, caribou, pronghorn and other species using recurves and longbows.

For a few fleeting seconds I believed that I'd get a shot. But then I could only watch helplessly as the rushing current pushed the bulls downstream, well out of bow range. The caribou finally clambered ashore, shook themselves and walked into the mouth of a small creek. They disappeared exactly where my hunting partner had gone soon after our native guide dropped us off near the caribou trail crossing maybe an hour earlier.

So I wasn't really surprised when Fred appeared a short time later, walked along the edge of the willows and asked me, "Wanna come over and take some pictures for me?"

"Did you shoot that big son-of-a-gun?" I asked.

"I am proud to announce that I did," Fred said with a big grin spread across his bearded face. "Never, in the annals of bowhunting, has so much luck been accorded to any bowhunter."

Luck? Sure. Partly. But I've come to understand that the harder a person works, the "luckier" he becomes. And, take it from someone who knows, G. Fred Asbell is one very determined and hard-working bowhunter who deserves all the smiles Lady Luck casts his way. Few men I know have done more to promote serious bowhunting over the past four-plus decades. As a first-class bowyer who once made sweet-shooting recurves and longbows. As a talented author of helpful how-to books and adrenaline-laced hunting stories that are both inspirational and beneficial. And, finally, as a natural leader whose clear vision and firm hand helped steer two national bowhunting organizations to play increasingly influential roles in 21st century archery.

Now, here's my version of the Fred Asbell story. It's really a story about me, too.

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"I've always shot instinctively. I sent for and got a Howard Hill Archery catalog. In it was a sequence of pictures showing him shooting the bow. I tried to do it that way. My backyard was small. I'd go out and shoot hundreds of arrows - but only from 10 or 15 feet. I'd shoot at an old tennis ball or a pencil ... things like that. I really developed my instinctive eye doing that. Of course, in those days I had no idea there was such a thing as a sight."

— Fred Asbell

BY SOME QUIRK OF FATE Fred and I never met until the early 1970s. Odd, really, considering the fact that we were both born in southern Illinois in late 1940, just a few short months and maybe 70 miles apart. Fred in Harrisburg and me in Wabash County. Later, our folks would raise us less than half that distance from each other. Fred's boyhood home was located in Petersburg, Indiana, mine just across the muddy Wabash in Mt. Carmel, Illinois. But since our high school sports teams - the Golden Aces and

This is the big caribou bull that Fred arrowed on the opening day of our "Old Man's Hunt" the year we turned 50. We killed four bulls during our weeklong bowhunt in northern Quebec in 1990.

Petersburg Indians - never played against each other, our athletic paths never chanced to cross, even when we both enrolled as freshmen at nearby Evansville College in 1958. Fred had signed on to play football for the Purple Aces, and I planned to try my hand at collegiate baseball. But our time on the EC campus was short-lived, really.

Fred dropped out and joined the Navy; I left to take a job in the Tri-State oil patch and marry Janet Tennis, my high school sweetheart. And by the time I headed back to the classroom to finish an undergrad degree, Fred was once again wearing civvies and working for IBM at its Greencastle plant west of Indianapolis. It was at this point in our parallel lives - around 1960 - that we each succumbed to archery's bewitching siren call.

"I actually knew nothing about bowhunting," Fred admits. "I didn't even know anyone who was a bowhunter. But there were two guys at the plant who were into archery and one of them had shot a deer. I used to drive them crazy trying to get them to tell me something about deer hunting. About this time I

Fred and I grew up only a few miles apart yet never met until a 1972 Pope & Young Club meeting in Denver finally brought us together. That's an Indiana whitetail he arrowed in 1975.

started getting involved in archery clubs. Field archery was in its heyday in Indiana back then."

I killed my first deer in 1963; Fred arrowed his first in 1964. We both successfully bowhunted Colorado mule deer back when nonresident licenses cost only $10 apiece. But mostly I focused on hunting whitetails on Hoosierland farms and along creek bottoms back in my native Illinois. Meanwhile Fred traveled north to Michigan and Wisconsin. He killed his first black bear in Wisconsin several years before I tagged my initial bruin in Colorado in 1971. Fred also shot a lot of field archery rounds, serving as both president and a director of the Indiana Bowhunters Association (IBA). I, too, joined the IBA and participated in National Field Archery Tournaments all around southern Indiana. During the early '60s I helped form an archery club in Princeton, Indiana, just a dozen or so miles from where Fred grew up. Still, our paths never crossed.

Then in 1968 Fred took a three-month leave of absence from IBM and headed for Alaska with Hoosier hunting buddy, Bob Pitt. The two men hired an out-

fitter to pack them into the bush where they stalked moose, caribou and black bears. That unforgettable Alaskan bowhunting adventure began August 1 and ended the fourth week of October.

"It was quite an experience," Fred recalls. "Before Alaska, I was barely more than an anxious beginner wandering through the woods hoping the gods of the hunt would bring me and some dumb animal together. After three months of living in a tent and hunting across the Alaskan tundra, with almost no contact from the outside, bowhunting and its methodology, me and the animals, all began to mesh.

"Most bowhunters will never get to spend enough time out there in one lump like we did. I'm sorry they can't, because I've never been the same for it. My whole approach to bowhunting changed. I understand the game now."

So what did Bob Pitt and Fred Asbell do upon returning to Indiana? Even before unpacking, they drove up to Art LaHa's Wisconsin deer camp to squeeze in one more week of bowhunting. They'd decided the real world of going to work and worrying about bills and such could wait. Fred can't help but smile even now when he remembers that late summer, early fall bow-and-arrow adventure.

Then in '69 IBM needed a volunteer to set up a purchasing department office in Boulder, Colorado. Fred's hand shot up, and he landed the assignment. And after moving West, he enjoyed more serious bowhunting adventures. Elk and pronghorns fell to Fred's arrows. More moose and caribou. More whitetails and muleys. Then a British Columbia grizzly. Next, a Colorado bighorn ram. The big, burly and loquacious modern day mountain man was at home in the Rockies.

And somewhere along the way Fred mustered courage to abandon the structured and relatively secure nine-to-five world as an IBM employee for the uncertain but personally gratifying world of self-employment. He and Colorado bowhunter Denny Behn founded Bighorn Bowhunting Company and set about making custom bows. Fred also began sharing his hunting adventures and advice with archery magazine readers. I bought and published his first mule deer feature article in early 1978. And, as fate would have it, Fred joined the newly formed Pope & Young Club and eventually was elected a director. That 1978 occasion set the stage for Fred to later become the longest serving president in Pope & Young Club history.

It was at the 1972 Pope & Young Club gathering in Denver that Fred and I finally met. With our common roots and interests, we soon became good friends. Thereafter, his writing cropped up frequently in *Bowhunter*. In 1980 I offered Fred the position of the magazine's hunting editor, replacing Larry Bamford who had recently resigned. Fred's acceptance laid the groundwork for a mutually beneficial, decades-long business relationship that would last us into the new century.

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"You must remember that what you're doing is hunting, and hunting is not automatically killing. Also, the way in which you hunt is more important than the fact you get to hunt. That's certainly a personal philosophy, but to me the whole idea of hunting with a bow is to take a primitive approach to hunting. What you're doing is giving yourself the maximum challenge while giving the animal the maximum chance to escape."

— Fred Asbell

MY ALL-TIME FAVORITE G. Fred Asbell hunting story concerns a huge Colorado elk that my friend stalked and arrowed one year while hunting not far from the boundaries of Rocky Mountain National Park.

Seems Fred followed the ample blood trail to where his bull had piled up just below a mountainside hiking trail. Packing the meat several miles down to his parked vehicle would be a somewhat easier chore, thanks to the nearby trail that led off the timbered ridge. And Fred promptly gave thanks for his good fortune.

But as Fred prepared to field dress the big elk, he discovered that his rope was not in his pack. He'd left it in his vehicle parked at trailhead. The day was warming fast and Fred was unwilling to risk losing any of the tasty elk venison by delaying the gutting and skinning chore, so he decided to improvise. Fred shucked out of his wool shirt and tied an arm to one of the bull's hind legs and the other arm to a handy aspen tree. His pant legs worked equally well to secure the bull's other rear leg.

Moments later, clad only in his underwear, Fred was crouching between the spread-eagled elk slicing away at the bull's penis and scrotum when something caused him to look over his shoulder. There, standing on the hiking trail above him, were two horrified, wide-eyed backpackers who obviously could not begin to comprehend what a semi-nude man was doing between the rear legs of this large, recently deceased, antlered animal.

"I would have explained," Fred said, "but they didn't hang around long enough."

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"I tend to think of myself as a particularly concerned bowhunter. I'm basically an outspoken person, and I really do feel there are issues that need to be discussed. My whole approach has been to raise an issue, to make people think, and to say, 'Hey, let's talk about it.' At times my approach has shocked people. Some say I'm a radical, a troublemaker. If those labels go along with getting people to open their eyes, so be it."

— Fred Asbell

FRED WAS ELECTED to his first term as Pope & Young Club president in 1984, one year after I was guest speaker at the Club's biennial convention and

Hoosier bowhunter Bob Pitt is Fred's all-time favorite hunting buddy. The two enjoyed an unforgettable three-month Alaskan bowhunt in 1968 to cement a lifelong friendship.

awards banquet in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I won my own election to a four-year board term in 1986. In 1990 I moved up to Pope & Young Club first vice president, serving in that role until 2000. Fred finally stepped down in 2002. By then he had led bowhunting's premier record-keeping organization for 18 years.

Fred's tenure as Pope & Young Club president included a tumultuous period of steady and tremendous growth for the Club - and for all bowhunting. When I spoke at that Wisconsin convention in '83, a grand total of 5,644 record book animals were listed in the Pope & Young Club archives. By the time I left the board in 2000, the number of record book entries totaled 47,712. Incidentally, by the end of 2006 that entry figure had jumped to 71,128. Exactly when were - or are - the "good old days" of bowhunting, anyway?

By comparison, Pope & Young Club membership tallied 3,433 at the turn of the century, while in Milwaukee the Club's rolls contained the names of only about one-third of that total. More entries and more members translated to more income and more available funds for the various Pope & Young Club con-

Fred and Randy Byers made a memorable Northwest Territories hunt for mountain caribou in 1988. Originally, I was supposed to join Randy on the hunt but Fred volunteered to take my place when I couldn't make the trip.

servation projects and programs. At the same time, the ranks of licensed North American bowhunters jumped from around 1.25 million to more than 3 million. And just during the decade of the 1980s, *Bowhunter* magazine's readership climbed from barely 100,000 to a paid circulation topping 220,000, with an estimated total readership approaching half a million.

Without question, Fred Asbell contributed to the magazine's growth and increasing popularity. His feature articles and "Traditional Bowhunting" columns most certainly attracted and influenced many readers. Similarly, the Pope & Young Club benefited from having what amounted to a full-time president at its helm. Fred always made time for whatever attention had to be paid to the Club's business matters, directing the headquarters' staff and delegating assignments to various board members and volunteers. It is my opinion that without Fred's direct and continuous involvement for nearly two decades, the

Pope & Young Club would not have flourished and attained the successes it enjoys today.

Beyond the limited scope of Pope & Young Club and *Bowhunter* magazine, Fred also influenced tens of thousands with his 1988 book, "Instinctive Shooting: A Step-by-Step Guide to Better Bowhunting." Written with an unmistakable air of authority, his book was an instant hit, going through half a dozen printings and being translated into foreign language editions. Complementing Fred's written words were countless personal appearances and instructional seminars, during which he demonstrated an obvious mastery of the recurve and longbow.

"Instinctive shooting is shooting a bow using only the abilities of the hand, the eye, body coordination and instinctive memory," Fred explains. "It is looking - concentrating - on what you want to hit and allowing the bow hand to point the arrow at the correct place - and the bow hand is being directed by the brain which says 'right there.' There is no physical reference whatsoever. That means no sights, no looking down the arrow, nothing except looking at the target and shooting."

"Instinctive Shooting II" followed in 1993, offering even more information and direction on the same subject. A videotape highlighting his book's lessons was offered as visual proof of the benefits of instinctive shooting. And then in 1997, "Stalking and Still-Hunting: The Ground Hunter's Bible," arrived on the scene. Its message was simple: There's much more to the sport than sitting in a tree and waiting for a shot. Its challenge: Don't be afraid to hunt from ground level, the way it was done by the Thompson brothers, Ishi, Pope & Young, "Chief" Compton, Howard Hill, Fred Bear and other bowhunting pioneers.

"Hunting on the ground has always been my preference," Fred admits, "and I'll choose it every time it's practical. It's the very essence of hunting. Man and animal, wit versus wile."

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"I guess I'd like to be thought of as a bowhunter who cared deeply about his sport ... I only want what's best for bowhunting. Ours is a hunting sport. We need to always keep in mind that the other half of the word 'bow' is 'hunting' and not 'killing.' I'd rather everybody remember that than who G. Fred Asbell was."

— Fred Asbell

THE MOST DIFFICULT DAY OF MY EDITORIAL CAREER came in 2001 when I had to break the news that Primedia, the new corporate owner of *Bowhunter* magazine, was slicing the magazine's editorial budget. And with it, the compensation packages of all field staff. Calling Fred, Dave Samuel and Dave Holt proved to be a gut-churning personal nightmare. These

weren't just long-time contributors, these were all good friends.

When the Primedia hatchet man offered to inform the field editors, I said, "The hell you will! Your company might own *Bowhunter*, but it's still my magazine. I'll do this myself, my way." And I did.

Ever since selling *Bowhunter* in early 1988, I'd known that *any* new owner could take such drastic action. My carefully drafted contract protected me, but others were vulnerable. And even though the magazine remained consistently profitable, outperforming other outdoor titles in the publisher's stable, I was well aware of the pervasive "bean counter mentality" afflicting many businesses.

Even though Fred and the two Daves were not *Bowhunter* employees, per se, their contracts always had been as generous as I could make them. Monthly retainers. Regular payment for feature articles and columns. Reimbursement for magazine-related expenses. A hunt and travel budget. Other perks, too, such as equipment and an annual year's end bonus.

I steeled myself and made the calls. And the result was just what I'd expected. Disbelief and mass resignations. Thankfully, our friendships endured, but our editor/writer relationship ended. Eventually, Daves Holt and Samuel resumed writing for *Bowhunter* with Dwight Schuh at the helm. Fred found a welcome new home at *Traditional Bowhunter*, but I know if we each had our druthers he'd still be *Bowhunter* magazine's hunting editor.

*****

"I'm not anti-compound. I'm anti-new wave attitude that pushes the 'kill something at any cost' theme. That could happen with any kind of equipment.

"I think compound bows are very understandable when you consider today's high-technology society. It was the sort of thing that had to happen, I think. And I don't object to compounds or modern equipment. What I do object to is the effect modern equipment has had on the way people approach bowhunting. It's changed people's attitudes about hunting ...

"The new equipment has made it much easier for people to get into bowhunting. And in a way that is good. There are many very, very dedicated bowhunters who use the new equipment and are excellent hunters. But it has also brought into our ranks those who look at bowhunting to do one Saturday - or one week - per year. And no one has a right to approach any form of big game hunting in a lackadaisical manner.

"There seems to be a tendency toward reaching for another piece of accessory equipment every time a problem pops up instead of working on being a better hunter. That attitude frightens me."

— Fred Asbell

BACK IN 2000 *BOWHUNTER* MAGAZINE published word that two new traditional bowhunting groups were forming. After all, interest in tra-

This woodland stag that Fred killed with his longbow in 1996 was shot on yet another trip that I'd planned to make. Fred gladly filled in for me ... and was happy he volunteered.

ditional tackle was growing and there was no national organization, other than the Professional Bowhunters Society (PBS), actively representing the interests of traditional bowhunting. And since 1996, when the PBS announced its endorsement of "traditional values," regardless of the bowhunting equipment, there had been growing unrest among diehard traditionalists.

One of the new groups called itself the Association of Traditional Hunting Archers; the other would be known as the Compton Traditional Bowhunters. The former wanted to be a politically active, anti-compound, anti-high-tech accessory force in the archery community. The latter sought to promote traditional archery and bowhunting positively. The focus was on camaraderie, socializing, families and fun.

Guess which organization folded and which one flourished?

Not surprisingly, Fred Asbell became president of the Compton Traditional Bowhunters (CTB) in 2001 and continues to lead the growing organization. "We now have just over 1,000 members," he told me in early 2007. "We promote the responsible use of traditional equipment and spend a lot of time working with young people. About 70 percent of our effort deals with various youth programs, from recruiting to educating young hunters. Nick Dedaker, an Indiana bowhunter and teacher, runs the Compton youth education effort. At our last Michigan Rendezvous we had more than 250 kids turn out, and everyone shot a bow. There's no formal competition, just having fun."

Thanks largely to its family-friendly atmosphere, thousands of men, women and youngsters show up for annual Compton gatherings at Berrian Springs. Noted traditional bowhunters like the Wensel brothers, Roger Rothhaar and Monty Browning, among others, take part in highly popular "Campfire Conversation" question and answer sessions.

A new CTB traditional record book is slated for 2008, based not just on a trophy animal's score but also on how it was taken. No traditional world records will be announced. Stalking and still-hunting, for example, earn additional credit for the successful hunter.

"It's intended to complement, not compete with the Pope & Young Club's book of bowhunting records," Fred explained. "We encourage Compton members to enter eligible animals in the Pope & Young Club records. Our new book will list animals from the Compton archives and include only 500 or so entries. Pope & Young has over 70,000 entries."

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"I'm particularly concerned about crossbows. There's an awful lot of people pushing them, trying to get them legalized everywhere ... They're not bows. What kind of 'bowhunter' do these weapons appeal to?"

— Fred Asbell

IRONICALLY, THROUGHOUT THE 10 YEARS that Fred and I served as Pope & Young Club president and first vice president, most members assumed that I'd eventually run for president. And I did, but not until 2006. Like Fred, I had suffered a bit of burnout and decided that I needed some time off and fresh challenges. So by the time that I did take the Pope & Young Club reins, Fred was busy leading the Compton group to national recognition.

"Pope & Young needs you," Fred told me during a private moment at the Club's 2005 gathering in Springfield, Missouri. "Pope & Young is divided over equipment and membership issues. It needs a strong leader to rebuild burned bridges and re-establish communication with bowhunters and bowhunting organizations. You're that man."

"I'll think on it," I said, knowing full well that if I ran and won I'd be walking in the bootprints of one intelligent and articulate man who has defined effective leadership for his entire adult life. Every important cause he has ever championed - and all of bowhunting itself - are better today for my old friend's involvement.

Thanks, Fred. For your friendship. For everything.

G. FRED ASBELL

- Born in southern Illinois in 1940, reared in Indiana; inspired by Howard Hill to begin shooting bows instinctively during early 1960s
- Killed first deer in 1964; made three-month Alaskan bowhunt in 1968 and began serious bowhunting career after moving to Colorado in 1969
- Talented bowyer, co-founder of Bighorn Bowhunting Company; elected to Pope & Young Club's board of directors in 1978; Pope & Young president 1984-2002
- *Bowhunter* magazine hunting editor 1980-2001; author of "Instinctive Shooting" (1988), "Instinctive Shooting II" (1993) and "Stalking and Still-Hunting: The Ground Hunter's Bible" (1997)
- Current president of the Compton Traditional Bowhunters

CHAPTER FOUR

BOWS AND BRAINS

Larry Bamford Led the Way, His Way

HOW MANY BOWHUNTING GUIDES can you name who studied at Harvard and Oxford, while earning two masters degrees and two doctorates? I only know of one. And that brainiac made lasting contributions to the Pope & Young Club, *Bowhunter* magazine and Colorado bowhunting history.

Dr. Lawrence Von Bamford was 34 years old in early '71 when I called and asked him to be *Bowhunter* magazine's first hunting editor. We met later that year at a summer home he was leasing in Evergreen, Colorado. At the time Larry was a professor of industrial design at Arizona State University; however, his 17 years of successful bowhunting experience - and an obvious writing talent - interested me much more than his curriculum vitae. Enthusiastic and eager to be part of my editorial team, the Iowa native quickly accepted my offer. We sealed the deal with a firm handshake. Thus began a friendship that would last for over 30 years.

Take it from me, Larry was unique. Intellectual, inquisitive, inventive and a deadly instinctive shot with his trusty recurve, anchoring high and aiming down the shaft Apache style. He also was as much at home studying architecture at the world's finest universities as swapping hunting stories beside some high country campfire. Perhaps the first major college professor and licensed big game guide/outfitter in North America, Larry received national conservation honors and cutlery design awards, also authoring over 100 scholarly articles and publishing several books on architecture and design.

The author of the popular "Trophy Hunting" magazine column in *Bowhunter* magazine from 1971 to 1980, Larry Bamford was the first bowhunter I knew to use takedown bows - some of his own design - and takedown arrows on backpack bowhunts. He also was the first bowhunter I knew to rig a double arrow rest, which allowed him to simultaneously release two arrows at bears standing at baits under his Colorado treestand.

Larry also was the first bowhunter in Centennial State history to take all species listed on his 1960s-era Colorado Sportsman's license: deer, elk, bear, lion, mountain goat, small game, and rough fish. Not bad for a full-time college professor, huh? During one 10-month period in 1967 and 1968, Larry arrowed two cougars, two black bears, two mule deer, one elk and two Rocky Mountain

Shooting bows of his own design, Larry favored the Apache-style sighting method and was a deadly instinctive shot. He was the first bowhunter in Colorado history to take all of the game species listed on the 1960s-era Sportsman's License, including a world record mountain lion.

Larry was my first choice for *Bowhunter* magazine hunting editor, a post he held from 1971 until 1980. He had helped to write early day bowhunting history in Colorado and succeeded Glenn St. Charles as Pope & Young president in 1972.

goats. Seven of these animals qualified for the Pope & Young Club records; two were large enough to earn Boone & Crockett Club certificates.

Speaking of the Pope & Young Club, Larry was a tireless promoter of the record-keeping organization and a driving force behind the first book of North American bowhunting records ever published. It's my opinion that without Larry and his focus, combined with a dose of bullheaded determination, the 1975 book would never have been published. Unfortunately, this historic project took its toll and eventually caused Larry to drop out of bowhunting. I know. As the book's editor, I was there and I saw it all.

Simply stated, differences of opinion with other Pope & Young Club leaders and the constant bickering that marked this book's birthing finally caused Larry to resign and sever all ties with an organization he loved. Here's the inside story:

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BESIDES MYSELF AND LARRY, Pope & Young Club book committee members included Glenn St. Charles, Fred Bear, Chuck Young (the grandson of Club namesake Arthur Young), Harv Ebers, Carl Hulbert, Dick Mauch, Norm

I clicked this photo of Larry during a stump-shooting excursion that we shared in the mountains near his Buena Vista, Colorado, home. Although an Iowa native, he grew to love the Rocky Mountains and the hunting opportunities he found there.

Goodwin, George Moerlein, Scott Showalter, Wayne Trimm (whose art illustrated the book) and Dr. Lowell Eddy. Each was a current Club officer or board member. Each had his own vision of exactly what the book's content should be. The result made a Chinese fire drill seem well organized by comparison.

"Just do whatever it takes to get the book finished," a frustrated Larry Bamford finally instructed me after months of fits and starts, changes of thematic direction and petty bickering over what should be included or omitted.

By the time Larry uttered his terse directive, both of us were fed up dealing with a committee of well-intentioned but headstrong men. I already had wasted countless hours in frustrating telephone sessions that accomplished absolutely nothing. Agreements made one day were reversed the next. Rewritten and edited book chapters submitted for approval were lauded by some committeemen and trashed by others. Everyone's patience was frazzled, civility hanging by a single Dacron bowstring strand. Tempers were in the red zone. An explosion was imminent.

On May 1, 1975, Board member George Moerlein wrote a letter to me. An Alaska-based geologist and talented veteran bowhunter, George was one of the most critical members of the Pope & Young Club book committee. His own

THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC

Outdoors

Phoenix, Sunday, May 16, 1971 D-13

Larry Bamford and record lion

Big cat in book

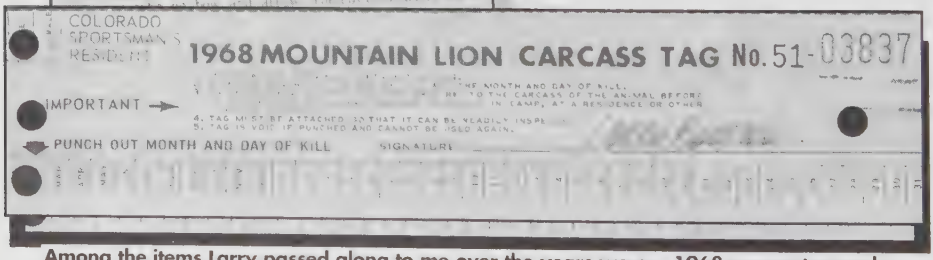
words help provide appropriate insight into the tenseness of the moment:

"... I think Larry has chomped off more than he can chew and still hold down a teaching job, keep peace at home and all the other good things we husbands are called upon to do. Unfortunately, I fear Larry is taking all of this [criticism] as a personal affront ... it ain't intended as such ...

"Admittedly, if I were wearing Larry's shoes, I would figure everyone has me pegged for a failure. But even if true, we all blunder horribly from time to time. More important is to admit to oneself one's own failings, and then, rather than defend, try to correct them."

In a later "May Day" letter to all Club directors and officers, with a copy sent to me as a member of the book committee, George offered further revealing comments on the same subject:

"As to this book business, we have all, each and every one of us, goofed. Individually and collectively. No one of us any more than the other. As a group we have goofed. None of us likes to make mistakes, but it has been



COLORADO SPORTSMAN'S RESIDENT

1968 MOUNTAIN LION CARCASS TAG No. 51-03837

IMPORTANT →

4. TAG MUST BE ATTACHED SO THAT IT CAN BE READILY INSPE
5. TAG IS VOID IF PUNCHED AND CANNOT BE USED AGAIN.

PUNCH OUT MONTH AND DAY OF KILL SIGNATURE

Among the items Larry passed along to me over the years were a 1968 cougar tag and a clipping from a Phoenix newspaper announcing his big mountain lion had taken top honors in the Boone & Crockett Club's 10th big game competition. That same cougar earned a world record plaque from the Pope & Young Club.

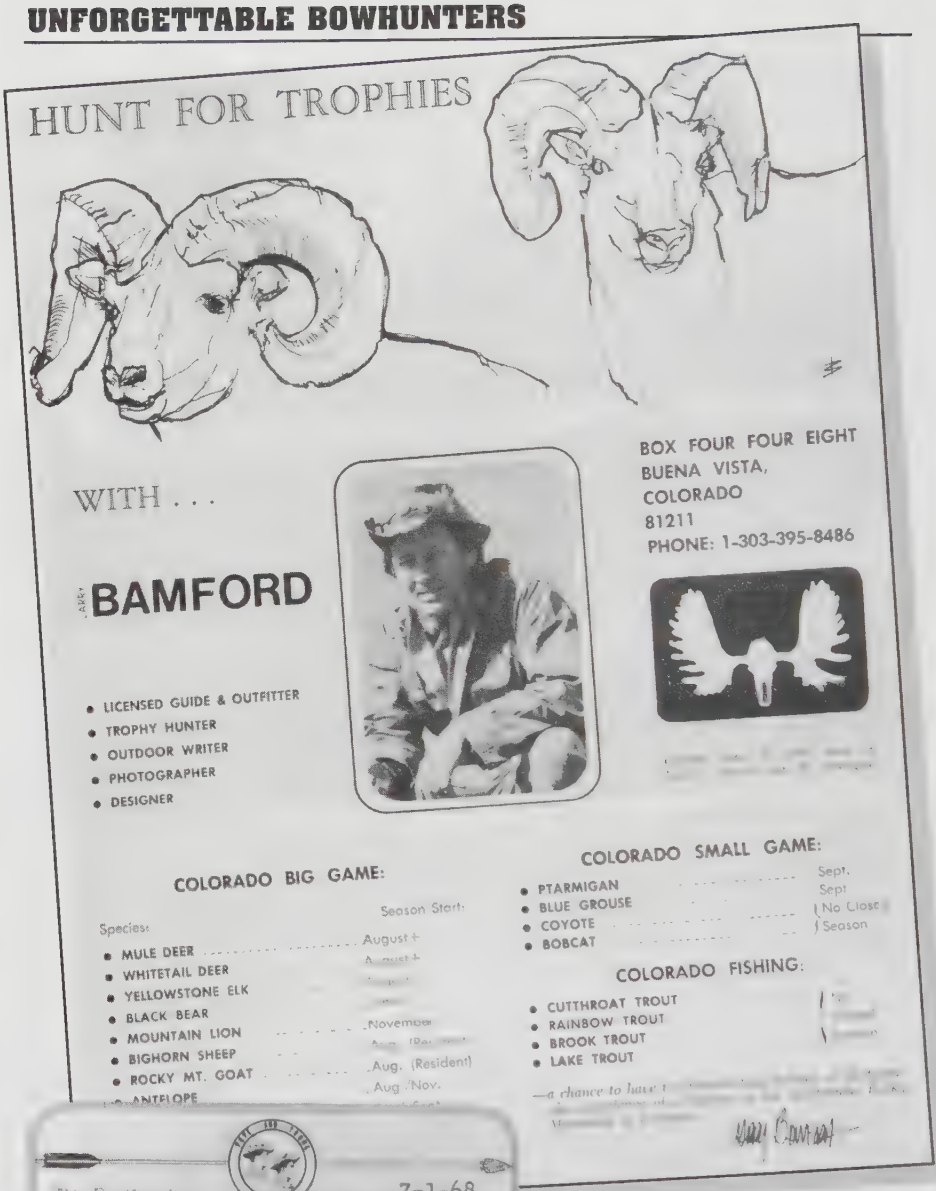
A licensed guide, Larry rigged his hunting bow to shoot two arrows at big bears attracted to his baits. He also designed the award-winning hunting knife sticking in the tree beside his record-class black bear.

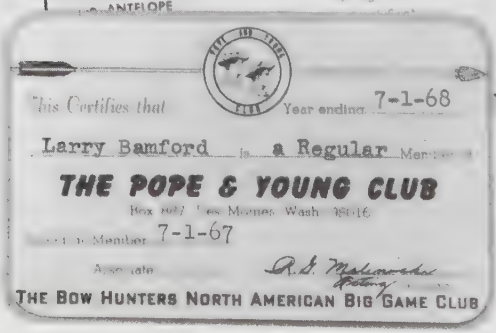
my experience that when one does make a boo-boo, it is easier and simpler to bring it to light at once. Own up to it, because it is going to come to the surface, anyway, and when one admits it himself, accompanied by an outline of positive steps to remedy the situation, then I think it takes much of the sting out of any who may wish to criticize.

"Let's stop trying to defend our mistakes and start moving in a forward direction, as a united group."

George's "positive steps" and "forward direction" involved starting over, pretty much from scratch, utilizing a paid professional writer and editor rather than Pope & Young Club volunteers. Fred Bear even made a motion to this effect. While I wasn't privy to the committee's showdown debate or vote results, I do know that in the end Larry's finish-the-book directive to me stood. So I used my best editorial judgment to "do whatever it takes," and the first Pope & Young Club record book was finally published in August of 1975. In the end, a personal loan from Papa Bear helped to pay the printing costs.

Despite all of the committee's infighting and endless foot-dragging debates, the first bowhunting record book somehow had become reality. It proved to be a landmark success.





A licensed Colorado bowhunting guide, Larry Bamford designed his own brochure (above). He joined the Pope & Young Club in 1967 and became the organization's second President in 1972. Pictured (left) is his original membership card.

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BUT LASTING DAMAGE was done. The group at this point was far from united. The following announcement appeared in the December/January 1976 *Bowhunter* magazine issue:

"Hunting Editor Larry Bamford has announced he is severing all ties with the Pope & Young Club which he has served as president. Larry will elaborate on the reasons behind his decision in the next issue ..."

Admitting his final decision was not an easy one to reach, Larry later explained to readers that "... I take with me the memories of new friends, pleasant times and a certain pride of accomplishment. Yet there is also the remembrance of certain difficulties and of tasks in need of further attention."

Ever the gentleman, Larry blamed lost income and time away from his family - wife Camille and sons Kyle and Cheyne - as the basic reasons behind stepping down. But he also cited the fact the Pope & Young Club and his own personal values had "changed greatly since 1963." His conclusion? "I felt it was simply not worth the sacrifice and concessions I would have been forced to make."

As a final subtle shot fired at his critics on the Pope & Young Club book committee, he singled out as "perhaps the most significant project in the Club's history - publishing the Book!"

Cranky George Moerlein, Club first vice president, assumed the presidency upon Larry's resignation and finished the term. But the transition did not go smoothly. Larry's abrupt mid-term departure prompted a spate of protest resignations, including two of Larry's more supportive board members, Norm Goodwin and Lowell Eddy. Although I retained my membership, I boycotted all biennial conventions until 1983 when then Pope & Young Club president Jim Dougherty invited me to be the banquet's featured speaker at the Club's Milwaukee gathering.

*****

LARRY CONTINUED TO WRITE his *Bowhunter* magazine columns and features for me until he bowed out in 1980, having completely lost all passion for bowhunting. The bitter aftertaste of those bloody book battles lingered. Despite seeing the historic Pope & Young Club publishing milestone reached, the struggle had sapped Larry's enthusiasm. Moving on, he ultimately gave away his many big game mounts, archery trophies and artifact collection. I still have an original Saxton Pope practice arrow that Larry handed to me.

We gradually went our separate ways. The next time I saw my old friend was at Anderson's International Bowhunting Clinic in Grand Ledge, Michigan, in the early 1990s. Not surprisingly, he was with a longtime bowhunting buddy,

Larry was equally at home in a bowhunting camp and university classroom. Intelligent and articulate, he mixed bows and brainpower well. His "Trophy Hunting" column was popular fare with *Bowhunter* magazine readers during the 1970s.

Phil Grable, and he was the same old Larry. Bright-eyed. Laughing. Obviously happy. Unfortunately, it would be the final time we were to cross trails.

In June of 2003, Chuck Young and Dallas McKeehan (a mutual friend I'd first met at an Indiana archery range in the early 1960s) let me know that Larry was gravely ill. Although it had been nearly 32 years since I first met Larry and over a decade since we'd last talked face to face, when I contacted him we began to swap stories and make small talk. It was as if we were still in a 1970s-era time warp.

Larry's final message matter-of-factly reported, "My own situation has taken a dark turn. The salivary gland cancer has spread to both lungs, the lymph nodes and my liver. I have had an especially bad time recently having been injured in a five-car pileup on the Interstate, had a kidney stone, was injured again in a downhill bike accident at Aspen and now this."

But Larry's handwritten note, which arrived about two months before his death on February 28, 2004, concluded with these positive words: "Thanks again for thinking of me. I consider the years I worked with you on the magazine as 'golden.'"

Trust me, Larry, that feeling was mutual.

LARRY BAMFORD

- Arrowed world record cougar in Coal Canyon, Colorado, in 1967 (official score 15 1/16); this lion skull is on display at the Pope & Young Club/St. Charles Museum in Chatfield, Minnesota
- Served as *Bowhunter* magazine hunting editor 1971-1980
- Replaced Pope & Young Club founder Glenn St. Charles as president in 1972
- Designed first Pope & Young Club record book published in 1975

CHAPTER FIVE

THE GREATEST BOWHUNTER OF THEM ALL

Remembering Fred Bear

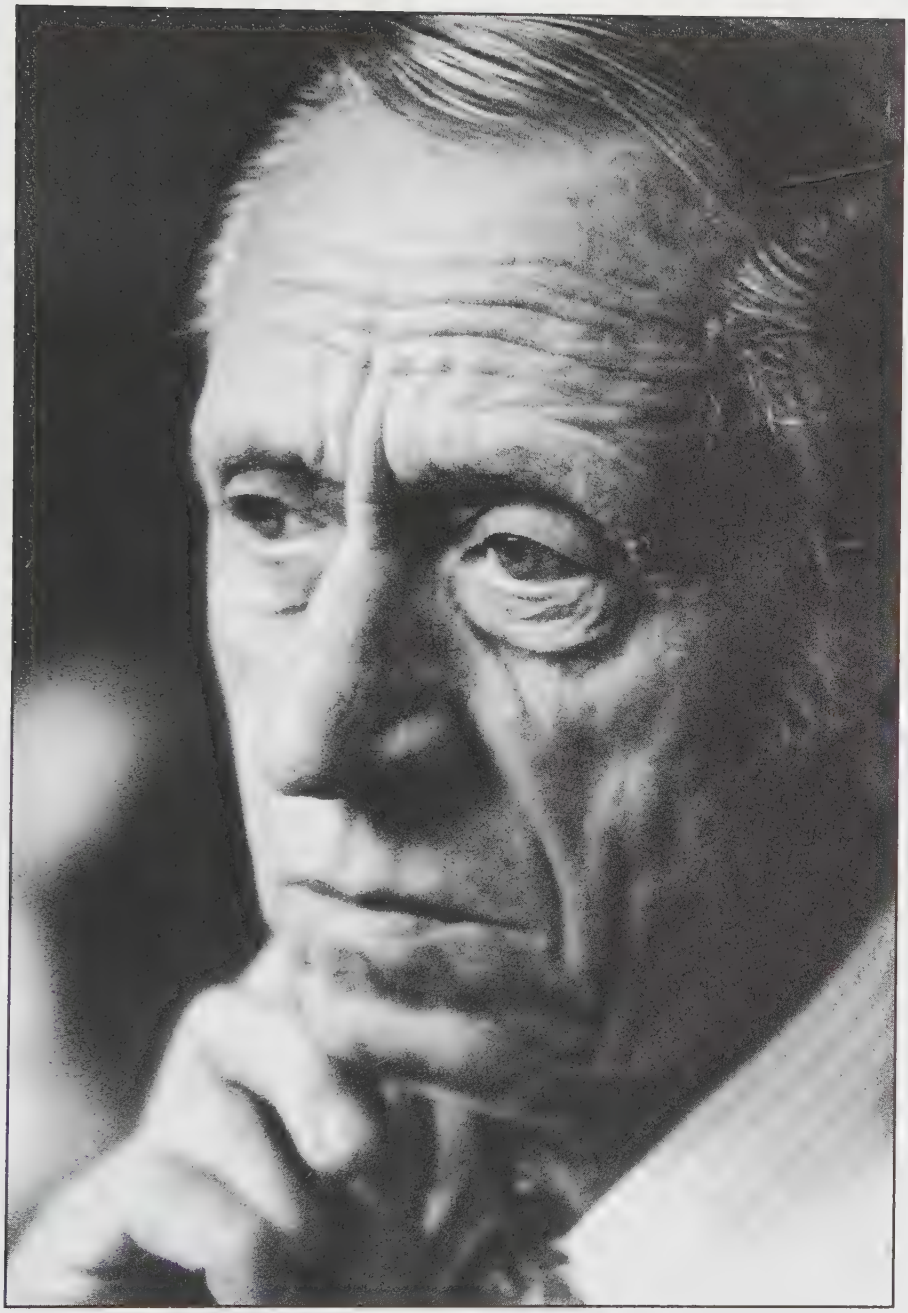
It was kind of dark, another misty dusk.
And it came from the tangle down below.
I tried to remember everything he taught me so well.
I had to decide which way to go.
Was I alone, or in a hunter's dream?
The moment of truth was here and now.
I felt his touch, I felt his guiding hand.
The buck was mine forever more.

Because of Fred Bear I will walk down those trails again.
Back where I belong.
Fred Bear, I'm glad to have you at my side, my friend.
I'll join you in the big hunt before too long.

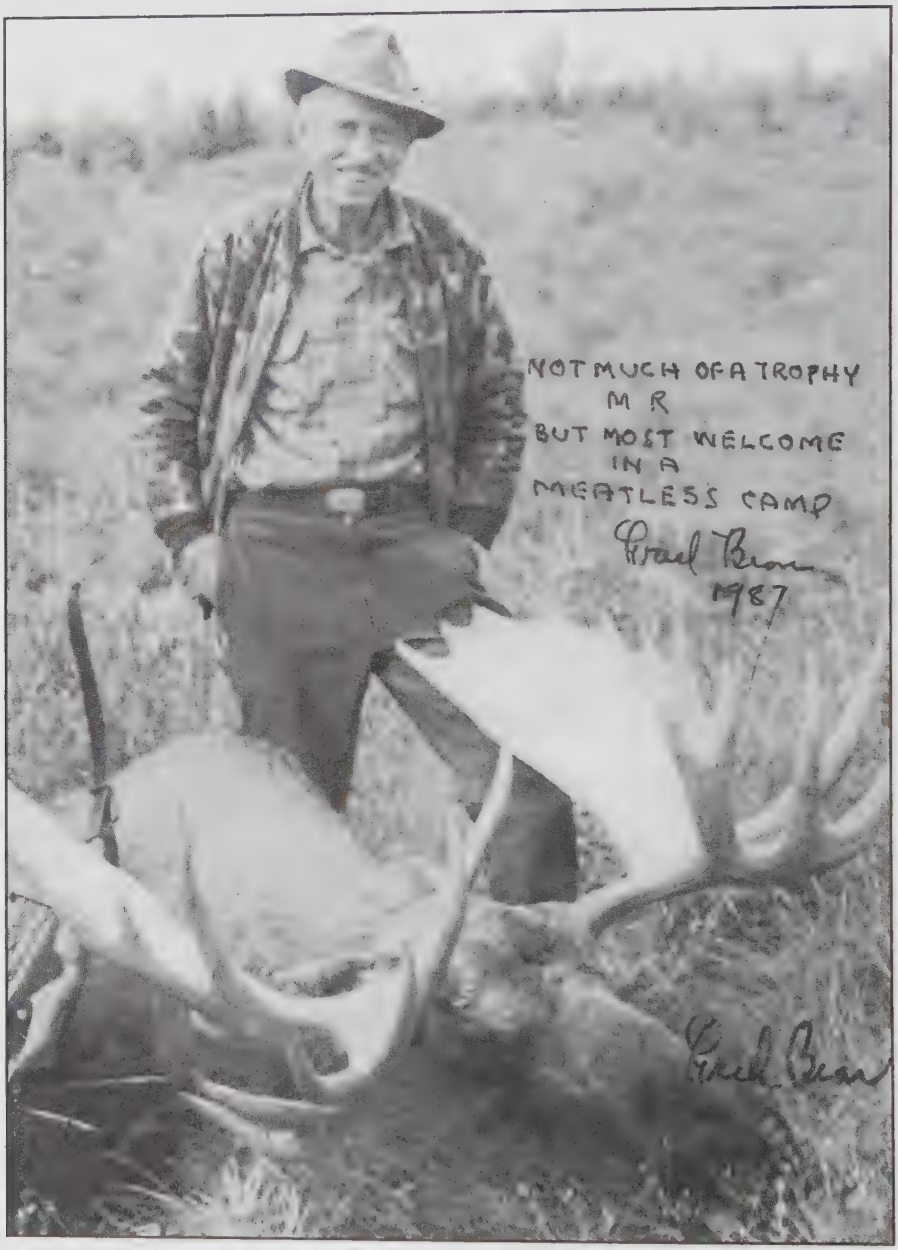
—Ted Nugent, "*Fred Bear*"

WE LIKELY WERE A RATTY-LOOKING, RAGTAG BUNCH after spending a full week in Colorado's Book Cliffs chasing velvet-racked muley bucks. Bewhiskered, bleary-eyed and bone-tired, we could have felt out of place within the plush confines of Denver's towering Regency Rodeway Inn. But we didn't; the hotel was crawling with other bowhunters.

It was late August of 1972. My hunting partners and I had decided to take in the Pope & Young Club's eighth biennial convention and awards banquet before heading back home to Indiana. Not only were Don Clark, Bob Schisler and I covering the gathering for our fledgling publication, *Bowhunter* maga-



My *Bowhunter* partner Steve Doucette, a talented photographer, snapped this candid picture of Papa Bear reflecting on some private thoughts before addressing a large crowd of admiring bowhunters. It's one of my favorites because it's totally unposed and captures the familiar face in a rare moment of quiet reflection.



This is the photo that Fred signed and gave to me the year before he died. I have it hanging in my office to remind me of the special bowhunter and an Alaskan moose hunt he made in 1971, the same year I launched *Bowhunter* magazine. Talk about special memories!

Here's another favorite Bear photo of mine. It shows Fred and Henrietta wearing their special Rolex watches with custom golden bear watchbands. Janet and I now own those same watches and wear them on special occasions when paying tribute to the legendary bowhunter seems appropriate.

zine, but a huge 20-inch black bear I'd arrowed in June of '71 had earned an Honorable Mention record book award. Earlier, I'd received an invitation to pick up the plaque in person from Pope & Young Club records chairman, Dick Mauch, during the two-day gathering. What better reasons where there to meet and rub shoulders with some of the country's top bowhunters? None that I could name.

Everywhere we looked in the crowded room were people we knew personally or by reputation. Over there was Pope & Young Club founder Glenn St. Charles talking with Larry Bamford, current Club president and newly named *Bowhunter* magazine hunting editor. And there was Roy Hoff, *Archery Magazine* editor and the man who purchased and published my very first bowhunting articles. Beyond Roy were brothers Joe and Jack Jonas of taxidermy fame, and Arthur Young's grandson, Chuck. And there was Club treasurer Carl Hulbert. G. Fred Asbell and Bob Pitt, too. Goateed Tink Nathan. Steve Gorr. Fellow Hoosier Pat Wolf. Art Kragness. Dr. Lowell Eddy. Doug Kittredge. Jim Dougherty. Doug Walker. Scott Showalter. Norm Goodwin. Astronaut Joe Engle. Judd Cooney. Ron Sniff. Colorado Governor John Love and DOW

Director Harry Woodward. Down from Alaska was the Club's self-appointed curmudgeon, crusty George Moerlein. And, of course, there too was the most famous bowhunter of them all, Fred Bear.

Back in those early days of Pope & Young Club banquets, dinner was strictly cafeteria-style. And after picking up trays and passing through the serving line, we all gravitated to any tables offering empty seats. Among our party that evening was my favorite hunting buddy, Jack Reinhart, and a young Indiana bowhunter, Gary Turpchinoff. Gary readily admitted that he simply idolized Fred Bear. From the very first moment we entered the spacious banquet room, he'd hardly taken his eyes from the lean, jug-eared, chisel-faced man who stood constantly surrounded by old friends and admiring fans.

"I'd sure like to meet Fred Bear," Gary had said.

"Go on over and introduce yourself," I'd urged.

"No, I couldn't," Gary protested. "I'm nobody."

"You're a bowhunter," I said. "That's enough."

Gary remained unconvinced. Despite gentle prodding, he refused to approach the living legend. Later, when we found our seats, it so happened that there was an empty chair beside Gary. Moments later he was stunned to look up as a shadow fell across our table. There, holding a tray, smiling down at us, stood Papa Bear himself.

"Mind if I join you fellas?" Fred asked. Then, after seating himself, he immediately turned his ice-blue eyes directly to Gary, extended a big hand and said, "Hi, my name's Fred Bear. What's yours?"

This unlikely yet perfectly timed moment, although occurring more than three decades ago, remains forever etched in my memory as one of my all-time favorite Fred Bear recollections. This was not only a twinkling in time that my young bowhunting friend would forever treasure, it was an instant that I would come to discover was typical of one man who arguably did more to popularize bowhunting than any other single individual living in the 20th century. Fred Bear - gifted draftsman and designer, talented archer and compassionate hunter, consummate storyteller, tireless promoter and eloquent spokesman for all hunting - introduced millions to archery and to bowhunting. Perhaps more importantly, he inspired them - by personal example and the friendly radiance of his familiar toothy smile - to follow in his size 13 footsteps and enter the wondrous and challenging outdoor world he knew and loved.

*****

IN TRUTH, FRED WASN'T all that much to look at on the hoof. He was mostly lines and angles, what some folks I know would call gawky, and when he faced you his jutting ears reminded me of two car doors some youngsters hurrying into the house had forgotten to close. But the likeable and lanky

Here's a sight I remember well: Fred signing a photo for some admiring fan. Although he shot a bow left-handed, he was a natural righty who learned to shoot bows as a southpaw after losing part of a finger in a farming accident.

Bob Munger, Fred's longtime hunting companion, gave me this signed photo after I checked over the manuscript of his book, "Trailing a Bear." One of my regrets is that I never found time to accept an invitation to join Bob and Fred on a Grousehaven deer hunt.

left-handed shooter always seemed relaxed with himself, comfortable with who and what he was. In turn, you immediately felt at ease with this silver-haired gentleman's unique appearance, with the man himself.

My first contact with Fred Bear was strictly professional. In early 1971 I'd called his Graying, Michigan, office. I asked Fred to take a look at the future of bowhunting and to offer insights for an editorial piece I was writing at the time. Among other things, he said:

"Today's social climate has introduced some new factors which might affect bowhunting. First, of course, is the objection to hunting which is exemplified by some of today's people concerned with general environmental and ecological deterioration. This, I feel, can take two courses. One would be general decline in the acceptance of hunting as being socially acceptable. This would probably take many years to accomplish. There are just too many sportsmen who really enjoy hunting.

"The other course would be a rise, perhaps very rapid, in bowhunting. Bowhunters, with a success rate of about six percent, have all the basic thrills of hunting with very little killing. To me, the greatest thrill of bowhunting is in the stalk, in being in the woods and the companionship. The kill is last.

"It's a fact that intelligent game management requires a certain amount of harvesting to protect, improve and expand the species. For this reason, I've always offered full cooperation to intelligent groups trying to provide scientific game man-

agement. I believe that bowhunting will continue to grow at a rate somewhat in excess of 10 percent a year."

His predictions proved uncannily true.

*****

IN 1974, WHEN I BEGAN EDITING WORK on the very first Pope & Young Club record book, Fred was one of a dozen Club board members serving as "advisors" on the book's editorial committee. We exchanged routine letters and telephone calls. We also agreed - and sometimes disagreed - on exactly what to include or omit from that history-making volume. Intimidated at times, I'll readily admit that more than once I had to search for the backbone starch necessary to stand up to the man whose own 1968 book, "The Archer's Bible," had been a popular and profitable hit with readers eager to devour anything with the Bear byline.

Producing the first bowhunting record book was difficult and stressful, leaving several committeemen testy and troubled. (For more specific details, check out the chapter spotlighting Larry Bamford.) But in the end Fred not only approved the editing work I'd done, he helped underwrite publication of the book by putting up some of his own money to help our cash-strapped Club pay the printing tab.

Later, when he confided that he felt I'd done a good job creating the book, I glowed with editorial pride. Frankly, an "attaboy" from Papa Bear was worth far more to me than the few hundred dollars I was paid for my professional editing services, which likely broke down to earning less than a penny an hour for time spent on this groundbreaking book project.

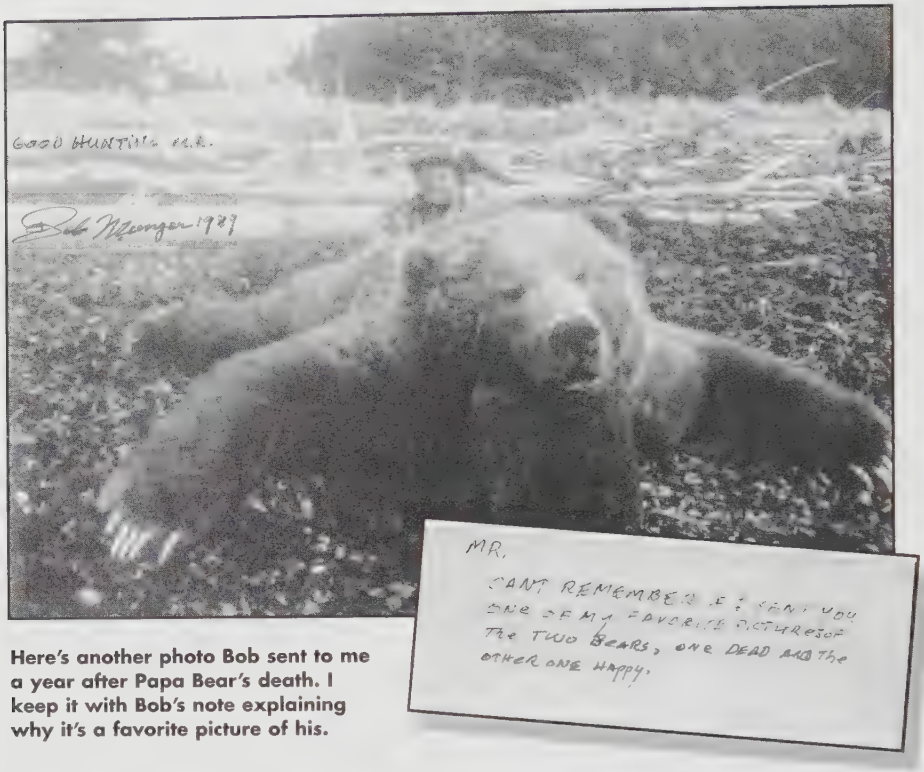
*****

IN THE MID-1980s BOB MUNGER, Fred's lifelong bowhunting companion, sent me a rough draft of an autobiographical book manuscript he planned to publish. Bob asked me for a candid editorial evaluation of the book he had titled "Trailing a Bear." I eagerly read it and promptly discouraged him from including the details of how these two friends first met back in 1951.

Briefly, for any readers who might not know the story, one morning Bob witnessed a virtual parade of Michigan deer crossing onto private property owned or leased by the Port Huron Hunting Club. Unable to resist temptation, Bob trailed after the whitetails. He finally took up a ground stand in a brushy area and before long got a shot at a passing buck - but missed. As he was nocking a second arrow for a follow-up shot, he heard a stick crack nearby. Another hunter was approaching.

"Oh, my God!" Bob muttered, his heart sinking. "It's one of the Port Huron Club members, and he's caught me red-handed."

Not to worry. The approaching hunter was Fred Bear, who just like Bob had given in to the urge to sneak onto private land to arrow a deer. And, thus, with



Here's another photo Bob sent to me a year after Papa Bear's death. I keep it with Bob's note explaining why it's a favorite picture of his.

that chance meeting of two admitted trespassers, began a 36-year friendship that would take these hunting companions to many of the world's wildest and most remote regions. Late in his own life, Bob perfectly summed up his personal feelings about his famous friend with these words, written shortly after Fred's death in 1988:

"It was my good fortune to see firsthand the many things he did with his bow. Fred was always a true joy to be with, because of his jovial and friendly personality. He was a storyteller extraordinary! Fred, in my opinion, was the world's best bowhunter, the best bow designer and one of the greatest American sportsmen of our time."

In his book's initial draft, Bob concluded his introductory chapter with a somewhat humorous account of that first meeting with Fred. He wrote that in December of 1951 he'd seen a paid ad in *The Detroit News* that read:

Unlucky Archers Can Get Arrows *- Archers who aimed their arrows at deer and missed during the recent bow and arrow season can have their arrows by calling at the Port Huron Hunting Club near Curran. Club members Roy and Walter Norton picked up two arrows during the present gun season. Names inscribed on the arrows read: Fred Bear and R. Munger.*

"I cut this out of the paper," Bob told me, "and sent it to Fred at Christmas time as sort of a Christmas card. That was the last time, I believe, either of us ever put our names on our arrows."

Still, I remained very uncomfortable with Bob relating his Fred Bear trespassing tale for the whole world to read. And it's likely that introductory chapter soured me on the balance of Bob's book manuscript, which I promptly returned to him with myriad observations and suggestions, plus a long letter explaining why the book shouldn't be published in its present form. Among other things, I urged a complete rewrite of that first chapter. I told Bob it was my editorial opinion that no writer or publisher should help to cast a shadow - even a small one - across the legend of Papa Bear.

As it turned out, Bob's book of personal reminiscences wasn't published until 1994, several years after his death. As I read a copy, I noted that Bob had followed some of my suggestions and done some rewriting, but he'd left the story of the initial meeting with Fred pretty much intact. In retrospect, I'm honestly glad he did. After all, Fred Bear was no saint; he was human. Bob's story merely underscores that fact.

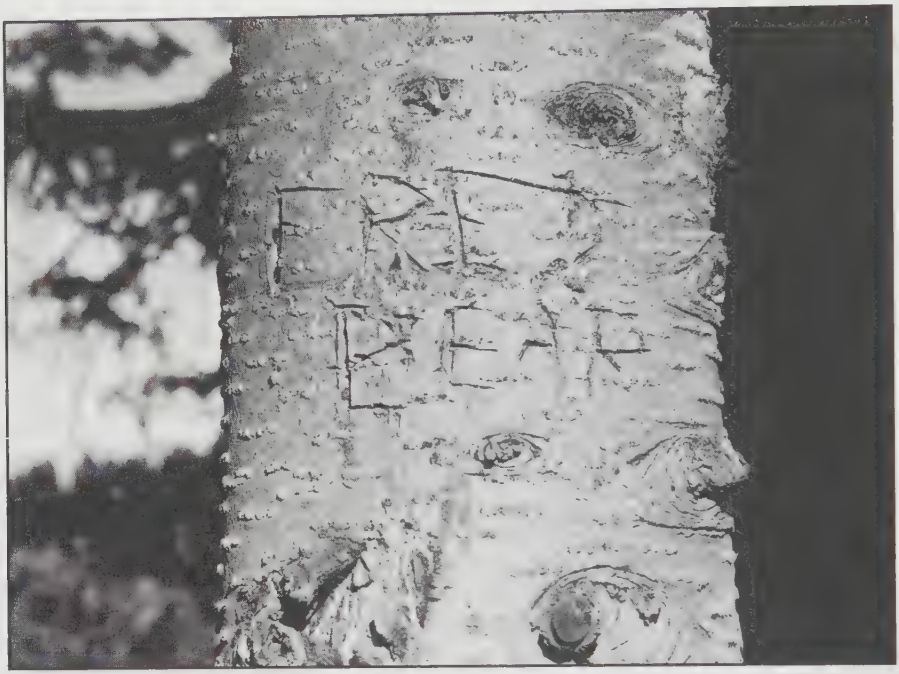
Most of my many personal one-on-one conversations with Bob and Fred took place each June at the Anderson Archery International Bowhunters Clinic in Grand Ledge, Michigan. These talks remain among my fondest memories of those two old friends. In my office are three treasured reminders of Fred Bear and Bob Munger. One is a signed photo that Fred himself gave me. He's standing over a moose he tagged during an Alaskan bowhunt in 1971; the inscription reads, "Not much of trophy, M. R., but most welcome in a meatless camp."

Another is a signed Fred Bear photo which Bob also autographed and sent to me. It shows Fred posing beside one of his giant Alaskan brown bears. Clipped to it is a note which reads: "M. R., Can't remember if I sent you one of my favorite pictures of the Two Bears, one dead and the other one happy." The third treasure is a copy of Bob's book, which contains the following notation written by his daughter, Ann: "M. R., Thanks for your help with this book. Wish dad was here to give this book to you himself."

So do I, Ann. So do I.

*****

MY OLD FRIEND FRED BURRIS, the Wyoming-based writer and outdoor photographer whose work has appeared in *Bowhunter* magazine for decades, once sent me a black-and-white print of an aspen tree he'd found with Fred Bear's name carved into its trunk. He asked me if I could check with Fred to see if by chance the "signature" was authentic or a forgery created by some bowhunter whose own name would be unrecognized by passersby. My own curiosity piqued, I promptly dropped Fred a letter along with a copy of the



This is a photo passed along to me by Wyoming friend and pro photographer Fred Burris. He wondered if this aspen trunk Fred Bear "signature" was real or a forgery. For the answer, check out the letter Papa Bear sent to me after I shared the picture with him.

Burris photo of that aspen. Papa Bear's response speaks volumes about him as mature, responsible bowhunter - and the great storyteller he was. (see actual letter to the right)

*****

MY SINGLE PERSONAL and professional disappointment with Fred Bear centered on the fact that he developed and held patents on drug-dispensing pods for hunting arrows. Monitored field tests of bowhunters using both liquid and powdered forms of the powerful tranquilizing drug succinylcholine chloride (SCC) for deer hunting date back to 1960. And while in *Bowhunter* magazine I always publicly pooh-poohed the idea of Papa Bear endorsing the use of "poison pod" arrows, there is absolutely no doubt that Fred advocated their widespread use by modern bowhunters. It's common knowledge that he personally field tested the effects of SCC on some of his hunts, although rumors of him taking his African lion, Cape buffalo and Indian tiger with pod-tipped arrows remain unproven.

In May of 1990 Glenn St. Charles told me of witnessing Fred shoot a mule deer with a "poison pod" during a Canadian bowhunt they shared. Fred intentionally arrowed the animal in the rump, according to Glenn, just to see how

BEAR ARCHERY
Subsidiary of Kidde, Inc.
KIDDE

Fred B. Bear
Chairman

Rural Route 4
4600 S.W. 41st Boulevard
Gainesville, Florida 32601
904-376-2327

October 19, 1983

Mr. M. R. James
Bowhunter Magazine
3150 Mallard Cove Lane
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46804

Dear M.R.:

Sorry to be so late in this reply to your letter of August 18 which is a date that just precedes the hunting season and that is the reason for the delay.

I really don't go around disfiguring trees and except for small boy carvings, there were only two in my lifetime. It is unusual that the aspen tree should live such a long life because that carving came about in 1952 when Mrs. Bear and I were touring and came down over Tensleep on the way to my first antelope hunt in Lander, Wyoming. I had no idea that an aspen tree would still be alive.

The other carving occurred in the middle 60's. It was in the Kispiok River area of British Columbia. A stretch of rough jeep road extended up the river for about 15 miles ending at the lodge of my outfitter with whom I was hunting grizzly bears.

We ran out of meat and were hunting for either moose or venison. I planned a rendezvous with my outfitter to meet at a creek the road crossed. The name of the creek was "No-Body-Much".

I reached the location before my guide and with time on my hands, carved my name again on an aspen tree at "No-Body-Much" Creek. Jack Lee, my guide, finally turned up and I asked him why the creek came to be named as it was. His reply was that before the bridge was built, nobody much could get across.

Good hunting,

Fred

Fred Bear was the perfect man to spark widespread interest in bowhunting during the 20th century. An excellent archer, adventuresome bowhunter, gifted businessman, master story teller and natural showman, he inspired tens of thousands to follow in his size 13 boot tracks. Fred's magazine articles, books, videos and TV appearances made viewers want to pick up a bow and go huntin'.

effective the drug would be with such shot placement. "It was one of the worst things I've ever seen," Glenn said. "It took 20 lingering minutes for that deer to die. Fred later tried to get me to use the stuff, but I didn't want any part of it."

Charlie Kroll, Fred's son-in-law and a talented bowhunter and writer in his own right, personally confirmed that Fred went to his grave convinced that the use of drug-tipped arrows would somehow be beneficial to bowhunting. Before his own death in 2004, Charlie confessed he'd be eternally puzzled by Fred's stubborn stance on this particular subject. Charlie credited Bob Kelly, one-time Bear Archery president, for refusing to ever allow drug-dispensing devices to be offered for sale by the company.

Proponents of drug-tipped "poison pod" hunting arrows, most notably Texan Adrian Benke, who in 1989 authored the pro-drug book "The Bowhunting Alternative," gleefully quoted excerpts from a lengthy letter Fred wrote to Pope & Young officers and Glenn St. Charles and Dick Cooley in 1964. Fred urged the club's leaders to allow animals taken with "tranquilizer" arrows to be entered in the Pope & Young Club records. Among his more controversial comments were the following:

"... if we don't do something to clean up our ranks the time will most surely come when we will be unmasked, the impotency of our weapons revealed, and we will stand there with bowed heads faintly mumbling, yes, you are right.

"... no archer, no matter how good he is, except under certain circumstances, can be sure of hitting an animal where he wants to hit him at bow shot distances. What is wrong with Killing what you Hit?

"I can answer this one. The whole thing is very simple. It is the word poison. It's a bad word and conjures up visions of skull and crossbones. Of elephants stuck in the belly by pygmies who follow the victim for days before he succumbs to the venom. The type I am speaking of kills quickly and ... is not fatal to humans."

Fred concluded his '64 letter recalling two gut-shot bruins he knows he'd killed but failed to recover. One was a polar bear that was tracked "about a mile" to the edge of an open lead where the wounded animal apparently sank while trying to swim to the other side. The other, a big 10-foot Alaskan brown bear, disappeared forever after an overnight cloudburst washed out its ample blood trail. A daylong search failed to locate the bear within the dense alder thickets. "My conscience gave me trouble," Fred confided, voicing his frustration with this emotional admission:

"Actually, I would feel better qualified to kill a Michigan whitetail deer dressed in a Santa Claus outfit with sleigh bells tied around my waist and a tranquilizer on my arrow than I would completely camouflaged without the tranquilizer."

*****

REGARDLESS OF SUCH DAMNING EVIDENCE, when I look

Bob Munger was a good bowhunter in his own right, although he willingly stood in the long shadow cast by his famous friend.

back over my 16-year association with Papa Bear. I refuse to allow any professional or personal philosophical differences over our sole disagreement - namely whether to mix drugs and bowhunting - to affect my personal fondness and admiration for all that he accomplished during his long, productive lifetime. And as long as I live I'll regret that I never took advantage of Fred's invitation to share an annual visit to Grousehaven and bowhunt Michigan bucks with him and a handful of his friends.

And each time I think of us hunting together, I always recall one of Fred's favorite jokes. It deals with a party of bowhunters who spent the better part of a week pursuing big game in some backcountry camp. Seems that as the days passed, the unshaven and unwashed crew grew increasingly ripe. At last Fred said he could stand it no longer. "It's time to clean up and change underwear!" Fred declared. After an appropriate pause for the proper dramatic effect, Fred flashed a toothy smile and said, "Glenn, you change underwear with Dick. Bob, you change with Joe. Bud you change with ..."

I can still hear the echoes of Fred's cackling laugh and see the wrinkled face beaming with a master storyteller's glee at a tale well told.

*****

WORD OF FRED BEAR'S DEATH reached me in early 1988, just as I was leaving for a Pope & Young Club board meeting in Boise, Idaho. I immediately thought of the last time I'd seen Papa Bear - almost a year previous at the Tulsa, Oklahoma, airport, just after the Pope & Young Club's '87 gathering

I first met Papa Bear at the 1972 Pope & Young Club banquet in Denver, Colorado. Here's the obligatory posed photo of me with Fred, future Space Shuttle commander General Joe Engle and Tink Nathan who for a time wrote the popular "Ask Tink" column in *Bowhunter* magazine.

where he'd been the featured speaker. Fred regaled the admiring audience with stories of shared hunts and other personal recollections. He was frail and stooped at the time, trailing a wheeled canister of oxygen (which he joked actually contained a supply of peppermint schnapps). Yet he was wearing his ever-present bolo tie and flashing that familiar Papa Bear grin. And his eyes still twinkled as he greeted old friends - always hugging the ladies close - and patiently posing for countless pictures and signing autographs for all who asked. That is the Fred Bear I remember - and miss.

*****

IN OUR 1988 *BOWHUNTER* magazine Deer Hunting Annual, we printed a tribute to Fred written by W. Horace Carter. One Illinois reader took exception with the piece, calling it "an insult to a legend." He wrote:

"I am very unhappy to find the photo of Fred Bear with a compound bow ... Any bowhunter that has been around for very long knows that he always shot a recurve ... Fred Bear was left-handed. The bow he is holding is for a right-handed archer ... The bow has sights; Fred Bear shot instinctively (he was a snap shooter). It is very obvious that Fred Bear was posed for this photograph and it saddens me to see him remembered in this fashion. You may not think that it matters, but to Fred Bear fans it does!"

I promptly responded, in part, as follows:

"The photo which accompanied the interview article was furnished by Bear Archery ... It was snapped on an Alaskan moose hunt five or six years ago.

"You are right, of course, regarding Fred's preference for a recurve. And he did shoot his bows left-handed, instinctively. But please remember two things ...

"First, this particular article was at the printing plant when word of Fred's death came ... The piece was not intended to be a final tribute to the man but rather an opportunity for him to state his views on a variety of topics. An obituary and eulogies will appear in our October/November issue.

"Second, all of those who knew and respected Fred could look at the photo as indicative of the kind of man he was ... generous, sharing, unable to say no to any request for an autograph or photo. Imagine, if you will, someone asking Fred to pose holding a bow - any bow - so a legend could be captured forever on film. Do you think Fred would have refused? Do you think he would have felt 'used?' Do you believe he would have considered the use of such a photo an insult? We think not, because that's the kind of person Fred Bear was."

*****

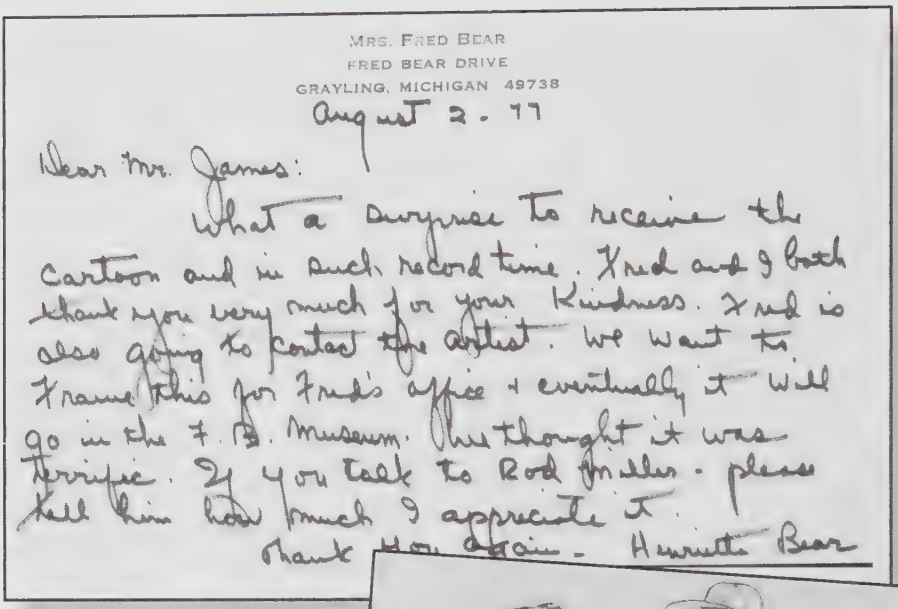
MY FRIEND AND FORMER *Bowhunter* magazine partner, Fred Wallace, once joined Fred Bear's gang at Grousehaven and had a hunt he'll never forget - for more reasons than one. A lefty himself, Fred borrowed Fred Bear's favorite recurve and promptly tagged a buck and doe. Afterward, he proudly displayed smiling photos of himself posing with his deer and famous host. Fred promptly wrote a detailed story of the Michigan hunt for use in *Bowhunter* magazine. But just before the piece was slated to be published, Fred sheepishly asked me not to run the story.

Why? Red-faced and thoroughly chagrined, Fred admitted he'd belatedly discovered that technically he'd broken a Michigan game law by shooting his buck before tagging a doe. While he'd reported the infraction to authorities immediately and was told he wouldn't be ticketed for this minor offense, Fred simply couldn't allow the story to appear in print. And I know for a fact it almost killed Fred not to be able to tell the world how he'd once shot a couple of whitetails using Fred Bear's own bow. Who wouldn't have been disappointed at having to keep that kind of story to himself?

*****

TODAY, AMONG MY MANY "priceless" personal treasures, are a 1980s-era photograph and two old Rolex watches from the 1970s. The color photo shows Fred and Henrietta Bear sitting together at a long table, wearing the same watches my wife Janet and I now own and wear on very special public occasions. The Bear watches and accompanying photo came into my possession in 2001, thanks to my good friend Colonel Billy Ellis, the noted Mississippi banker (now retired), bowhunter, orator and author. Billy, one of Fred's great admirers and friends, had obtained the watches in the 1990s. He passed them along to me with

This is quite likely the most photographed bear on earth ... and the other Bear was no stranger to cameras, either. The former served as the Bear Museum focal point for decades.



MRS. FRED BEAR
FRED BEAR DRIVE
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN 49738

August 2 - 77

Dear Mr. James:

What a surprise to receive the cartoon and in such record time. Fred and I both thank you very much for your kindness. Fred is also going to contact the artist. We want to frame this for Fred's office + eventually it will go in the F.B. Museum. We thought it was terrific. If you talk to Rod Miller - please tell him how much I appreciate it.

Thank you again - Henrietta Bear

Following publication of this Rod Miller cartoon in *Bowhunter* magazine, Henrietta Bear asked for the original. I promptly sent it to her and received the personal thank-you note.

graciousness of a Southern gentleman: *"I know that these watches will be worn and appreciated by a wonderful couple who walk the same trail as Fred and Henrietta."*

Fred's watch is a stainless steel Rolex Submariner oyster perpetual date model (serial number 2,500,205). It features a custom band containing two 14kt yellow gold standing bears, one on each side, approximately 30mm tall. Each golden bear is surrounded by a 14kt white gold horseshoe piece finished in black. Henrietta's watch is a stainless steel Rolex oyster perpetual date ladies model (serial number 1,571,200) also with a custom designed band. That band contains two 14kt gold standing bear figures, one on each side, measuring

approximately 16.5 mm tall and situated on a 14kt white gold antiqued solid plate.

Included with the watches was a short personal note from Fred's stepdaughter, Julia Kroll. "Sorry this is late," Julia wrote. "But when I began wrapping P.B.'s (Papa Bear's) watch the memory of his pride at having had a matching one made for mama and the look on his face when he gave it, was too much. If it is eventually going into a museum, they should go together."

I agree, Julia. Janet and I promise that the watches will remain together. Always. With us now. And in due time on public display in the Pope & Young Club/St. Charles Museum or the Archery Hall of Fame Museum for all visitors to view, admire, and remember Fred Bear.

FRED BEAR

- Born March 5, 1902 in Pennsylvania farmhouse; killed first deer with a rifle at age 14; attended Carlisle High School
- Moved to Michigan in 1923 and worked for Packard Motor Car Company; saw Art Young's "Alaskan Adventures" movie in 1927 and bowhunted for the first time in 1929; founded Bear Products Company in 1933; arrowed first whitetail in 1935
- During late 1930s and early 1940s earned patents on modern shooting glove, fiberglass as bow backing and the first bow quiver; opened Bear Archery plant in Grayling, Michigan
- Began marketing Bear Razorheads in 1956; killed world record Stone's sheep in 1957 and world record Alaska brown bear in 1960; authored "The Archer's Bible" in 1968, "Fred Bear's Field Notes" in 1976 and "Fred Bear's World of Archery" in 1979
- Inducted into Archery Hall of Fame in 1972, the same year The Fred Bear Sports Club was opened to the public; Bear Archery plant moved to Gainesville, Florida
- Fred Bear died in a Gainesville hospital on April 27, 1988; cremated remains later spread by Dick Lattimer and Jim Hatfield near a favorite flyfishing spot along Au Sable River near Grayling, Michigan

CHAPTER SIX

BOWHUNTING'S WANNABE DRUG CZAR

Adrian Benke Pushed Drug-Tipped Arrows

DID YOU KNOW that broadhead-tipped arrows are inadequate for killing small and big game animals? Or that pioneer bowhunters Dr. Saxton Pope and Arthur Young, "The Fathers of Modern Bowhunting," were ego-driven men who committed bowhunting "atrocities" and wrote questionable accounts of their hunts? Or that only 12 of every 100 bowhunters can place three out of five arrows within a 12-inch target at 25 yards?

Neither did I.

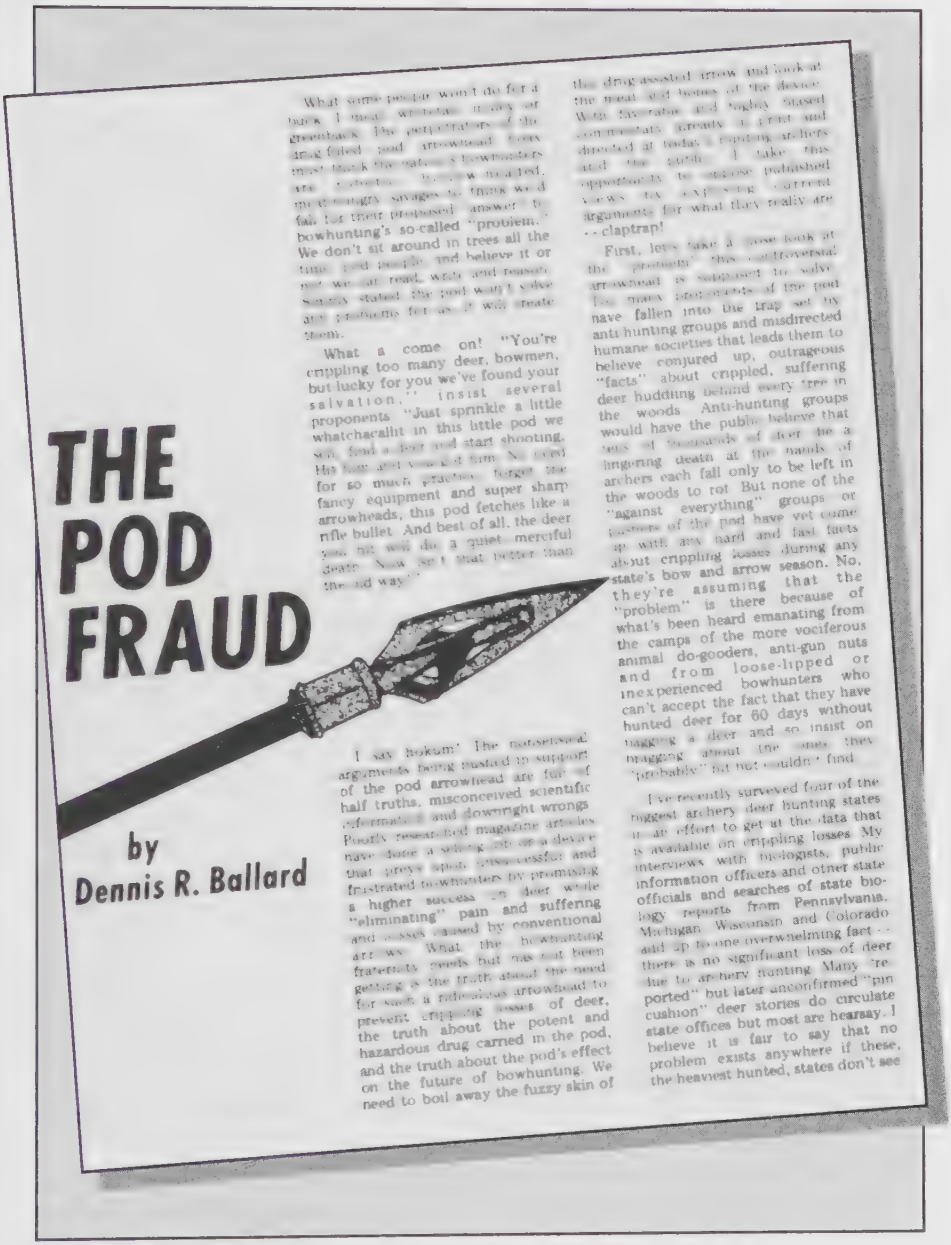
But those jaw-dropping claims - and other equally alarming charges designed to shred the image of bowhunters and their equipment - were alleged matter-of-factly in a 1989 book authored by an articulate, intelligent Texan named Adrian Benke. A veteran bowhunter himself, Benke spent much of his life publicly advocating the use of a powerful tranquilizing chemical, succinylcholine chloride (SCC), with broadheads. He insisted the drug was the panacea for most of modern bowhunting's ills.

Not surprisingly, "The Bowhunting Alternative" delighted hunter-haters like Cleveland Amory. In fact, Amory's Fund for Animals used selected Benke quotations in the organization's legal efforts to end bowhunting. Quite naturally, the same book also angered many serious bow and arrow hunters. And it left just about everyone wondering, "Just who is this Benke guy, anyway?"

The surprising answer helps to shed the light of truth on both the man and his motivation. Here are the facts.

*****

BENKE WAS BORN in October of 1941 and grew up on ranches near the game-rich Edwards Plateau in southwestern Texas. He started hunting with family firearms but discovered bows and arrows while still a youngster, buying a lemonwood Ben Pearson bow and half a dozen arrows from a Sears & Roebuck catalog for "about $12.50."



THE POD FRAUD

by Dennis R. Ballard

What some people won't do for a buck. I mean, whether it's a greenback, the perpetrators of the drug-filled pod arrowhead have myst-hook the naive bowhunters are [illegible] more angry savages to think we'd fall for their proposed answer to bowhunting's so-called "problem." We don't sit around in trees all the time, pod people, and believe it or not, we can read, think and reason. Nancy stated the pod won't solve any problems for us, it will create them.

What a come on! "You're crippling too many deer, bowmen, but lucky for you we've found your salvation," insist several proponents. "Just sprinkle a little whatchacallit in this little pod we sell, find a deer and start shooting. His heart will stop and down he goes for so much practice, forget the fancy equipment and super sharp arrowheads, this pod fetches like a rifle bullet. And best of all, the deer you hit will die a quiet, merciful death. Now, isn't that better than the old way?"

I say hokum! The nonsensical arguments being touted in support of the pod arrowhead are full of half truths, misconceived scientific information and downright wrongs. Poorly researched magazine articles have done a selling job on a device that preys upon unsuccessful and frustrated bowhunters by promising a higher success on deer while "eliminating" pain and suffering and losses caused by conventional arrows. What the bowhunting fraternity needs but has not been getting is the truth about the need for such a ridiculous arrowhead to prevent crippling losses of deer, the truth about the potent and hazardous drug carried in the pod, and the truth about the pod's effect on the future of bowhunting. We need to boil away the fuzzy skin of this drug-assisted brew and look at the meat and bones of the device. With favorable and highly biased commentary already in print and directed at today's crippling archers and the public, I take this opportunity to expose published views as [illegible] current arguments for what they really are -- claptrap!

First, let's take a close look at the "problem" this controversial arrowhead is supposed to solve. Too many proponents of the pod have fallen into the trap set by anti-hunting groups and misdirected humane societies that leads them to believe conjured up, outrageous "facts" about crippled, suffering deer hudding behind every tree in the woods. Anti-hunting groups would have the public believe that tens of thousands of deer die a lingering death at the hands of archers each fall only to be left in the woods to rot. But none of the "against everything" groups or proponents of the pod have yet come up with any hard and fast facts about crippling losses during any state's bow and arrow season. No, they're assuming that the "problem" is there because of what's been heard emanating from the camps of the more vociferous animal do-gooders, anti-gun nuts and from loose-lipped or inexperienced bowhunters who can't accept the fact that they have hunted deer for 60 days without bagging a deer and so insist on bragging about the ones they "probably" hit but couldn't find.

I've recently surveyed four of the biggest archery deer hunting states in an effort to get at the data that is available on crippling losses. My interviews with biologists, public information officers and other state officials and searches of state biology reports from Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin and Colorado add up to one overwhelming fact -- there is no significant loss of deer due to archery hunting. Many "reported" but later unconfirmed "pin cushion" deer stories do circulate state offices but most are hearsay. I believe it is fair to say that no problem exists anywhere if these, the heaviest hunted, states don't see

Denny Ballard's 1974 *Bowhunter* magazine feature debunked claims by the pro-drug advocates who were seeking legalization of succinylcholine chloride (SCC) for archery hunting. It was the first salvo in my magazine's ongoing battle to keep bowhunting drug free.

OUTDOORS

During the 1970s and 1980s, newspaper and magazine articles occasionally explored the issue of drug-tipped arrows.

Benke reported that over the next 20 years, from the late 1940s until 1969, he arrowed perhaps 1,000 small game animals plus 75 to 100 larger animals including feral hogs and goats, javelinas and a few whitetail deer. He estimated that for every animal that he killed, he wounded and lost three to four others. Benke's conclusion based on his personal experiences? *Bows and arrows simply were incapable of consistently and humanely killing small or big game animals.*

He admitted that by '69 he'd shot 31 whitetails but killed and recovered only seven. Later, after stumbling across the carcasses of four other deer he'd lost, Benke labeled bowhunting a "farce" and hung up his hunting bow. But mere months later he happened to read a report about bowhunting field tests using drug-tipped arrows. Benke obtained some SCC and chemical-dispensing pods for his own arrows. After giving bowhunting another try, he excitedly proclaimed there'd been "no more woundings." He later credited SCC with forever changing the direction of his life.

Benke studied journalism and science at Trinity University from 1970 to 1974. While there he came across a 1973 *Sports Afield* article titled, "The Case for the Drug-Tipped Arrow," by Colonel Dave Harbour. Harbour asserted that a shortage of facts about SCC was "probably the biggest barrier to its wider legalization." Benke promptly began a research project to uncover facts he could use to promote his own pro-SCC agenda.

His research yielded two significant discoveries later announced in Benke's 1989 book, "The Bowhunting Alternative": (1) Humans are 30 to 40 times more resistant to SCC than the most commonly hunted game animals, and (2) Bowhunting legend Fred Bear was "the world's foremost advocate of SCC in bowhunting."

Bear, in fact, did hold two 1971 patents for drug-dispensing pods (U. S. Patent Numbers 3,565,435 and 3,572,716), explaining that he wanted to control the usage and proper application of pods by bowhunters.

Benke was thrilled, obviously. Not only did he believe that drug-tipped arrows could eliminate wounding losses and SCC would have absolutely no effect on humans in the event of accidental injection, but he learned that the world's most famous bowhunter and archery tackle manufacturer was personally promoting SCC. But Benke's joy would prove to be short-lived.

*****

I HAD NEVER HEARD of Adrian Benke when I founded *Bowhunter* magazine in 1971. But that changed immediately after Denny Ballard's feature article, "The Pod Fraud," appeared in our December/January 1974 issue. It exposed SCC as being both dangerous and horrendously cruel.

"When used on an animal, SCC will induce death by immobilizing respiratory muscles and causing fatal suffocation," explained Frederick W. Oehme, DVM and Ph.D, who taught at Kansas State University. "Because there is no depressant action on the brain, an animal killed with SCC will be conscious while strangling to death."

Want more condemnation? Try this damning quote from Dr. E. Murl Bailey of Texas A&M, another veterinarian: "The animal experiences a very cruel death [from SCC] because it is conscious while suffocating."

Benke conveniently ignored all such critical comments from experts and labeled "The Pod Fraud" as the start of "a propaganda campaign" designed to turn bowhunters and wildlife officials against drug-tipped arrows. He did, over time, acknowledge the article's effectiveness.

Two follow-up features, "The Threat of Drug-Tipped Arrows," by G. Fred Asbell (December/January 1983 issue of *Bowhunter* magazine), and Denny Ballard's "The Pod Fraud: Revisited," (February/March 1983) cast further doubt on Benke's and Bear's claims. But likely it was the 1981 death of a Mississippi bowhunter named Stewart Patrick McAlpin that quite likely drove a stake through the heart of the pro-pod argument. McAlpin received a fatal wound when accidentally struck in the thigh by a hunting arrow tipped with a four-blade Bear Razorhead and equipped with a pod containing 250 milligrams of SCC.

Benke read the autopsy report and attributed McAlpin's death solely to a

severed right femoral artery. During one of our late 1982 telephone conversations, he reiterated his claim that SCC is completely harmless to humans; however, Benke declined my suggestion that he prove that assertion by having himself injected with a dosage of SCC known to be lethal to deer.

Instead, he issued a personal challenge of his own, proposing that we meet in a comparative hunting showdown on a designated Texas game ranch. I would carry my favorite hunting bow and broadhead-tipped arrows. Benke would tote a diminutive .22 rimfire rifle. If his .22 proved more effective at killing animals, as he believed, I would stop *Bowhunter* magazine's attacks on SCC and print only documented evidence about the drug. If my broadheads proved superior, Benke would abandon his research and never write another word about SCC or bowhunting. The heavy bow vs. light rifle showdown would be videotaped and witnessed by nonhunting representatives of wildlife or conservation organizations. Finally, unedited copies of the videotapes would be made available to all game and fish departments and bowhunting clubs or organizations.

Thanks but no thanks. Each time Benke presented his pro-SCC challenge, I simply pointed to one undeniable fact: *The Food and Drug Administration had declared that SCC was a prescription-only drug illegal for use by bowhunters.* This meant that Benke or anyone who used SCC was a lawbreaker. His pro-SCC arguments related to bowhunting were moot. End of discussion.

*****

I HONESTLY HAVE NO IDEA how many letters we exchanged or how many hours we spent debating the issue by telephone. However, I do have a very clear, strong recollection of the "research proof" (1975 through 1977) of broadhead inefficiency Adrian Benke willingly shared with me. The images remain etched in my mind's eye even today.

There was notebook page after notebook page of photos and notations. Picture after picture of dying rabbits, goats and deer. Each animal shot or otherwise penetrated (stabbed) by a variety of broadheads, their reactions duly noted, their deaths timed from the instant of wounding until respiration mercifully ceased. Hours. Days. Weeks. It was some of the most sickening material I've ever viewed. After returning the package, I managed to be too busy to speak with Benke again.

Frankly, I wasn't surprised that his '89 book included a rambling tirade against me and *Bowhunter* magazine, as well as *Bowhunter* conservation editor Dr. Dave Samuel and hunting editor G. Fred Asbell. It was, in fact, Benke's last gasp effort to stir public emotions against conventional bowhunting equipment and prompt fish and game agencies to back the use of drug-tipped arrows in order to "save" bowhunting.

In an April/May 1990 review of "The Bowhunting Alternative," I noted that the new book contained his same old pro-drug arguments, citing "questionable but selective data" and anecdotal evidence from his own inefficient bowhunting experiences. Benke, I wrote, also "dismisses all detractors as 'elitists' who are part of some industry-wide conspiracy to keep the broadheads-are-effective 'myth' alive, and any authoritative studies or reports disagreeing with his conclusions are attacked, pooh-poohed or simply ignored."

But it was what Adrian Benke did not say in his book that I can't forget. Not one published word was ever mentioned that his own patented drug-dispensing arrow devices that could have made Benke a very wealthy man had SCC been legalized for bowhunting.

It was during one of our final phone conversations that his frustration bubbled to the surface in a single six-word sentence. "Your meddling has cost me millions."

Until the day Benke died in 2000, he continued to solicit support. Shortly before his death he contacted bowhunter Ted Nugent in hopes of gaining a high profile ally. Also until the end Benke continued calling SCC the bowhunting alternative. I still disagree and call SCC a bowhunting atrocity.

ADRIAN BENKE

- A lifelong Texas bowhunter convinced that broadheads are ineffective killing tools
- Strong proponent of the synthesized chemical succinylcholine chloride (SCC)
- Believed bowhunting eventually would be banned unless drug-tipped arrows were legalized
- Author of "The Bowhunting Alternative" (1989), a controversial 93-page book that stirred considerable discussion and debate

CHAPTER SEVEN

A HEAD FOR NUMBERS

Meet Dr. C. Randall Byers

It was 8:53, three minutes to sunset. I slowly stood on the carpeted stand and quietly stretched wait-stiffened muscles. I was reaching for my fanny pack hanging on a convenient limb when a stick cracked softly in the shadows just to the left of the bait barrel. I looked down and saw a big jet-black bear padding purposefully toward the waiting goodies.

— "Saskatchewan Spring," *Bowhunter* April/May 1988

MY PUBLISHED DESCRIPTION of that particular bit of last evening action went on to describe the 11th hour shot that allowed me to eventually hang my tag on a nice Canadian bruin. I also described how my hunting partner, Randy Byers, arrowed a good bear of his own when the trophy-class animal walked under his tree stand moments before my own bruin showed up. Seemingly more like improbable fiction than too-good-to-be-true fact, this storybook ending rang down the curtain on a memorable bowhunt with a remarkable man. Thoughts of that hunt always evoke warm memories of an unforgettable friend.

In truth, Randy was a good friend to tens of thousands of hunters that he never met. A passionate teacher and natural leader with a roll-up-your-sleeves-and-get-involved attitude, he greatly enhanced North America's two premier record-keeping organizations: the Boone & Crockett Club and the Pope & Young Club. Without benefit of his steadying hand and insightful vision, neither hunter-friendly organization would be the effective pro-conservation force it is today.

*****

I FIRST MET Dr. C. Randall Byers some 25 years ago, and thanks to our mutual involvement in the Pope & Young Club, I got to know him quite well. A fourth generation Idahoan, Randy grew up on his father's dairy farm near Boise and started his formal education in a one-room school house. Add a diploma from Meridian High, a business degree from the University of Idaho in Moscow, a master's from the University of Wyoming and a Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota, and you have the full educational curriculum vitae of young Professor Byers, who joined the UI business faculty in 1973.

These are the two 11th hour Saskatchewan bruins that Randy and I tagged in the last hours of our weeklong 1987 bowhunt. Randy's big boar made the Pope & Young Club record book; mine just missed.

Introduced to hunting with firearms as a child by his dad and grandfather, Randy took up bowhunting while in college. "If I recall correctly," he said, "my first bow was a Bear Kodiak. On my first real bowhunt one of my hunting partners took both a mountain goat and a mule deer. I managed to miss both a mountain goat and mule deer!

"The next year (1966) I took two record book animals, a 14 6/16 cougar and an 18 3/16 black bear. I joined the Pope & Young Club around 1971, was appointed an official measurer in 1975 and became a regular member in 1977. In 1981 I qualified for senior membership in the Club."

An admitted "elkaholic" and rabid turkey hunter, Randy favored a 62-pound Bighorn take-down recurve fashioned by our mutual friend, G. Fred Asbell. Throughout his long bowhunting career, he also had dreamed of traveling to Africa to test his skills on animals native to the Dark Continent. Randy eventually made five trips to Africa where he arrowed a variety of plains game.

*****

IN LATE 1983 POPE & YOUNG CLUB PRESIDENT Jim Dougherty named Randy the Club's records chairman. It was a post he would hold until the spring of '94 and again briefly from 1998 until 2000. Since I served on the Pope & Young Club board of directors for a 14-year stretch from 1986 until 2000, we worked, hunted and spent considerable time together each year for more than a busy, productive decade.

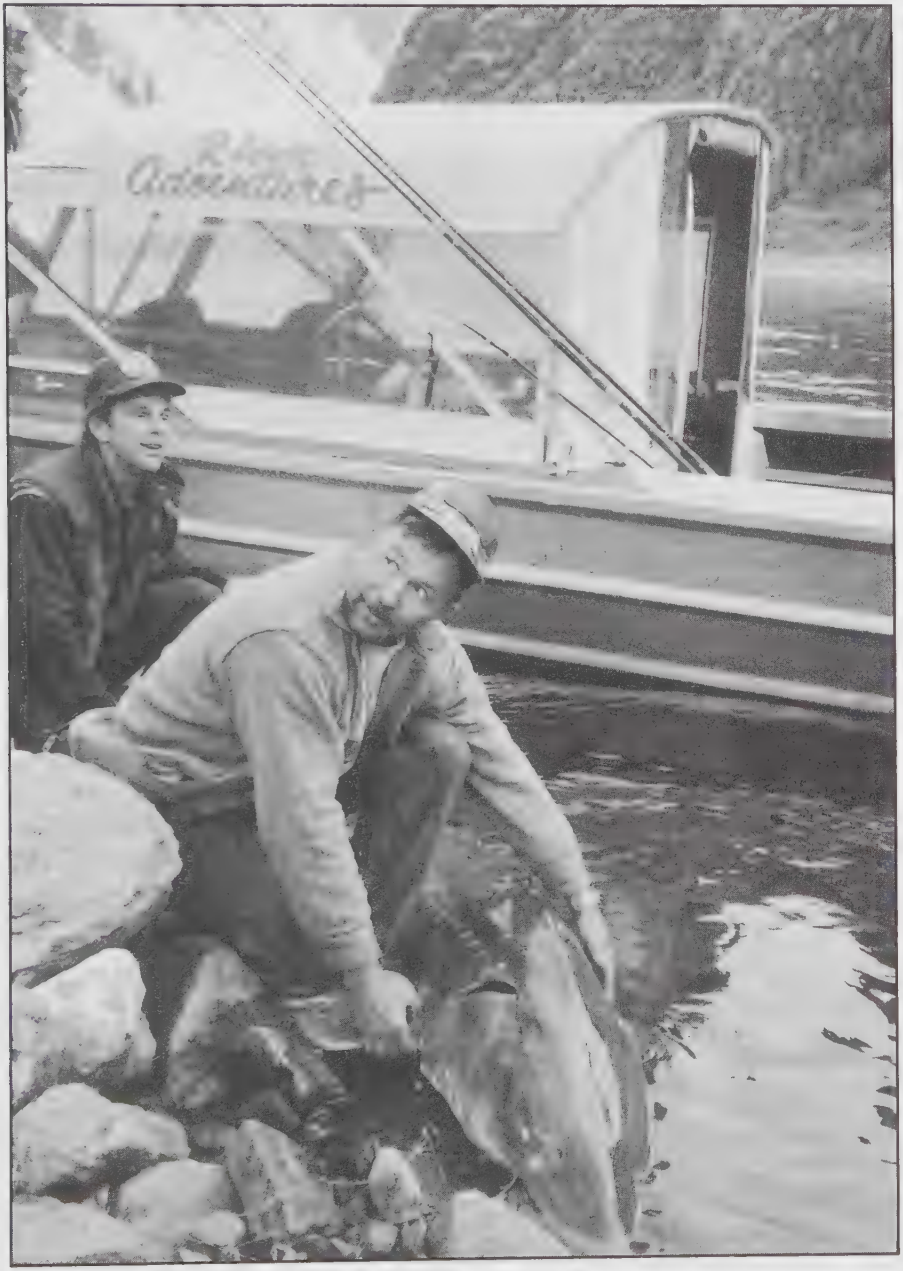
Janet and I occasionally visited with Randy and Gail in Moscow. Gail and Randy, in turn, were guests at our Montana home. Not surprisingly, a mutual admiration society of sorts was formed. We had a gentlemen's agreement not to oppose each other in any Pope & Young Club election. In due time, Randy became the Club's president in early 2002, and I know he was eagerly "looking forward to this leadership opportunity."

It would prove to be an opportunity unfulfilled. Fortunately, Randy already had made countless contributions to the Pope & Young and Boone & Crockett Clubs. If nothing else, he was totally involved. And one of the most knowledgeable, involved members ever.

In a 1988 *Bowhunter* magazine interview, I asked him about the relationship between the two North American record-keeping organizations.

"Boone & Crockett granted the Pope & Young Club the right to reproduce and use the Boone & Crockett scoring forms and system," Randy explained. "In general, we follow exactly the same scoring rules as when it comes to measuring North American big game.

"There are some slight differences brought about by the fact that we have established lower minimum scores for entry into the bowhunting records. For example, a whitetail deer (typical antlers) must score at least 125 inches to qual-



Here's Randy posing with a Hell's Canyon sturgeon that I hooked on a day-long jet boat excursion with other Pope & Young Club board members. Later that morning Randy caught an even bigger fish than my own 100-pounder.

This whopper mountain caribou fell to one of Randy's arrows during a Northwest Territories bowhunt with Fred Asbell in 1988. It still ranks near the top of the Pope & Young Club records and the mount is on display at Club headquarters in Chatfield, Minnesota.

ify for Pope & Young Club entry. The Boone & Crockett minimum for typical whitetails is 170. The fact is there's a greater degree of difficulty in getting within bow range of record book animals than when hunting with firearms. That's why the minimums are lower.

"Regardless, we try to maintain a very close alliance with the Boone & Crockett Club. Recently I was invited to join the B&C records committee. I hope that this invitation will further the tie the two organizations share."

It did. And then some. By the summer of 2002, Randy was Boone & Crockett records chairman and Pope & Young Club president, as well as a decade-long member of the bowhunting club's records committee. And both organizations were better for his visionary leadership in computerizing their burgeoning records system. This 20th century advancement greatly simplified tabulating and recording entries, while ensuring numerical accuracy of all collected data. Moreover, Randy took it upon himself to keep close watch over the financial records of each non-profit club, offering insightful fiscal advice and beneficial

Randy was first named Pope & Young Club records chairman in 1983 and later became Boone & Crockett Club records chairman, too. He was elected Pope & Young Club president in early 2002 but died of a heart attack in August of that same year.

recommendations that helped put each organization on solid financial footing.

Obviously, Randy's head for numbers and his long University of Idaho teaching experience, especially in the areas of business statistics and computer information systems, paid huge dividends for both of North America's stellar record-keeping organizations.

*****

A FAVORITE BLACK & WHITE PHOTO of mine shows Randy kneeling along the rocky shore of Idaho's Salmon River. Following a late 1980s Pope & Young board meeting in Boise, we'd chartered a jet boat and gone fishing for Hell's Canyon sturgeon in the rushing river's pools and deep holes. I soon snagged one of the huge prehistoric fish. It quickly surfaced and tail-walked in a head-shaking river dance that left me gape-jawed as I battled the struggling sturgeon.

I fought that big fish for over 20 muscle-straining minutes before it tired out

When a muskox I arrowed in 2000 took top honors in both the Pope & Young and Boone & Crockett Club recording periods, Randy did B&C honors at an awards banquet in Springfield, Missouri. Janet and I are pictured posing with our longtime friend, not knowing that at the time that Randy had just over a year to live.

and allowed me to maneuver it into the riverside shallows. Randy promptly dropped over the bow and splashed over to the frazzled fish. As he removed the hook and righted the sturgeon to help it recover, I grabbed my camera and snapped several quick shots of Randy squatting in the cold water beside the 100-pound fish. Later that day he hooked an even larger sturgeon.

A favorite color photograph was snapped in '88 on the shore of O'Grady Lake in the Northwest Territories. It shows Randy posing with the velvet rack of a giant mountain caribou that still ranks in the all-time Pope & Young Club top ten for that species. We'd planned the hunt, but I'd been forced to bow out at the last minute, sending *Bowhunter* magazine hunting editor G. Fred Asbell in my stead. Fred also arrowed a nice bull (my bull, I joked). While I didn't begrudge Fred's success, I did regret missing yet another bowhunt with Randy.

These photos are perfect reminders of an unforgettable moment and man, each frozen in time, I can never forget.

*****

A FEW SHORT DAYS before Randy died of a massive heart attack at age 56 on August 17, 2002, he dropped a brief note wishing me well during the upcoming hunting season. "The fall teaching schedule will keep me close to

home," he wrote, "but this area does have a few nice bulls and enough whitetails to continue to frustrate me."

That final message was vintage C. Randall Byers. Thoughtful. Self-deprecating. And sincere. Just like the man himself.

Indeed, I consider myself blessed to have a personal treasure chest overflowing with correspondence, pictures and fond recollections I shared with Randy. Even now I can close my eyes and see Randy wearing his battered black hunting hat and that goofy Byers' grin. I recall the stories he wrote for *Bowhunter* magazine, each detailing how he took some memorable bull, bear or mountain cat. I remember him rushing to catch a last minute flight home, still wearing his hunting clothes and toting a recently deceased tom turkey in his carry-on bag. And I'll never forget the way he closed each personal letter with the timely reminder to "Shoot Straight."

I hate it, of course, that Randy left us all too soon. Gail, Tod, Kirk and the rest of his family and many close friends still feel the emptiness left by his premature passing. But I, for one, take comfort in the knowledge that we shared some shining and productive times together, that his contributions to the Boone & Crockett and Pope & Young Clubs live on and the remembrance that Randy died at the side of his good friend, Jack Reneau of Missoula, Montana, doing something he truly loved, measuring the outsized antlers of a record book mule deer.

The Good Lord himself must have scripted this perfect earthly exit for Dr. C. Randall Byers.

DR. C. RANDALL BYERS

- Pope & Young and Boone & Crockett Club records chairman; helped computerize the clubs' records keeping systems
- University of Idaho professor of Business and Statistics; department chairman for 18 years
- Elected sixth president of the Pope & Young Club in 2002
- A lifelong hunter, began bowhunting while in college; found hunting challenging physically and mentally. "It is just part of who I am"

CHAPTER EIGHT

SEEKING THE HEAT

Len Cardinale Defines "Making the Shot"

Out he came ... The great bear was 35 yards away and padding closer. At 25 yards he stepped out of the salmon stream onto the opposite bank ... Now closer, closer ... I felt the need. I felt the wanting. I felt the heat.

When he was 15 yards away I ducked lower and came to full draw ... Raising slowly, I lined up on a shooting lane just as his massive head came into the opening. As his body materialized, I locked onto his chest area and released. The distance was 12 yards ... I saw a puff of hair fly from a good place on his side...

— From *"Seeking the Heat,"* Len Cardinale
Bowhunter magazine Feature, April/May 1985

WHEN LEN'S ARROW ZIPPED through the chest of that hulking brown bear in September of 1979, his killing shot marked the end of one serious bowhunter's years-long personal - almost spiritual - quest.

You need to understand that this was Len's fourth Alaskan bear hunt. After 28 bowhunting seasons and dozens of big game kills, he felt ready to face a new challenge, something sure to stretch shooting skills to the limit - and maybe a little beyond. Everyone may readily agree there's plenty of pressure involved in drawing an arrow to make a tournament-winning shot or double-lung some big-racked buck slipping past your stand in the last seconds of shooting light. But many argue there's something altogether different about taking a point-blank, pressure-packed shot at an animal capable of turning, charging and killing you.

Although it's a long, long way from New Jersey to the northern wilds, Len was determined to take a big, dangerous bear. Again and again he booked pricey hunts and cross-continent flights in pursuit of his dream. Call him crazy, but this was proof positive of the grit and resolve Len's family and friends had come to know and expect. And when the moment of truth finally came, Len once again proved why he is widely recognized as the man who revolutionized organized archery's concept of shooting arrows accurately.

Appropriately, Len's first *Bowhunter* magazine feature was "Shooting Made Simple." He contended that some bowhunters make shooting arrows more difficult than it really is. Following the basics means shooting better. Period! For Len, it was that simple. Later I'd asked my friend to share his common sense coaching

This Alaskan brown bear was arrowed at 12 yards in 1979. It was Len's fourth bowhunt for the giant bruins.

A longtime official measurer for the Pope & Young Club, Len Cardinale is seen talking over a measuring question with Glenn Hisey during a 1980s panel judging session. Incidentally, Glenn is the Club's current records chairman.

knowledge with our readers to help them become even better bow shots. Who better than a man who himself trained Olympic archers and their coaches? Who better than a professional archer and master coach for the National Field Archery Association (NFAA) and National Archery Association (NAA)? Who better than one of the original founders of the Archery Lane Operators (ALOA) Association and an active instructor of New Jersey bow safety courses?

No one I knew filled the bill better than Len Cardinale. Here was the man who for 36 years owned and operated Butts & Bows Archery in Belleville, New Jersey, within sight of the New York City skyline.

*****

Find a comfortable grip and be able to locate it consistently. Find your anchor point automatically without having to think about it. Be consistent in

Although Len traveled across North America to collect a variety of big game species, he always loved hunting New Jersey whitetails – and enjoyed consistent success.

body posture while reaching full draw. And follow through the same way with each arrow released.

— "The Cardinale Mechanics of Shooting"

OUR LENGTHY FRIENDSHIP can be traced back to the early days of the Pope & Young Club. For decades Len and I served as official scorers and we were Club officers, too. In 1983, the two of us – along with Dr. Dave Samuel and team coordinator Dave Staples – were named to the National Rifle Association's first national Bowhunting Clinic Team. Our four-man group appeared at various NRA-sponsored clinics from coast to coast, offering solid information about modern bowhunting. Our primary audience was comprised mainly of members of various state or local bowhunting organizations. There were officials of state fish and game departments, too, and these NRA clinics were open to the public as well.

Typical of our sometimes hectic mid-'80s NRA Clinic schedule, Len and I once teamed up during a long weekend to conduct bowhunting clinics in Denver one day and Seattle the next. Tiring but rewarding times. Good for bowhunting and for chalking up Frequent Flier miles, but hard on normal fam-

Lennie was the longtime owner/operator of Ruth & Sons Archery in Belleville, New Jersey. A popular coach, he taught another coach's "the shot" method, adapt to assist Olympian and international archers in improving their scores.

[illegible] with growing sons and daughters. Consequently, like Tony and I, Len and his wife, Mary Jo, were well over 40 years old, are parents of four and grandparents of eight. Len and I have thanked God often for our patient, understanding spouses and understanding youngsters.

It was back in '82 that I asked Len to join my magazine's field staff. His job: answering [illegible] questions from readers and writing features based on 11 years of bowhunting experiences.

"The slower I worked and saved enough to get me somewhere and back," Len explains. "At age 14 I planned, corresponded, made a deposit and traveled to and from a Maine hunting camp without help from anyone on how to do it. I'm not so much the outdoor sports man guy as much as the eager-eyed dude who tries his best to nail in at something he seems driven to do."

"Driven" may be an understatement. Back in 1968, the year I graduated from high school, Len, dad, a friend were journeying cross-country from Newark, New Jersey, to hunt Colorado mountain lions. Three long days on a Trailways bus, topped by a seven-hour train ride to Chung, put the two-city boys in Rocky Mountain big cat country. Len arrowed a cougar on his hunt's fourth day, and suddenly the long trip home didn't seem nearly so long.

"Dammit," Len says. "I formed an [illegible] would always look back on this outing as having a lot to do with my hunting character ... As we broke camp I knew I would return to try for a bear and elk on my own the very next year."

And he did.

* * * *

Long-armed in the conquest stage, perks over and pushes back. He matures into an

[illegible] the biggest grass snake, after we killed his big British Columbia [illegible] with a whopping hound from the garden. Seems we had to beat out this space to make the shot as the garden grapped him firmly by the tail. Tale about shooting pressure!

Len was inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame in September of 2006. His good friend, Dave Staples, AHF president, did the honors as Lennie took his place with other archery and bowhunting legends.

join him. I know it's time.

"He's below us, to our left at about 25 yards," my guide whispers. "He's still bedded ... I'll hold your belt in the back. Lean out and shoot when you're ready."

Lean out! There's nothing but empty mountain air beyond the rocky ledge ... and the goat is bedded in a pile of loose scree beneath the ledge. There is simply no way to stand, look over the edge of the overhang, draw and shoot without leaning into space.

Then I feel Jerry's strong hands grasp the back of my wide leather belt. He braces himself. This is a time for trust, not doubt. And my guide has my complete trust ...

Leaning forward, I'm at full draw, the wind strong in my face. The billy sees me but does not scramble up and away. He simply cranes his neck, staring at me in disbelief that I am there - so close. I'm aware of his thick, dark horns, but I concentrate and release.

— From "Hunting Hurt," Len Cardinale
Bowhunter Feature, April/May 1995

LEN KILLED THAT BIG British Columbia mountain goat, proving once again that he could make a perfect shot under extreme pressure. He refers to this as "the ice moment." Most all successful bowhunters know it well.

"There's a chilling calm during the shot sequence," Len explains. "It's as if nerves are frozen and muscles function like a machine set on automatic. That's the 'ice moment.'

"It's a signpost that says we can be nearly overwhelmed by the enormity of our self-imposed pressure and come out okay."

Does that mean you never miss? No. Even the best archers on earth are affected by pressure at times. Ask Olympic medalists Jay Barrs and Denise

Parker about missing shots at game animals while hunting. It can happen to anyone. The point is that when shooting basics are followed, missing is the exception, not the rule. As Len suggests, don't make shooting more difficult than it is.

Of course, there are some bowhunters who hesitate to take advice from target archers, saying the two sports are as different as ping pong and lawn tennis. But Len Cardinale knows competitive tournament archery and bowhunting equally well. He has excelled in both as participant and coach. So when he speaks and shares shooting advice, I listen. You should, too. Thousands already have, internationally, and as a result they are better bow shots.

In late September of 2006, standing in the Bass Pro Shops' national headquarters superstore in Springfield, Missouri, I first shook Len's hand then gave my old friend a bear hug while offering heartfelt congratulations. Moments earlier, Len belatedly but most deservedly had been inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame. It's one ceremony I wouldn't have missed for anything, although each of us joked we'd much rather be dressed in camo and sharing some high country elk camp.

Len Cardinale. He's truly one of a kind. And the entire archery community is better for his involvement.

LEONARD CARDINALE

- Successful bowhunter for over half a century; record book animals include cougar, caribou, pronghorn antelope, whitetail and mule deer, musk ox, Alaskan brown bear, black bears
- Master coach; his presentation of "the shot" revolutionized how pro coaches taught the concept of shooting an arrow to Olympians and international archers
- *Outdoor Life* bowhunting columnist, *American Archer* technical editor, *Bowhunter* magazine contributor for over two decades
- Senior member Pope & Young Club, official measurer, former board member; entered 21 P&Y animals in bowhunting's record book

CHAPTER NINE

THE FIRST LICENSED "BOWHUNTER"

Meet Wisconsin Pioneer Roy Case

ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 6, 1930, exactly 10 years to the day I entered this world in southeastern Illinois, the snow-shrouded Vilas County woods of far northern Wisconsin was alive with red-coated deer hunters. Most everyone afield that day carried large bore rifles. One notable exception was clad in dark wool trousers and jacket, cream colored shirt, a complementary black beret and calf-high laced leather boots. In one gloved hand he carried a homemade 54-pound longbow. And half a dozen arrows - each fletched with barred turkey feathers and tipped with finely honed Kiska two-blade broadheads - jutted from the worn back quiver slung across his left shoulder.

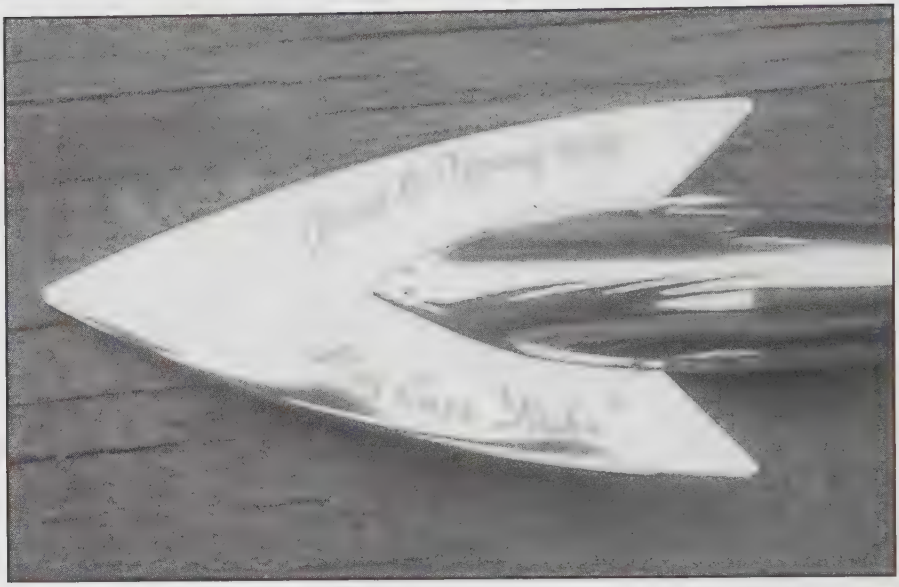
That lone bowman was Roy I. Case, 41, of Racine. And he was about to write archery history.

When a spike buck suddenly appeared and paused among the trees only 20 yards away, Roy deftly sent a feathered shaft slicing through the young whitetail's chest. Mortally wounded, the 112-pound deer stumbled another 20 yards or so before collapsing into the snow-covered leaf clutter.

While it's understood that many Winnebago and Chippewa warriors had released countless arrows in the Wisconsin woodlands with similar deadly results, not since statehood had any white man arrowed a whitetail deer. In fact, with his well-placed historic 1930 shot, Roy Case became the very first *licensed archery hunter* to legally tag a deer anywhere in North America.

The lasting significance of Roy's accomplishment cannot be overstated. Inspired by Dr. Saxton Pope's 1923 book, "Hunting With the Bow & Arrow," and already a talented target archer, he began crafting bowhunting tackle. Roy also organized his home state's first archery club at Racine in 1927 and subsequently won numerous championships. Later still he launched the Wisconsin Archery Association. In 1929 Roy and other like-minded individuals worked hard to convince reluctantly skeptical game department officials to permit them to use archery gear during the 1930 firearms season. Although Roy's spike buck was the sole archery success that year, the door to bowhunting's

This is the signed photo of Roy that hangs in my home office. Roy made bowhunting history when he killed this Wisconsin spike exactly 10 years before I was born.



Here's a Pope & Young Club collectors' edition replica of the famous Case Kiska hunting head. The Kiska was first introduced in 1927 and continues to influence bowhunting to this very day.

future had been pushed open.

Almost immediately members of the Wisconsin Archery Association - including Roy and other influential members including Aldo Leopold, Larry Whiffen and Otto Wilke - asked their state's Conservation Department to set aside archery areas apart from any rifle hunting zones. In 1934, as a result of the archers' efforts, Wisconsin was first to establish a special bow and arrow season. That initial Badger State's archery-only deer season amounted to short five days in south-central Sauk and Columbia counties, but licenses cost only $1, and the bag limit was one adult buck. A total of 40 archers turned out, and one buck was tagged by Bill Ostlund of Chicago. Things would never be the same. Anywhere.

Oregon followed Wisconsin's example the very next year, and in 1937 Michigan set aside its own dates for an in-state archery season. By the early 1940s, another 16 states had joined the first three. Over the next two decades all remaining states offered a game season for archers. In 1965, deer-scarce Kansas (then, not now!) was the final state to open a deer season.

And Roy Case was the man who started it all. While he's deservedly called "The Father of Wisconsin Bowhunting," I'm convinced that Roy's many contributions transcend the boundaries of his home state and make him truly a national bowhunting figure.

That's Roy Case, second from right, holding his Osage bow as he and his companions are about to float Ontario's English River to hunting camp.

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I INITIALLY CONTACTED ROY in the early 1970s when *Bowhunter* magazine was born. I'd long admired his contributions to bowhunting and knew he'd once written hunting articles for *Ye Sylvan Archer*, the nation's first popular archery magazine, published between 1927 and 1943. So I mailed him a copy of *Bowhunter's* debut issue with an enclosed note explaining my publishing plans for the new magazine. Roy's thank-you letter offered his best wishes for hunting and publishing success. A signed photo of him posing with that 1930 buck still hangs in my office to this very day.

For the record, Roy Case was born in 1888 and died in 1986 at the venerable age of 98. By the time I got to know him, he was in his early 80s and still an active bowhunter. He mentioned he'd filled his Wisconsin deer tag four out of the past five years and recently had traveled to Alaska where he'd shot a caribou.

Roy was inducted posthumously into the Archery Hall of Fame in 1988. Rightfully so.

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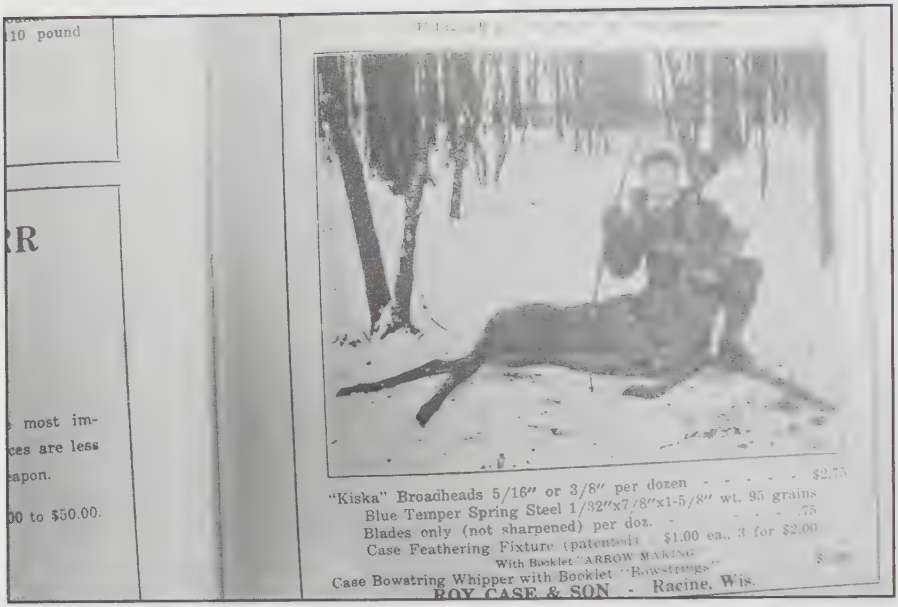
OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENTS? Roy Case is the man widely credited with coining the term "bowhunter" to identify hunting archers.

Also, he quite likely deserves credit for being the country's first broadhead



This is a 1930s-era Roy Case magazine ad from the pages of *Ye Sylvan Archer*.

collector. When Roy began manufacturing and marketing his own line of Case hunting heads, he started picking up broadheads to keep tabs on what his competitors were offering. Eventually what he'd started as a savvy business practice evolved into an enjoyable hobby. The end result was one of the largest, most complete collections of hunting heads ever amassed.

Serious collectors know that Peck & Snyder's Will Thompson flat steel, tie-on broadhead was the first commercially advertised hunting point. That date was 1878, the same year Maurice Thompson's published his classic book, "The Witchery of Archery." The next advertised heads didn't appear on the archery scene until the early 1920s when Dr. Saxton Pope and Arthur Young contracted the California By-Products Company to make hunting points for them.

Between the late 1920s and early 1950s, Roy created and marketed over a dozen different broadhead models. His famous Case Kiska head, introduced in 1927, featured a fifteen-sixteenths of an inch wide barbed blade soldered to a .30 or .35 caliber bullet jacket ferrule that was slotted by hand with a hacksaw.

Believe it or not, this same Kiska broadhead continues to influence modern day bowhunting some eight decades after its introduction. How? Back in the 1930s when the Wisconsin Conservation Department established a standard broadhead size requirement, WCD members took measurements of the widely popular Case Kiska model. They found these sharpened heads to be seven-eighths of an inch

wide. This promptly became the legal minimum broadhead size for Wisconsin bowhunters. Subsequently, other states copied Wisconsin's regulations.

Even now this same seven-eighths of an inch minimum width requirement remains unchanged in several states across North America.

*****

IN 1941, ROY CASE organized the Wisconsin Bow Hunters Association. Today this same group is the largest state or provincial bowhunting organization in North America.

Roy was presented with the National Field Archery Association's coveted Compton Award for distinguished service in 1948. A year later the National Archery Association honored him with the Thompson Medal. And in 1964 the Archery Institute presented Roy the Larry Whiffen Memorial Award for his many contributions to the sport.

All of us who walk in his footsteps should remember Roy Case's successful 1930 deer hunt. That single historic feat, combined with his lifelong love affair with archery tackle, his organizational and leadership abilities, his pro-bowhunting legislative efforts and his obvious craftsmanship in creating quality archery equipment, affected modern bowhunting in ways far too few contemporary bowhunters will ever know.

Thanks, Roy. For everything.

ROY CASE

- In December 1930, hunting during the Wisconsin rifle season, became the first licensed archer to bag a whitetail deer anywhere in North America
- Organized Wisconsin's first archery club in 1927; succeeded in convincing his home state to establish an archery-only hunting area in 1934; organized the Wisconsin Bow Hunters in 1941
- Manufactured and marketed Case-brand broadheads from the 1920s to 1950s
- Coined the term "bowhunter"

CHAPTER TEN

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

The Cal Coziah Story

"Big mule deer are the toughest animal to bowhunt ... Pronghorn antelope are the easiest. Once I shot nine bucks in nine years and each antelope would have made the record book. Each was shot by stalking ... I've never used regular camo clothing and never felt I needed it ... Compound bows are vastly overrated and always have been. Their one big advantage is they give a shooter the ability to hold longer at full draw."

– Cal Coziah

*****

WAY BACK IN THE MID-1980s, I typed the following words which later appeared in a *Bowhunter* magazine feature article: "Cal Coziah is an unusual man. To his admirers he's a knowledgeable, independent woodsman who bowhunts game his way and gets results that would boggle the mind of any trophy hunter. To his detractors, he's a lucky old coot who tends to stretch the truth at times and who must bend or break the law to get the trophy-class animals he collects with startling regularity. After all, nobody can be that good ... can he?"

As it turned out, years passed before that intriguing question was finally answered.

*****

I FIRST SHOOK HANDS with Cal in the parking lot of Butte, Montana's Copper King Inn. The occasion was an early 1980s gathering of the Montana Bowhunters Association where I was the banquet's keynote speaker. At the time Cal was seated inside his specially constructed display trailer, surrounded by a breath-grabbing array of game mounts, big antlers, horns and skulls. Huge mule deer, elk, pronghorns and black bears. The awesome trophy display was a magnet for any passing hunter.

Who the heck was this guy, anyway?

Born in Cokeville, Wyoming, in 1925, Calvin Coziah grew up fishing and hunting. He honed his early casting and shooting skills while embracing an increasing passion for the outdoorsman's way of life. By age 12 he had handcrafted his first homemade bows and arrows. And by the time that we finally met, Cal was a burly, soft-spoken and bespectacled ex-Marine who'd survived

Idaho bowhunter Cal Coziah had a knack for tagging big-antlered muley bucks with his old beat-up Allen compound. This led many to ask, "Is this guy for real?"

enemy fire on Iwo Jima, Guam and Guadalcanal during some of the bloodier battles of World War II. Incidentally, a wartime head injury left him slightly hard of hearing.

Formally educated at Utah State University in Logan, Utah, Cal graduated in 1957. Soon he, his wife Shirley, and children Shannon and Kevin, had settled in southeastern Idaho. It was there that Cal spent his working years employed by the Idaho Department of Fish and Game, spending more than two decades as a fish hatchery superintendent. A serious hunter with gun and bow, Cal Coziah made a name for himself locally. After his retirement, Cal wrote a self-published book titled "Bucks, Bows, and Campfires" (1981), and then set out in his motor home - towing his trailer full of big game trophies. He turned up at a variety of bowhunting clinics and archery shoots, presenting seminars about his bow and arrow adventures. He complemented endless anecdotes with slides of giant bucks and bulls he'd tagged in Idaho, Utah, Montana and his native Wyoming.

In mid-June of 1984, Cal left his home in Soda Springs, Idaho, and began a long drive east to make guest appearances at Buck Rub Archery's Bonanza in Wisconsin and Anderson Archery's International Bowhunters Clinic in Michigan. He found time during that time-consuming trek to stop by my *Bowhunter* magazine office in Fort Wayne, Indiana. There we sat and gabbed at length about Cal's amazing successes, hunting techniques and bowhunting tackle.

Although I had no real basis for the spreading sense of uneasiness I felt after our one-on-one conversation, something just wasn't quite right.

*****

UNBELIEVABLE! That's the word Cal himself used to describe his personal collection of muley and elk antlers. Equally unbelievable to some skeptics were his personal hunting practices and choice of equipment.

Hunting mostly alone, Cal snubbed the use of highly effective treestands and waterhole blinds. Yet Cal claimed that he'd arrowed well over 100 big game animals during his bowhunting career. Mule deer. Elk. Pronghorns. Mountain goats. Black bears. By his estimate, more than a dozen of the bull elk and two dozen of the muley bucks - plus more than 50 animals in all - would qualify for the Pope & Young Club records. However, he said that he'd "never bothered" to follow up and have them officially scored and entered.

No matter. When queried about his biggest trophies, Cal instantly pointed to one Idaho buck that he killed in 1980 that scored 193 7/8 inches, ranking number one in the Gem State's bowhunting records. He also immediately cited the score of his all-time best non-typical mule deer: 213 5/8.

Regarding his hunting methods, Cal's explanation was straightforward: "I never have trouble getting close - 30 yards and under - to big bucks and bulls,"

I first met Cal at a Montana Bowhunters Association meeting in Butte where his trophy trailer display attracted lots of attention. This is one of several photos I snapped.

Cal told me matter-of-factly. "The secret is patience and plenty of time to hunt, combined with a thorough knowledge of the animals and my hunting areas."

In his book and seminars, he spoke of locating thick mountain "jungles" which he prowled in search of bedded bucks and bulls. Cal told how he eased within yards - or mere feet - of big-racked bucks and bull elk, which remained totally unaware of his presence.

Equipment? Seems that Cal was something of an equal opportunity bowhunter, shooting both compounds and recurves instinctively or with bow sights. At the time that we talked across my office desk in Indiana, Cal said that he was using a Heritage take-down recurve but had killed a Montana longbeard earlier that spring with a Martin Cougar Magnum wheeled bow. Before that, for many years, he had regularly toted "an old Allen compound." He described that bow as a "relic" almost as crippled as its owner. It had a cracked handle and split limbs, and was held together with tape and bolts. Cal said that it creaked and groaned when drawn.

His favored broadheads? Zwickey Black Diamonds or Bear Razorheads (with Schick injector blades glued to the broadhead) mounted on the business end of Gordon Glass shafts normally fletched with turkey feathers.

Cal claimed that pronghorn antelope were among the easiest big game animals to stalk and shoot. Yeah, right!

*****

HMMMMMMMM...

Realistically, what are the chances of any 1970s and 1980s-era bowhunter, no matter how woods wise or familiar with a hunting area, consistently slipping within point-blank range of huge bucks and bulls? Repeatedly, and season after season? By Cal's own admission, these ultra-wary animals are the "smart, super difficult" survivors of five or six archery and firearms seasons. He said that huge mule deer were the toughest of all big game animals to bowhunt.

Could he really slip into their bedroom and catch 'em napping?

And what about Cal's equipment of choice, especially that old rattletrap Allen bow? While there's no doubt that he was a good shot with bows, rifles and shotguns, Cal Coziah certainly was no woodland wraith or miracle man. Sans camouflage clothing and face paint, lugging an admittedly noisy bow, and shooting arrows with oversized and mismatched hunting heads, could Cal Coziah - or anyone else - repeatedly slip close enough to make a killing shot?

Seemed highly doubtful.

*****

IN THE END, it was a photo of a giant Montana muley that ultimately cost Cal his credibility. Seems that after years of virtually ignoring the Pope & Young Club (except to routinely cite green scores of his arrowed animals), he officially submitted a handful of his trophy bucks - four in all - for scoring and recording in bowhunting's premier record book.

After that fifth Cal Coziah entry was taped, a keen-eyed P&Y measurer noticed a discrepancy between the antlers that Cal submitted and the field photo accompanying the massive rack. The buck, by the way, was a potential state record typical mule deer, so every fraction of an inch mattered in establishing the greatest total score. Oddly, the kill site photo clearly showed a non-typical sticker point that would deduct several inches from the buck's final score. Yet somehow that odd point had been broken off cleanly after the field photo was snapped.

Since antler "doctoring" of any kind is taboo and there was no credible explanation for the missing sticker point, Cal's final entry was disallowed. And that's not all. His four previous P&Y entries were booted, too, and any future trophies were declared ineligible for record book listing. Not surprisingly, this field photo incident marked an abrupt and ignominious end to the Cal Coziah story.

The man whose story seemed too good to be true slid into bowhunting obscurity. I later heard that Cal died of cancer in the late 1990s.

CAL COZIAH

- A Wyoming native and Idaho resident; rose to national prominence after his retirement from the Idaho Department of Fish and Game
- Claimed to have taken more than 100 animals with the bow and arrow, all from ground level while stalking or still-hunting
- Collected numerous trophy-class mule deer, elk, pronghorns, black bears and mountain goats
- Author of one self-published book "Bucks, Bows, and Campfires" (1981)

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE LAST BOWHUNTING PIONEER

Trailblazer Jim Dougherty Helped Lead the Way

In truth, there are only a handful of bowhunters whose names and faces are instantly recognizable to fellow practitioners of the sport. And fewer people still have given their lives to bowhunting, personally and professionally, blazing a trail for others to follow while leaving giant-sized tracks as evidence of their passing.

Jim Dougherty is such a man.

— Jim Dougherty Interview, *Bowhunter* Magazine, August/September 1988

I THINK IT'S APPROPRIATE that there's a full-page ad featuring Jim Dougherty on the inside cover of the very first *Bowhunter* magazine issue ever published. Fact is, Jim's long been a personal favorite of mine. We've certainly shared some shining times during the past four decades, and I know that over the years I've come to increasingly admire his triple-threat talents – creative writer, exceptional bowhunter and visionary leader. You can believe me when I say that Jim Dougherty is the complete package, someone worthy of any archer's admiration and respect.

In that old magazine ad mentioned above, Jim's seen wearing 1960s-era sideburns and sits perched on the edge of his office desk, eyeing an Easton aluminum arrow fitted with a wicked-looking Pearson Deadhead. On the wall behind him is a Pope & Young Club deer mount and framed big game certificate. No archer viewing the advertisement could possibly mistake its message: *One of the world's most famous, most successful bowhunters chooses and uses only the very best.*

I know that inference to be true. I also know that Jim's lifelong pursuit of excellence speaks volumes about the man of many accomplishments.

The year that Easton ad first appeared was 1971. Consider this. By that time Jim already had nearly 20 productive years of bowhunting experience behind him. It's little wonder why he's viewed as a modern bowhunting pioneer by most everyone who's followed his bootprints across most of North America and much of Africa. And it's a smaller wonder that those of us who've shared

I clicked this photo of "Jackrabbit" Jim hoisting the results of a midday practice session during our first Texas bowhunt. We each scored on much bigger game, too.

Jim was Pope & Young Club president in 1983 when I was guest speaker at the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, convention. Here he's seen congratulating past president George Moerlein as Scott Showalter and wife look on.

huntin' camps and archery crusades with Jim count ourselves fortunate to call him a friend.

That said, let me share some memories of the Jim Dougherty I know.

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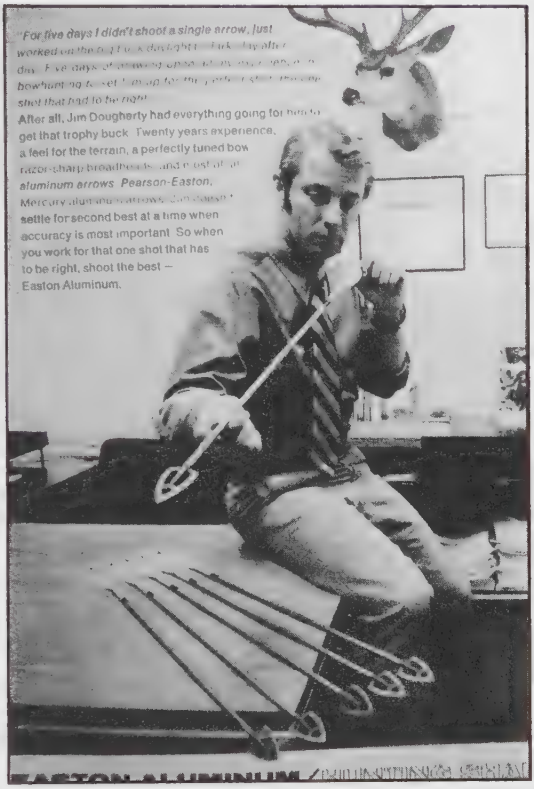
"Why do I bowhunt? Because I love it. Sometimes I get very frustrated bowhunting, but I think we are supposed to. After all, we do it because we want to make things a bit more difficult, because we like the challenge. One way or another I am involved in it - or around it - 24 hours a day. I wouldn't have it any other way."

— Jim Dougherty

GROWING UP IN SOUTH PASADENA, California, young Jim first played with toy bows and arrows his father, J. B., crafted from a bamboo hedge growing beside the family home. But dad was no bowhunter, favoring a shotgun for the California game birds he religiously pursued. So it was Jim's dad who exposed the eager boy to wingshooting and fishing, two of his grown son's other lifelong passions. And in the mid-1940s, J. B. did buy the lemonwood bow and cedar arrows that would semi-officially launch Jim's archery career. He was nearly 10 years old when he first picked up that bow and nocked an arrow.

A few years later, in 1950, local bowhunter Doug Kittredge opened an archery shop not far from the Dougherty home. Soon Jim began dropping by. Here's how Doug recalls what happened next:

"I was moving my mail order and bow and arrow manufacturing business, the Kittredge Bow Hut, out of my grandmother's garage into a real store location. One day this tow-headed, spindly young kid approached me about a job. He was in high school at the time and could devote afternoons and weekends to working. The deal we finally made was that I would teach him how to shoot a bow and he would in turn teach me how to fly fish ... and in between he'd do whatever was necessary around the shop, sweeping floors, spinning arrows. Things like that.



This is the Easton ad that appeared in the first *Bowhunter* magazine ever published. Check out those Pearson Deadheads on the business end of Jim's hunting arrows.

"Well, Jim sure did learn to shoot the bow, but my learning to fly fish I suspect never got more than 99 percent of Jim's effort. I always seemed to finish second best when we shot bows or went fly fishing.

"Jim worked for me for almost 15 years ... and I like to think that perhaps a little bit of Jim's wonderful success stemmed from the wealth of earlier experiences we had together, both in business and in the hunting field."

Indeed, bowhunting success came early. "It was 1955 and I was 17," Jim remembers. "The Pasadena area had a special archery-only season throughout the county. It was designed to control the size of the deer herd, but I can assure you we didn't control anything!

"A bunch of friends and I would sneak around in a deserted 100-acre tract of orange trees and hills near our neighborhood. There were a lot of deer there, so we got lots of shots. They'd come down from the foothills into the orange

I was genuinely tickled to induct my old pal into the Archery Hall of Fame at an industry trade show in 1997. If ever there was a modern bowhunting pioneer deserving of the honor, it was Jim.

groves. The hills were covered with that brushy chaparral that seemed to catch fire every three years.

"I had a 45-pound Ben Pearson 500 series solid hickory recurve with cedar arrows and two-blade Ace Express broadheads, which were real popular then.

"One day I just walked around a corner, and this deer took off running. I drew, swung through and released and hit it right in the chest. I was more surprised than the deer. That was my third season bowhunting and my first deer kill."

Seems that in no time at all Jim was hunting Alaska and Africa, arrowing moose and Cape buffalo. He discovered bugling bulls and instantly became hooked on elk. Big-antlered mule deer, too. And those pesky whitetails, an animal once unknown to the California kid. Oh, yes, spring turkeys, too. Especially turkeys.

"I love a hunting condition where I can attempt to control it with a call," Jim explains. "Turkeys are special feathered adversaries that get my complete attention. I hunt turkeys harder, physically, than I do anything else. I rarely miss a morning in a season; that makes for long days and short nights. It also brings out tolerance levels you were unaware of.

Successful bowhunting runs in the Dougherty family. In 1972 his sister-in-law, Midge Dandridge, became the first woman bowhunter to publish a feature article in *Bowhunter* magazine. Midge is pictured posing with a California black bear that she arrowed in 1973.

"Really, deep down, I'm a bird hunting person."

World champion, state champion caller, too. With plenty of titles to prove it. Varmints. Waterfowl and gobblers. Crows. Elk, moose and bears. You name it. Jim can call it within range.

Back while still working at Doug's Bow Hut, Jim attended Pasadena City College, majoring in wildlife management and business. In the mid-1960s he led Outdoor Outfitters for three years, then joined Leisure Group Inc., as manager of sporting goods development for Ben Pearson Archery, High Standard Firearms, Lyman Reloading Equipment, Himalyan and Sierra Bullets. Jim also served as public relations manager for Pearson Archery until '78, the year he founded Jim Dougherty Archery Inc., headquartered in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Husband to Sue. Father to sons Jim, Kelly, Holt, Dan and Darrall.

And along the way Jim decided to get involved in a leadership role representing major players in the national archery and bowhunting arena. Professional Archery Association. American Archery Council. National Bowhunter Education Foundation. Archery Manufacturers Organization, later known as the Archery Trade Association. And, a mutual favorite, the Pope & Young Club.

A 1982 telephone call from Jim got me re-involved in Pope & Young Club after years of inactivity following publication of the first bowhunting record book in '75. I spoke of this in the Larry Bamford chapter. Suffice it to say here I'm thankful that Jim asked me to be guest speaker at the 1983 awards banquet in Milwaukee. That phone call is directly responsible for me spending 15 years - and still counting - in several Pope & Young Club leadership roles. Director, first vice president and lastly, in 2006, president.

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"The best broadhead for turkeys is a faceful of Number 5 birdshot."
— Jim Dougherty

JIM AND I SHARED OUR FIRST HUNTING CAMP on a southwest Texas ranch in March of 1982. There we teamed with fellow Pope & Young Club member Stan Winslow in hunting for exotics. If I recall correctly, Jim stalked and arrowed a husky aoudad; I tagged a wide-horned feral goat that was the Lone Star state record for a surprising number of years. And that was only the first of many adventures we'd share.

Sorting through files of photos that have accumulated over the decades, I couldn't help but notice that there's no shortage of Jim Dougherty pictures. Fishing for Idaho sturgeon in Hells Canyon and striped bass on Eagle Lake in Mississippi. Mostly Pope & Young board meetings, conventions and the like. But trade shows and seminars, too. In Minnesota with Rob Evans and Doc

This group photo was taken during a deer hunt at Alabama's Westervelt Lodge. That's a younger version of Jim and me at the left in the top row. Host J. Wayne Fears is wearing the light colored jacket in the front row and that's turkey hunting legend Ben Rodgers Lee at the left in the center row, next to our old pal Judd Cooney.

Leonard at the annual "Hunt for a Cure" pheasant hunting fundraisers supporting cancer cure research. And plenty of other photos from our shared hunting and fishing adventures. A Buffalo County, Wisconsin, deer camp. Another in Alabama ...

In truth, I'd completely forgotten about our early '80s Alabama whitetail hunt until I happened across one old black/white photo. But there we were, part of an assembled cast of a dozen-plus unforgettable characters gathered out front of the famed Westervelt Hunting Lodge, posing for an obligatory group photo.

That heavy-set fellow in the camo jacket, middle left, is legendary turkey hunter Ben Rodgers Lee, who'd die in an auto crash before the end of the decade. Beside Ben is our mutual friend, Judd Cooney, the Colorado-based photojournalist and guide. Oh, the stories Jim and I could spin about our hunts with Judd. Below Ben is editor/writer Mark LaBarbera. And there, front and center, wearing a mustache and big grin, is our hunt's host, the noted outdoor writer J. Wayne Fears. And two hunters to Wayne's left is writer/editor Glenn Helgeland, then of *Archery World* magazine. And beside Glenn, head lowered,

Jim has been a close friend of Jim Easton for decades, serving on the company's bowhunting advisory staff. Both men are Archery Hall of Famers, inducted during late 1990s.

is Paul Meeks, who'd later find treestand fame and fortune with API.

And sure enough, there in the upper right background, behind all the other characters, is Jim and a clean-shaven, young-looking *Bowhunter* magazine editor who just happened to share the name of James. And so much more.

Staring down at that old black-and-white photo, remembering, I suddenly came to realize that if I sometimes have taken Jim for granted because he's always been there, it's because he has always been there. For me and for millions of archers. That's why modern bowhunting is better off for his presence.

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"I admire lots of people, for many varied reasons. I don't think it is so much who, as why."

—Jim Dougherty

I ONCE ASKED JIM ABOUT FOLKS he respected. His answer is worth repeating.

"I like bowhunters who try to play the game by the rules, both written and unwritten." Jim said. "And I like people who try to get involved with helping others and protecting what we have. I admire folks who are 'traditional' archers, if you will, who don't try and shove it down the throats of those that are not.

"I do not care for the attitude of some that seems to suggest they were born polished, experienced bowhunters and the fellow just getting started doesn't belong in their woods.

"When it comes to individuals, I unabashedly admired Fred Bear the most of any bowhunter. As a person he was a jewel - honest, witty, mentally and physically tough. He was extremely entertaining and very strongly opinionated, all traits necessary to any form of success and Fred was a very successful person. More important is what he did for the rest of us. He didn't make bowhunting happen single-handedly, but he was certainly a

catalyst. We owe him a great deal.

"I loved Ben Pearson. We worked together and were good friends for quite a few years. Ben was a quiet, unassuming gentleman. He left us too soon and I have always missed him. I think that Bob Kelly did a lot for bowhunting during his years with Bear Archery and before, and I certainly admire Glenn St. Charles, although we have had our differences. I think Jim Easton, while not thought of as a hard-core bowhunter, has made an indelible mark on archery and bowhunting with contributions that are largely unknown. Jim single-handedly kept archery in the Olympics. He's very low key and prefers it that way."

Jim also singles out Tom Jennings and Pete Shepley as true industry innovators. And he cites Mathews Solocam originator Matt McPherson a true visionary.

Naturally, I also queried Jim about the problems facing bowhunting.

"Bowhunters collectively are bowhunting's worst problem," he opined. "We squabble and fight among ourselves like turkey poults over a grasshopper. We were fighting over equipment when I was 15 and we still are. Why? The track record is clear. Some want to do it one way and some another - and probably it will stay that way forever.

"The cop-outs, when it comes to equipment, want to blame it on some manufacturer. Folks, manufacturers build what the public tells them they want. They just don't go willy nilly designing and producing something that research doesn't tell them is wanted. You do that once and you're in trouble. You do it twice and you are dead broke, history!

"Bows don't make bowhunters. I don't think they ever have; no matter what, you still have to get out there and hunt right, get close. Nobody ever climbed all over Roy Weatherby for making magnums - they didn't revolutionize rifle hunting. John Musacchia, a bowhunter and gentleman for whom I had a great deal of respect, pushed for a point of view that I think was admirable but impractical. He liked to think that we can dictate individual hunting/shooting pursuit, an unwitnessed contest with the same decorum and stringent code the PGA emphasizes over golf, a game of strict rules and equipment regulation. It cannot be so because it can't be enforced.

"Hunting is not golf or tennis; it is an individual pursuit most often done secretly. We can only hope that it is practiced honorably by the individual following the game laws and outlines for legal equipment, alone with his quarry. That's the best we can do; anything else is unenforceable. I don't think we need to worry so much about equipment; the bad stuff dies a natural death, the good stuff - in the eyes of the individual beholder - remains. What we do need to be worried about are the people out there who don't want others to hunt with anything.

"The fate of your future doesn't have much to do with what you choose to use - it never has. The fate of our future lies down the street with the family that hasn't had a hunter in it for five generations. Now there's an area that's worth expending your energies on."

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"I would like to be remembered as a guy who loved to bowhunt, who did it rather well and who tried to represent the sport properly."
– Jim Dougherty

WHEN I INDUCTED JIM DOUGHERTY into the Archery Hall of Fame in 1997 at the Archery Trade Association Show in Louisville, Kentucky, I told the large, appreciative audience about the time that Jim was trailing a huge muley buck near timberline high on a Colorado mountain. As he carefully closed in and prepared for the final stage of his masterful stalk, Jim slipped out of his boots and slowly eased downslope in his stocking feet, finally moving within good bow range of that old ridge runner. A well-placed arrow quickly dispatched the big muley. North America's premier bowhunter had done it again, added another record book animal to his already impressive resume. And, frankly, Jim was pretty doggoned pleased with himself.

Or, I went on to explain, he was pleased until he hiked back up the mountain to retrieve his boots and ... you guessed it, America's living legend couldn't find his footwear. For more than an hour! "Talk about being humbled and brought back to earth in a hurry," Jim muttered.

Jim and the crowd laughed. I even joined in. Yet I'd shared that particular deer hunting story not just for yuks. I wanted to make the subtle point that even our personal heroes are not supermen. They're all too human. And that, to me, makes Jim and people like him even more deserving of our admiration and respect.

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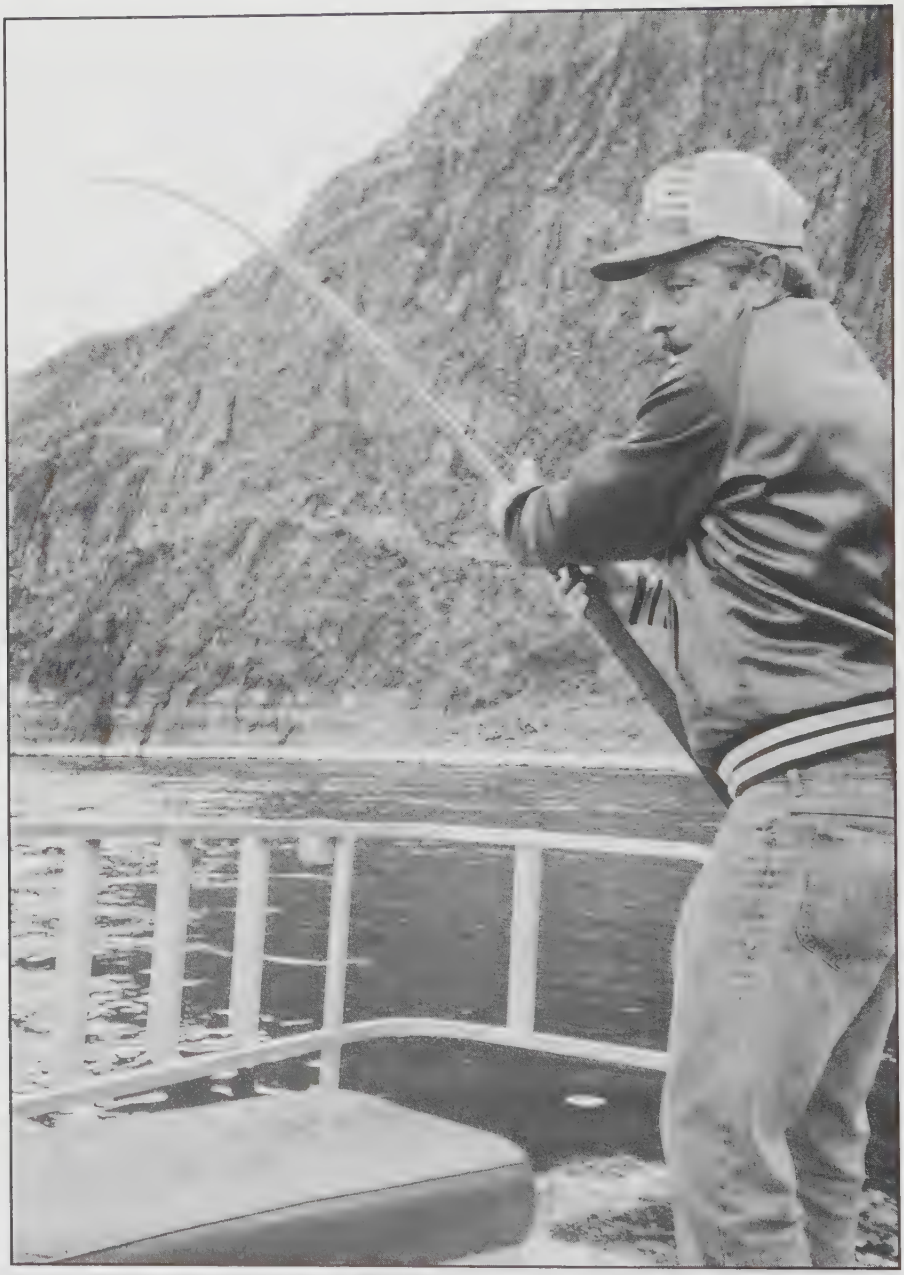
"I'm doing okay but the treatment is a double-barreled bitch."
– Jim Dougherty

JIM WAS REFERRING TO THE DOSES of chemo and radiation being applied after cancer cropped up again early in 2006. Long years had passed without incident since an initial attack of the disease resulted in extensive facial and nasal surgery. The newest malignancy had cropped in Jim's mouth and throat. He began losing weight. And the cancer treatments temporarily robbed him of his voice.

Bad news? Certainly. But Jim Dougherty is no quitter. And he knew that

Jim's addicted to calling all varieties of game birds and animals, especially elk and turkeys. Here's proof that he's no slouch at it, either.



Here's another favorite Jim Dougherty outdoor pastime. I snapped this photo of Jim fighting a Hell's Canyon sturgeon after a Pope & Young Club board meeting in Boise, Idaho, in the late 1980s.

hunting season would be rolling around again in a matter of months.

Although his latest medical treatment eventually prevented Jim from appearing at a Jim Dougherty Hall of Fame tribute in late September of 2006, he was represented by sons Holt and Darrall. And later a videotape of the entire Springfield, Missouri, ceremony was delivered to Jim at his Tulsa home. Follow-up reports noted positive improvements in Jim's condition. Family and friends crossed their fingers and continued praying. And in December of '06 Jim got a dose of sweet medicine when his youngest granddaughter, Megan, arrowed her first whitetail at age 11. Not surprisingly, just about all of the 12 Dougherty grandchildren are bowhunters. And Grandpa Jim is understandably proud.

In mid-April of 2007, I called my old friend to check on additional progress. Jim confirmed that he wouldn't be attending the Pope & Young Club convention in Pennsylvania. It was the first one he'd missed in decades. Was it because of ...?

"I'm doing better," Jim told me. "I was turkey hunting opening week, and I'm pleased to report I caused the demise of a fine Oklahoma longbeard.

"Tell everyone I'm still around."

JIM DOUGHERTY

- Born in California in 1937; received first bow at age of nine; killed first deer in 1955 at age 17
- Worked for Doug Kittredge at his Bow Hut for a dozen years; later joined Ben Pearson Archery; formed his own company and moved to Tulsa in late 1970s
- Archery industry leader; Pope & Young Club executive secretary 1969-1970, president 1976-1984
- Magazine writer, columnist; author of "Varmint Hunter's Digest" (1977), "Jim Dougherty's Guide to Bowhunting Deer" (1992), and "Best of Trail's End" (2006)
- Hall of Fame bowhunter; holder of numerous record book entries

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE STEEP PRICE OF FAME

What Cost Noel Feather His Successful Career?

PREMIER WHITETAIL HUNTER. Easily recognized by his red hair, mustache, friendly drawl, trademark Stetson and cowboy boots. Illinois native. Expert shot with gun and bow. Reported to be the only man ever to rattle in and kill three "Booner" whitetails in five Illinois deer seasons. Nationally known bowhunter. Popular, much-in-demand seminar speaker. Pro hunting consultant and booking agent. Retired from millworking job in 1986 after 30-year career in the steel mills. Bowhunting advisory staff member. Manufacturer of deer lures, calls and camouflage scents. Hunting video producer and star.

Noel Feather had it all. Or so it seemed.

"Although he didn't know it at the time, Noel Feather's bowhunting world began to crumble in Crawford County, Missouri, late in 1993. It all began innocently enough in early October that year when Feather and his hunting buddy, Jim Miller of Palmyra, stopped by the Southside Liquor Store deer check station in Steelville to register a couple of whitetails.

"According to Conservation Officer Larry Evans, a state wildlife agent based in St. James, a man with nearly 25 years of law enforcement experience, Feather was recognized by Tom Brady, a friend of check station official, Vince Miles. Apparently pleased that a famous bowhunter had succeeded in taking a nice Missouri whitetail, Brady offered sincere congratulations and chatted with Feather as the deer were checked. Asked where his buck was shot, Feather reportedly said only that it came from 'a private farm' in the southern part of the county. Before leaving the check station, Feather posed for photos with Brady, Miles and the buck.

"'I was later told that Feather had been very evasive about where the kill had actually occurred,' Officer Evans said after learning that Feather had hunted in the CO's patrol area. The veteran agent said that while he understands any hunter's normal reluctance to pinpoint an exact hunting area, something about Feather's reported evasiveness troubled him to the point he played a hunch and began asking questions ...

"The agent said he soon uncovered proof that the two deer checked at Steelville in October by Miller and Feather - each bearing a legal 1993 Missouri deer tag - were

Noel always attracted a large crowd at his deer hunting clinics and calling seminars. A good shot and consistently successful hunter, he eventually fell victim to his own fame when he took video making shortcuts. Investigations by state and federal wildlife officers resulted in multiple citations for game law violations.

actually killed behind high fences, under controlled conditions, at the High Adventure Game Ranch near Cook's Station. As Evans' probe continued, he ultimately turned up evidence of possible game violations involving the hunters and the shooting preserve. These infractions included improperly tagging game and not having the proper hunting preserve permits ..."

From "A Fall From Grace: The Noel Feather Story"
By M. R. James writing as J. D. Danielson
Bowhunter Magazine, August/September 1995

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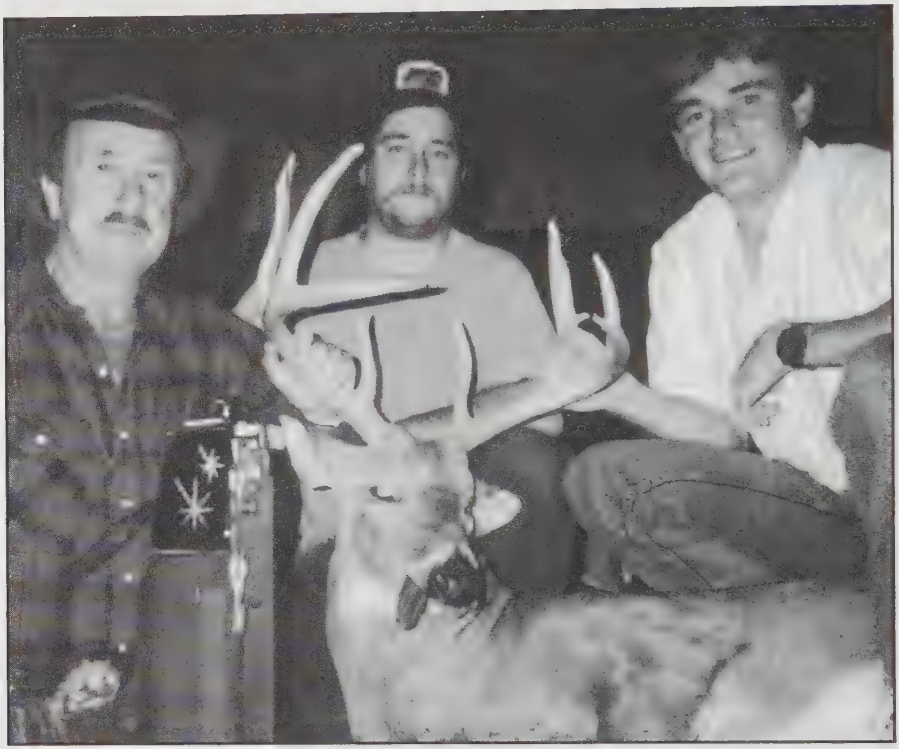
"AS ONE MIGHT IMAGINE," Noel Feather later explained in an open letter to his peers in the archery industry, "the making of a hunting video is time-consuming, chancy and expensive. In order to produce a quality video that will appeal to the buying public I have tried, as many do, to expedite the process by occasionally hunting at hunting preserves. These are privately owned and operated tracts of land with managed game that charge a fee to hunt. They are completely legal, providing they follow the state and federal law.

"In the incident in Missouri, I had hunted at this particular Preserve before



This is the pen-raised whitetail buck that Noel checked at the Steelville, Missouri, check station. Pictured with Noel are admirers Vince Miles (right) and Tom Murphy. This marked the beginning of the end of Noel's successful career as a bowhunting professional.

and was looking to finish up a video. After the hunt I asked the proprietor if everything was in order for me to return to Illinois with the buck. I was informed that I had done all that was required. I later found out the State of Missouri required the purchase of a $5 tag for all game taken on private preserves. Certainly, after paying all the hunting fees, an extra $5 would hardly have presented a problem, had I been aware of it.

"On my way back to Illinois I became concerned over the fact I was transporting a deer with no tag. Even though I assumed the deer was legally taken, I decided to tag the deer to be safe. I did so with an Illinois tag I had and checked the deer in with the game department."

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IRONICALLY, THE BUCK NOEL FEATHER TAGGED was an Illinois deer. A paper trail eventually showed conservation officers Larry Evans

in Missouri and John Will in Illinois - as well as other state investigators and federal agent Dan Burleson - that the dead buck had been purchased from a northern Illinois game farm. It reportedly was sedated and transported to the High Adventure ranch the day before it was released into a high-fenced enclosure and killed on-camera. Confiscated receipts showed Noel paid $5,500 for his buck and another $2,500 for the two deer Jim Miller arrowed. Authorities also reported that the whitetail buck Noel killed in October and tagged with a Missouri deer tag cost him another $5,500. It's believed Noel Feather paid High Adventure Game Ranch more than $20,000 for deer he and Miller shot there in 1992 and 1993. Videotape footage collected during these game ranch hunts was destined for yet another Noel Feather deer hunting/calling video.

"What has happened to me since has been a nightmare," Noel Feather confessed. "I was set upon by the Federal Government who investigated everything I have ever done in my entire life. It was a frightening experience. During those early months, I lost support of some of my sponsors, have been the topic of conversation in all circles and have had to defend myself at every turn, all before charges were ever brought. It seems 'Innocent until proven guilty' does not apply in hunting.

"The financial cost alone has been staggering and there was no end in sight. After months of constant investigations, I was given the opportunity to plead guilty in return for a negotiated sentence. Even though I was being singled out, made an example of, simply because of who I was, I felt it better to take the offer. Winning or losing just did not seem to be that important. I just wanted it to be over.

"With the soaring legal bills, I could not afford to fight it any longer and there was no assurance of winning if I did. I did not feel I had much choice so I took their offer and pleaded guilty in the State of Missouri [in September of 1994]. I did not plead guilty to any charge that is deemed by society to be a serious offense. I pled guilty to taking an unregistered deer across state lines and nothing more."

In December of 1994, a full year after Noel Feather's last trip to High Adventure's high-fenced acreage and three months after pleading guilty to four separate counts of wildlife violations involving illegally buying and transporting deer, Noel was fined $2,000 - $500 on each charge. He also was sentenced to two years on probation during which time he could not hunt in the United States or its possessions. Published reports indicated that at the time he pled guilty to reduced charges he was facing up to 20 years in prison and/or a $1 million fine.

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I CALLED AND SPOKE WITH NOEL FEATHER on February 1, 1995. During our lengthy telephone conversation, Noel spoke quite candidly

about his nightmare experiences.

"It's all because of who I am," Noel told me. "What was so terrible? All of this over a $5 tag. My attorney warned me, 'They're going to throw the book at you - and get publicity - because you're Noel Feather.' And they went out of their way to do just that."

Blaming "politics" and overly zealous game wardens "who have it in for me" and who wanted "to see their names in the paper," Noel accused state officials of being jealous of folks who make their living by hunting. "Some wardens are anti-hunters, you know."

Perhaps, but certainly not Larry Evans and John Will, now retired. Both men are serious, successful bowhunters themselves. John told me in March of 2007 that like many lawbreakers Noel Feather just didn't get it. "He broke state laws when he affixed game tags to game farm bucks and checked them in as Missouri or Illinois kills. Noel also faked deer hunts by pretending to call wild whitetails within bow range. Actually, confiscated videotape shows those deer being pushed past tree stands set up along high fences and herded to be shot.

"That burns my butt," John Will said.

"I am not a poacher!" Noel declared flatly during our early 1995 telephone conversation. "I never knowingly broke any law, and I paid for every animal I killed. I'm guilty of using poor judgment.

"All I can say is I'm sorry it happened. I believe I got rougher punishment than what I deserved for what I did. I believe the average hunter isn't bitter with me. I did nothing worse than what the average hunter has done."

Not really, Noel. A mere sampling of *Bowhunter* reader mail offers a very different view.

"I have just finished reading 'A Fall from Grace: The Noel Feather Story' in total disgust ... I have never heard of anything so awful, greed, or downright stupid, especially from a man I admired and looked up to as a role model. Some ego, Mr. Feather. You've disappointed me."

—Donnie Tolan, Minonk, Illinois

"Mr. Feather feels he was singled out because of who he is. He was singled out for what he was doing - breaking the law! Mr. Feather states he used poor judgment. Taking a shot at an animal out of range is poor judgment; what he did was unlawful!"

—Steven Thiede, St. Cloud, Wisconsin

"Noel Feather seems to feel his exploitation of bowhunting is excusable because it's too expensive and difficult to accomplish in the field with wild deer. He has deliberately duped the public for a few bucks and fleeting fame. The sport of bowhunting deserves more. No one has the right to use the bowhunting fraternity solely for personal gain."

— Paul Hopkins, Victor, Montana

Noel entered a total of nine big game animals in the Pope & Young Club records. Here he's seen receiving an award for one of his trophies from Dr. Randy Byers, records chairman, as president G. Fred Asbell makes the announcement.

His "Battling Bucks" book, written with assistance from Glenn Helgeland, provided rattling and calling information for whitetail hunters hoping to learn the secrets to Noel's deer hunting successes.

"I was upset to read how Noel Feather was exposed for what he is – someone who broke the law and slaughtered animals just to sell a video."

— Craig Charles,
Green Bay, Wisconsin

"As a bowhunter, writer, and video producer, I feel sorry for our industry and the many men and women who stay within the boundaries of the law to accomplish their goals. There are many writers, industry personnel and video companies who do not resort to penned animals to produce their products. There are many hunters who pay their dues and harvest trophy class animals under fair chase conditions.

"In my opinion men who allow the pressure of their egos to push them beyond the limits of the law should be exposed. The sad part is that with each exposure comes another black eye for our industry and those who work within the limits of the law and fair chase."

— Ron Jolly, Tuskegee, AL

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FOR A TIME NOEL FEATHER FOUGHT to stay in business. "I've worked hard to make a name for myself and feel I've always conducted myself with honor. I honestly don't know if I can make it, if I can survive. But I'm not going to run away and hide. I'm going to face this thing head-on. I'm going to talk about it during my shows and seminars. I'm going to warn my listeners to always obey the law, to have the proper tags and licenses. I don't want others to

go through the things that I went through."

True to his word, Noel attended subsequent Bowhunting Trade Shows to face his critics. In January of '95 he distributed a soul-baring open letter to the archery industry, formally apologizing and presenting his side of the story. But it was a losing battle. Noel realized too late that destroying the trust and respect of supporters has serious, significant consequences. And when that happens, long-term survival of any celebrity or his business is virtually impossible.

NOEL ALBERT FEATHER

- Native of Wayne County, Illinois; started shooting a bow as a teenager in the 1950s; inspired by Howard Hill movie clips
- Killed first whitetail in Wisconsin while hunting with members of the Sterling, Illinois, Broken Arrow Bowhunters, a club he helped organize
- Rattled in and killed two Boone & Crockett whitetails in 1977, one with a shotgun and another with the bow; bow-killed another B&C buck in 1982
- Entered a total of nine trophy animals in Pope & Young Club records; withdrew all entries after pleading guilty to wildlife violations

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ALASKAN SERIAL KILLER!

Bob Hansen Hunted Humans

FINDING A PARTIALLY BURIED BOOT on the Knik River valley sandbar 25 air miles north of Anchorage wasn't that odd, really. But the human leg bone inside the boot instantly snagged the full attention of the two off-duty cops hunting through this particular stretch of riverside brush.

Also, the .223 caliber shell casing lying nearby told the officers that they likely had stumbled across a crime scene. Their instincts were right on target.

Forensic testing eventually identified the decomposed remains as Sherry Morrow, a 24-year-old exotic dancer from Anchorage's Wild Cherry Bar. Friends told investigating cops that Sherry was last seen November 17, 1981, shortly after she told them a guy had offered her $300 to pose for some photos.

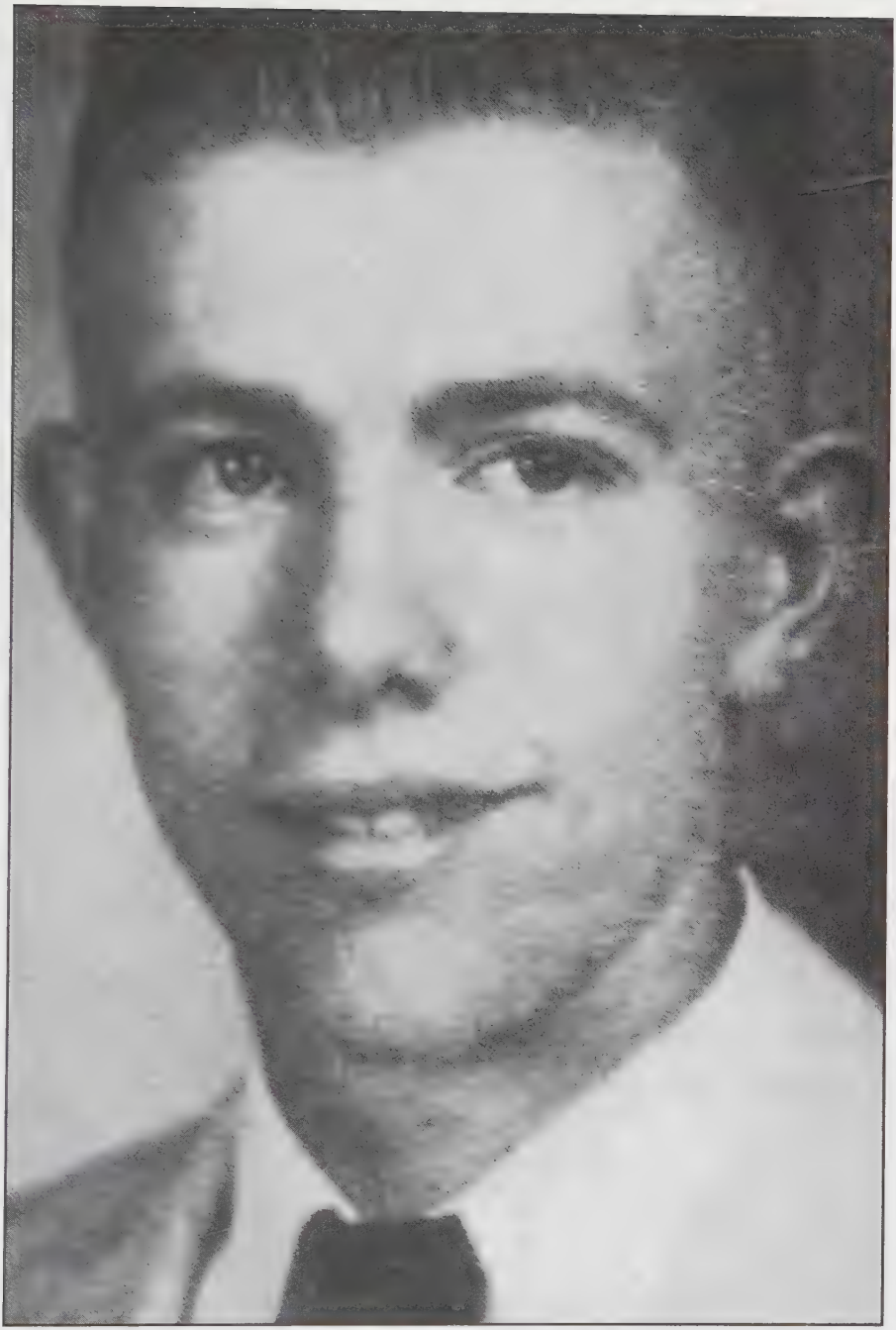
The cause of death? Three gunshot wounds from a .223 rifle. In fact, hers was the third decomposing female body discovered in this same general area. This seemed more than happenstance. There was little doubt that a serial killer was stalking the Alaskan wilds.

*****

CHECK OUT THE EARLIEST Pope & Young Club record books and you can find the name of Robert C. Hansen. In fact, at one time the transplanted Iowan claimed several noteworthy Alaskan bowhunting successes, including the world record Dall's sheep and the number two barren ground caribou, both tagged in 1971.

But that was long before the smallish, acne-scarred, bespectacled and stuttering sadist was exposed as a cruel killer who preferred hunting and killing a different kind of game: topless dancers and prostitutes. In the late 1970s and early 1980s, Hansen routinely abducted women from the seamier sections of Anchorage, flew them in his Super Cub to a wilderness cabin, then savagely raped and further brutalized them.

Finally, he released his terrified captors - naked, disoriented and alone -



The face of a future killer was captured in this 1957 Pocahontas (Iowa) High School yearbook photo. Robert Hansen later moved to Alaska and became a serial killer of prostitutes and exotic dancers, raping and then hunting them like animals.

Hansen's trophy room included two Dall's sheep, one of which was recognized as the Pope & Young Club world's record ram. Some Alaskan bowhunters believe he used a rifle to collect his "archery" trophies. Alaska State Police photo

into the surrounding woods. Later Hansen calmly picked up his rifle, tracked down his fleeing prey and shot each woman dead.

*****

THE BEGINNING OF THE END for Bob Hansen occurred on June 13, 1983, when a frantic girl with a handcuff dangling from one bruised wrist flagged down a passing truck driver.

The young prostitute later told police that she'd been offered $200 for oral sex by a small man with a pock-marked face. Midway through the sex act, her customer suddenly snapped a handcuff on her wrist and pulled a pistol. Driving her to his nearby house, he brutally raped her, angrily bit her nipples and shoved a hammer handle into her vagina. Next, the man drove his stunned victim to a waiting airplane, forcing her inside. But as he loaded supplies for a flight "to his cabin in the mountains," the girl suddenly threw open a door and ran screaming into the night. Hansen pursued her but vanished when a passing truck driver stopped to assist the battered whore.

The girl later identified Hansen's home and his blue and white Piper Super Cub with tail number N3089Z. He denied the attack, of course, claiming the girl was trying to get him into trouble and likely wanting some sort of payoff.

But Hansen's cloak of respectability as a very successful bakery shop owner,

devoted husband and father of two children, was beginning to slowly fray and unravel. When one of his rifles was positively identified as having fired the shells that killed Sherry Morrow, the Knik River sandbar corpse, Hansen realized that his decade-long killing spree was over. He pled guilty on February 18, 1984, and promptly sought to cut a deal that would save his miserable life.

In time Robert C. Hansen led authorities to 15 gravesites. Seven bodies were recovered. He ultimately was charged with four counts of first-degree murder.

*****

EVEN BEFORE HIS ARREST and conviction, Hansen was viewed with some suspicion by skeptical Alaskan bowhunters. Rumors abounded that Hansen had killed his world record ram in an area closed to hunting and used a rifle - not a bow - to kill the big sheep. I spoke with one bowhunter from Alaska who'd encountered Bob Hansen during his '71 sheep hunt. He was carrying a rifle, not a bow, according to the eyewitness.

But Hansen signed a Fair Chase affidavit, swearing that he'd legally taken the record class Chugach Mountains ram scoring 163⅛. And for a short time the name of Robert C. Hansen - a mentally unbalanced killer and pathological liar - was listed as the man who tagged bowhunting's best Dall's sheep.

ROBERT C. HANSEN

- Entered a total of four animals - two barren ground caribou and two Dall's sheep - in the Pope & Young records
- His largest ram reigned as bowhunting's world record during the 1970s and early 1980s
- Found guilty of four counts of first-degree murder in the deaths of four exotic dancers/prostitutes; sentenced to 461 years in prison, plus life with no possibility of parole
- Initially confined to Spring Creek Correctional Facility in Seward, Alaska; later transferred to the Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary in Pennsylvania

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

TRAILBLAZING ARCHER, EDITOR

Visionary Roy Hoff Showed the Way

HE WASN'T THE BEST bowhunter or editor who ever lived. But Roy Hoff was bulldog-stubborn and savvy enough to realize the value of persistence. And communication. His tireless leadership in the face of bureaucratic resistance and repeated legislative setbacks ultimately won California bowmen an historic 10-day archery season in 1944. Also, it was Roy's *Archery Magazine*, the official publication of the National Field Archery Association (NFAA) which he published continuously from 1944 until 1969, that sparked widespread interest in North American archery hunting during the infancy of modern day bowhunting.

On a personal note, it was this same Roy Hoff who bought and published my first bowhunting feature articles in the mid-1960s - and encouraged me to write more. It also was Roy who wrote a retrospective column for early issues of my own *Bowhunter* magazine during the early 1970s.

"I could write about our first archery hunt here in California," Roy suggested in a letter to me on September 22, 1971. "None of us knew one thing about how to proceed. So fifty more or less hunters formed a line like Cox's Army and all moved forward across a sagebrush flat toward a distant mountain. We felt sure hundreds of bucks would be 'trapped' before the onslaught. No doubt, as we were formulating plans for the skirmish line the area's deer were making for the high country ..."

That's typical Roy Hoff. In the preface to his only book, "Roy Hoff Tells It as It Was," he explained his most common writing strategy: "Hundreds of books have been written depicting the prowess of an archer and emphasizing that the most important event in the hunt is the kill ... I want to dwell a great deal on the humorous incidents, the goofs and disappointments ... There is more to a bow and arrow hunting trip than hunter success."

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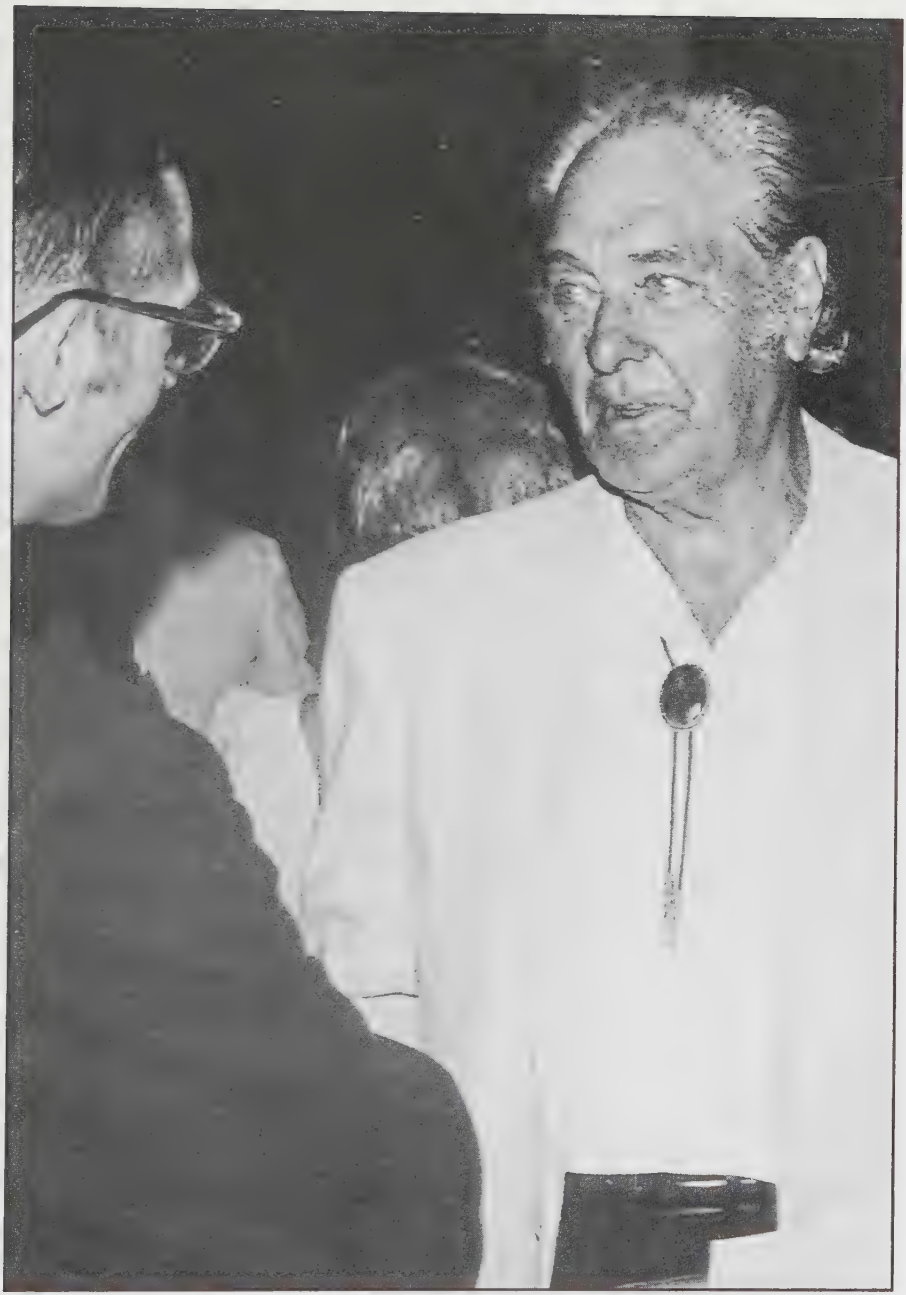
A NATIVE OF Montrose, a southwestern Colorado town situated not far from where I frequently hunted big-racked mule deer near Horsefly Peak dur-



I first met Roy in 1972, nearly a decade after he purchased my first bowhunting articles and published them in his *Archery Magazine*. Here he's passing along some writing tips to Dr. Dean Henbest as I listen in. It was Roy's encouragement that inspired me to write about my bowhunts. When I started *Bowhunter* magazine, Roy became a columnist and joked that the "teacher" was now working for his prize "student."

California BOWMAN HUNTER

VOL. I—NO. 1 PRINTED AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA MAY, 1943

New State Organization of Bow Hunters Formed

CHARTER MEMBERS—Those attending the first meeting of new organization are, left to right: S. F. Foster, Glenn L. Smith, Charles Howe, Kennard Moore, Herman Lehner, Paul Bledsoe, Earl Grubbs, Leo Sipe, Bill Wilson, Dick Hendershot, Lucien DeVack, Vincent Rub, Jack Colburn, Al Biondi, "Tiny" Munson, Harry Von Bergen, Millard M. Fox, Louis Krutak. (Perhaps for the next issue we will have a picture of Charter Members up north—Ed.)

NEW STATE-WIDE ORGANIZATION

A club for bowmen hunters—those whose desire it is to hunt with a bow, in areas or special seasons set aside for that purpose—and who will fight to gain their objectives.

With this theme uppermost in the minds of a group of Archers from Southern California, a new organization has been formed. This organization, which is to be state-wide in every respect, will unite the bowmen hunters of California into a more closely knit group than any other sporting organization in the state.

This new organization will be called the California Bowmen Hunters, and will be all the name implies—a club to which anyone may belong, regardless of whether or not they be a roving or target archer, or a member of any club. The only qualification demanded will be the desire to hunt with a bow and the will to fight for what they want.

Our recent campaign on A.B. 826, a bill designed to set up special areas in the State to be used exclusively for bow hunting, though costing considerable in traveling expenses, has given us an opportunity to more closely observe the quality and sincereness of our friends. Men who have publicly, and before large sporting organizations, had given their unqualified approval of the bill, have since seen fit to completely reverse their stand. Why this condition should exist is only a matter of conjecture, but to the average layman it has all the aspects of a plain old double cross.

To show that sportsmen are generally aware of this condition, an article by Ike Walton, sporting editor of the Illustrated Daily News, is herewith reprinted from issue of May 3:

"If sport fishing is to live in California the sports-

A FEW REASONS WHY A.B. 826 FAILED IN COMMITTEE

Assembly Bill 826 (Armstrong) was designed to set aside certain areas in the State as the exclusive hunting grounds for archers.

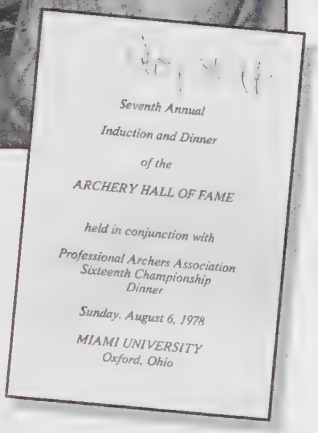
The bill was introduced in the Assembly in February with the same wording as the bill of two years ago. It was the intention to amend it in committee to the satisfaction of all concerned. The main idea was to get something this year and try to enlarge upon it at the next meeting of the Legislature.

Between the introductory period and the time the bill was brought up in committee, a good deal of ground work was undertaken. Among other things, representatives of the archery fraternity presented the bill to Southern Council of Conservation Clubs for their approval. At this meeting there were in attendance several men who have it within their power to help the archers. Reference is made to Assemblymen Burkhalter, and Doyle of the Fish & Game Committee and Messrs. Carty, and Payne of the Div. of Fish & Game.

After the merits of the bill were presented there was considerabe discussion with the aforementioned gentlemen taking an active part. In fact each spoke at some length regarding their views. At the conclusion it was the general consensus that the bill, with some minor amendments, had the unqualified approval of everyone present.

Following this meeting the bill was re-written to conform to the wishes of those present. All instructions and amendments were immediately sent to our Assemblyman, Mr. Armstrong, who was to prepare them for proper presentation to the Committee. Communications from Mr. Armstrong assured us that "everything was in the bag"—so to speak. Conditions were so favorable that unless we saw fit it would not be necessary

Roy gave me this signed copy of the very first 1943 issue of his *California Bowman Hunter*, the publication that evolved into *Archery Magazine*. I keep it in my office along with a copy of the first issue of *Bowhunter* magazine.



Seventh Annual

Induction and Dinner

of the

ARCHERY HALL OF FAME

held in conjunction with

Professional Archers Association
Sixteenth Championship
Dinner

Sunday, August 6, 1978

MIAMI UNIVERSITY
Oxford, Ohio

When Roy was inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame in August of 1978, I joined him to help celebrate the special occasion. This photo shows me holding his induction plaque as he signs the program. I remember Roy fondly and credit him with helping to launch my lengthy writing/bowhunting career.

ing the 1970s and 1980s, Roy Hoff moved farther west soon after marrying his wife, Frieda. Fans of big and small bore competitive rifle shooting, the Hoffs later discovered archery. In 1937 Roy constructed his first yew bows (following step by step directions found in a borrowed library book titled "The Flat Bow").

Despite a problematic shooting debut (he retrieved his first arrow from the backyard of a neighbor living one street over), Roy eventually became proficient and won various archery tournaments including the 1945 NFAA championship.

His modest bowhunting successes came later. Roy shot his first buck in 1952 during a Nevada hunt. And while he shared hunting camps with some of the country's top bowhunters including Fred Bear, Ben Pearson and Jim Dougherty, his focus remained on recording various bowhunting boners he committed. A personal favorite was his encounter with a Colorado bear while hunting near Buena Vista with noted bowhunter and guide Larry Bamford.

Seems a monster blackie approached Roy's bait site one spring evening and

Roy's self-published book contains special recollections and photos tracing his decades of involvement in archery and bowhunting. Roy and his wife, Frieda, each signed it for me and I keep it in a special place in my home office library.

checked out the meat scraps. As the bruin's big head emerged from behind a bush, Roy said: "Back came the string of my Jennings compound bow. It came back, all right, about four or five inches. With might and main, I couldn't break over the eccentric cams to the relax position.

"That bear was so intent on his dinner he did not notice my gyrations in trying to draw my bow ... I strained until surely the blood vessels in my neck were near the bursting point. I not only failed to draw my bow, I jerked the arrow off the rest until it was at right angles to the string. Good thing I didn't get the string back. I might have shot myself in the bow arm."

Roy's sole Pope & Young Club-class trophy animal was downed on another Colorado bowhunt in 1968. A 4x4 mule deer scoring 164 ⅛ inches fell during a guided bowhunt with John Lamicq, Jr. at his Roan Creek camp near Douglas Pass. On that hunt Roy didn't take any chances of not making the killing shot. His bow of choice was a reliable recurve.

*****

I FIRST MET ROY in 1972 and our friendship lasted until his death in 1985. I was especially pleased to attend his 1978 induction into the Archery Hall of Fame at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Recognized for his contributions to the sport, Roy was honored for four decades of service to archery, his extensive involvement in the formation of the NFAA, his work publishing the *California Bowman Hunter* and *Archery Magazine*, as well his bowhunting and tournament archery competition.

Roy arrowed his first buck in 1952 while hunting Nevada mule deer with longtime friend Merle Hathaway, later writing about the adventure in *Archery Magazine*.

Whenever I think of him, several shared anecdotes come instantly to mind. The first centers on a visit Roy and Frieda paid to avid archer and bowhunter Erle Stanley Gardner, the world famous author and creator of the Perry Mason courtroom book series. Roy's latter two memorable stories involve the legendary Howard Hill.

It was 1949 when the Hoffs were invited to pay a visit to Gardner's ranch near Temecula, California. Roy beamed as he recalled seeing the dozens of bows and game mounts decorating Gardner's den. There also was a beautiful gold statuette on his desk. Curious, Roy asked where he'd picked up that particular piece.

"Oh, that?" the author said. "Just a memento from my publisher for selling 5 million books."

Later, Gardner and Roy strung their bows and headed to the writer's private practice range to launch some arrows. After some time spent walking the course and perforating paper targets, the host suddenly stopped his guest.

"See those two deer standing over there?" he whispered.

Roy said he didn't see anything except two gunny sacks stretched between two tall stakes. But after Gardner sent an arrow through one of the sacks, Roy drilled the other dead center.

"Now you did it," Gardner groaned. "You shot the doe!"

This is a photo of Erle Stanley Gardner, the world famous writer of Perry Mason books, posing with his longbow during a California practice session.

Howard Hill bumped into Roy one day shortly after he and a friend, Merle Hathaway, had picked up spanking new yew bows custom crafted by bowyer Earl Grubbs. As Roy and Merle stood admiring their new shooting sticks, Hill walked over and asked if he could examine them for himself. As Roy and Merle watched, Hill held the bows together in his big left hand, nocked a 28-inch arrow, and then amazingly pulled the two bows to full draw simultaneously.

All 130 pounds of them!

Another time Roy told of serving as a "prop boy" for the world famous archer during a trick shooting demonstration. Roy said he frequently tossed a variety of disks and pocket change aloft while Hill - standing 10 yards away - repeatedly arrowed the airborne targets. The grand finale consisted of Hill hitting - in rapid succession - a silver dollar, fifty cent piece, quarter, nickel and dime.

Roy said as one unforgettable show at a packed Elks Convention neared its conclusion with Hill's arrows repeatedly centering flying disks, Roy dug a silver dollar from his pocket and flipped it into the air and caught it. Hill nodded and said, "Okay, Roy. Let's do it."

Roy launched the silver dollar. *Clink!* Dead center hit. The fifty cent coin followed. *Clink!* Another hit. But as Roy fished in his pocket for a quarter, he saw Hill bowing to the cheering crowd, ending his show. Puzzled, Roy waited until

he and his famous friend were offstage to ask why he didn't shoot at the quarter, nickel and dime.

"Tell you what, Roy," Hill said, smiling. "No need to press our luck. Didn't you notice there were 3,000 Elks out there watching our exhibition? You can't beat perfect."

*****

YOU CAN'T BEAT recollections of time spent with any special friend, either. Roy Hoff and I shared the birth of two noteworthy magazines, along with a passion for shooting bows and arrows. While my friend and mentor certainly needs no introduction to many readers who've been around bowhunting for decades, Roy and his exploits - many of which were documented in his limited edition book - deserve their rightful recognition and a permanent place in modern archery history.

I'm pleased to do my part to make certain Roy Hoff is not forgotten with the inexorable passage of time.

ROY HOFF

- Founder/Editor of *California Bowman Hunter* (1943) and *Archery Magazine* (1944)
- Led successful effort for first California archery-only season (1943)
- Brought national recognition to National Field Archery Association
- Avid competitive archer and bowhunter for four-plus decades

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

NO BOWHUNTER DOES IT BETTER

When Dave Holt Shoots, He Scores

"A smattering of snowflakes started tumbling from an angry Alberta sky about the same time the dark moose stepped from a cluster of hillside pines. He paused only briefly, turning his black-faced head in search of the rival bull and his cow. Then he strode stiff-legged to a clump of birch saplings that sprouted from the sandy lakeshore soil. Lowering his wide rack, the bull moose slashed at the slender trees and yellow leaves fell like oversized colorful snowflakes ...

"This menacing bull was standing upwind exactly 32 unobstructed yards from where I knelt beside a handy pine deadfall, pulse pounding, bow extended, arrow nocked ... Somewhere off to my right were my hunting partner Dave Holt and cameraman Larry D. Jones ...

"It was a toss-up which way the bull would eventually turn ... If he headed toward the brushy boreal jungle to my left, I'd be the one to get the perfect shooting opportunity. But if he turned left into the open woods to my right, he'd approach Dave's hiding spot and sure death. I knew for a fact Dave wouldn't blow a shot on any broadside bull."

— "Point-Blank Bull,"
M. R. James Bonus Feature, *Whitetail Bowhunter* 2000

I ALSO KNOW FOR A FACT that Dave Holt is any game animal's most dangerous predator. Same goes for varmints and birds, too. Whatever and whenever he hunts, from Nebraska to Namibia, Dave is consistently successful. Amazingly so. Give him 10 shots and he'll routinely kill at least nine animals. Fact is, I've never met or hunted with any man who's more equipment-savvy, who possesses more shooting skill and who spends more productive time in the woods and fields.

This is the Alberta bull that I arrowed during a hunt with Dave and cameraman Larry D. Jones. The rutting bull came in to our guide's call and made the mistake of walking too close to me. Luck gave me the shooting opportunity. If he'd turned the other way, Dave would have made the kill.

As fate would have it, I arrowed that big Canada moose mentioned above after he finally moved within 16 yards of where I hunkered. But I almost wish that he'd have turned Dave's way, just so Larry could have captured the killing shot up close and personal on videotape. It would have made a far better *Bowhunter* Magazine TV show climax than the through-the-brush telephoto lens footage Larry captured of me arrowing that rutty bull. And, speaking frankly, I never get tired of watching a master bowhunter at work.

So exactly what sets Dave Holt apart from other super-successful bowhunters? Certainly there are peers who can shoot as well and maybe even better, rarely missing game once they reach full draw. And there are many men with deeper pockets than Dave who can afford more frequent, worldwide adventures. But, bottom line, when it comes down to possessing the necessary hunting time, knowledge and shooting talent, Dave is in an elite class of special bowhunters. He ranks with the best of the very best, truly special hunters you can count on one hand. With a finger or two left over.

*****

"I have known Dave Holt for several years, and we've been in the woods together after whitetails and mule deer, and shared a couple of campfires. Dave shoots a compound hunting bow at animals and stumps better than any man I've ever seen. The man is a tireless perfectionist with a bow and arrow and in his approach to everything dealing with hunting and animals. No one has studied the right and wrong of things more than he ... If Dave says, 'That's how it is,' you can put your life savings on it."

— G. Fred Asbell, President , Pope & Young Club (1988)

ANOTHER DAVE HOLT TRADEMARK is a penchant for blunt-spoken criticism. An admitted idealist, he carries very few tact-tipped arrows in his personal quiver. His vocal observations about bowhunters and bowhunting come straight from his heart if not his head.

For example, in March of 2007 Dave set off a ripple of criticism within the ranks of some traditional bowhunters. That's when he matter-of-factly opined at a Bernie Pellerite Shooters School in Fremont, Nebraska, that most stickbow shooters were largely ineffective and wounded too many animals. Dave's quoted as saying that traditional archers "shouldn't be allowed in the woods."

"I've known Dave Holt for a long time and I can tell you that he has always held this same opinion about traditionalists," responded G. Fred Asbell, current president of the Compton Traditional Bowhunters. "He really believes it, and most of it stems from his having shot 'barebow' in National Field Archery Association stuff during the 1960s ... Holt is a good shooter with his compound. He was also captain of the Denver Police pistol team and the trigger man on the

Dave is one of the best bow shots I've ever met. When he releases an arrow at game, he rarely misses.

Admittedly in love with Africa, Dave spends April to August of each year bowhunting the Dark Continent. He's collected an impressive array of wildlife from aardvarks to zebras.

Denver SWAT team ... all before he did serious damage to his head in an accident and was retired by the force ... [He] really believes he is an exemplary archer and person, who knows more about bows and arrows than anyone else - and he'll tell you that."

While I don't share Dave's sentiments on the subject of traditional bowhunting effectiveness, neither would I voice my personal pique at something that Dave said. But I'm not surprised at Fred's response, either. It's a common reaction of Dave simply being Dave.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Dave Holt critics likely celebrated the stunning June 8, 2007 news that this high profile bowhunter had been accused of disability fraud by a Colorado grand jury. According to the state's indictment, Dave collected disability and medical benefits in excess of $400,000 and more than $250,000 in occupational disability benefits. He was bowhunting in Africa when charged with nine counts of forgery,*

The first *Bowhunter* magazine article I bought from Dave was about elk hunting from treestands. Given his druthers, he prefers to call and stalk big-antlered bulls. Dave's taken numerous record-class bulls while on solo, do-it-yourself bowhunting adventures.

two counts of theft and one count of making a false statement. Following his return to Colorado, Dave turned himself in August 3. On September 3 a grand jury agreed that there was probable cause on all counts of the indictment. Subsequently, Dave's arraignment was slated for for October 12, just before this book was printed.

If convicted, Dave faces more than 50 years in prison and fines totaling up to $2.5 million. While Holt-haters were quick to label him guilty and claim he faked his disability injury in order to pull of a lucrative scam, staunch supporters insist he physically recovered over time, after suffering severe head and spinal trauma, and should be presumed innocent until guilt is proven.

Back to Dave's frequent bluntness, I well remember one Iowa whitetail hunt where he pointed out that my bow's pin guard was too flimsy for hunting thick cover where hang-ups on brush were the norm. Another time, while vis-

The *Bowhunter* magazine technical editor for nearly two decades, Dave is a walking encyclopedia of bowhunting knowledge. He's also played host to winners of the magazine's Youth Essay Contest, helping them collect their first game animals.

iting my Montana ranch, Dave offered me some solicited shooting tips guaranteed to make me a better shot. One suggestion was adding a clicker or broadhead timer to my compound. I did and it helped, just as Dave promised, but I soon discarded the clicker and reverted to my old shooting ways.

"Bend your left elbow and relax your bow arm," Dave coached as I plunked arrows into a target at the far end of my hay barn.

"I do OK," I said.

Dave shook his head. "My dad once told me, 'I want you to stop thinking about how good you are and think about how good you can be.'"

Again, that's typical Dave Holt. And that bit of fatherly advice is likely why Dave is as good as he is. Although I've never taken offense at Dave's less than

Dave Holt has what it takes to be consistently successful: ample free time, awesome accuracy and extraordinary bowhunting knowledge. When he goes after game, don't bet against him filling his tags.

subtle personal comments or criticisms, I know that other folks do. Part of it, I believe, is the fact that he is so damned good at what he does. And the rest, I think, lies in the fact that he's a techno-geek of sorts, the epitome of a modern bowhunter who embraces most 21st century technology and all of the benefits it offers to today's bowhunters.

Dave owns and carries GPS units and rangefinders. He uses a mechanical release to shoot the very latest compound bows fitted with multiple sights. He routinely speaks of trajectory and power stroke and efficiency and feet per second and force-draw curves and modified or high-energy cams and foot-pounds of energy and on and on. Yet Dave has a knack for presenting this technical information in a non-technical manner. In short, he explains the complex in

understandable, no nonsense terms.

Other than Archery Hall of Famer Norb Mullaney, North America's foremost bow test guru and archery gear technician, Dave Holt stands in no man's shadow. That's why I appointed him *Bowhunter* magazine technical editor in 1990. That was nearly a full decade after I bought and published his first magazine feature article, "Elk from a Different Angle," about ambushing bulls from treestands. Not only was and is Dave a top notch bowhunter, he's a walking and talking font of authoritative information on any archery topic you can name. And finally, we get along quite well, and have shared dozens of hunts and speaking gigs over the years. I honestly like and respect the man, unlike those who might grudgingly admire his knowledge but object to the way that he delivers his message.

*****

"My timing (actually my mom and dad's) was perfect. Bowhunting and I matured at nearly the same time and pace. I've been involved in this wonderful sport for 50 years now, and I'm sure we'll never again see such a period of growth."

— Dave Holt

A TOY BOW AT AGE 5. A solid fiberglass bow at 6. Competitive archery tournaments - and winning his first trophy hardware - at 9. And in Pennsylvania in 1958, an unforgettable first deer hunt at age 11.

"As my father and I sat by a well-used trail," Dave recalls, "a doe approached. While she was looking in our direction, I tried to raise my bow. That deer was gone in a heartbeat. I was trembling and heartbroken for spoiling our big chance. But dad simply said, 'Next time, just don't move when the deer is looking at you.'"

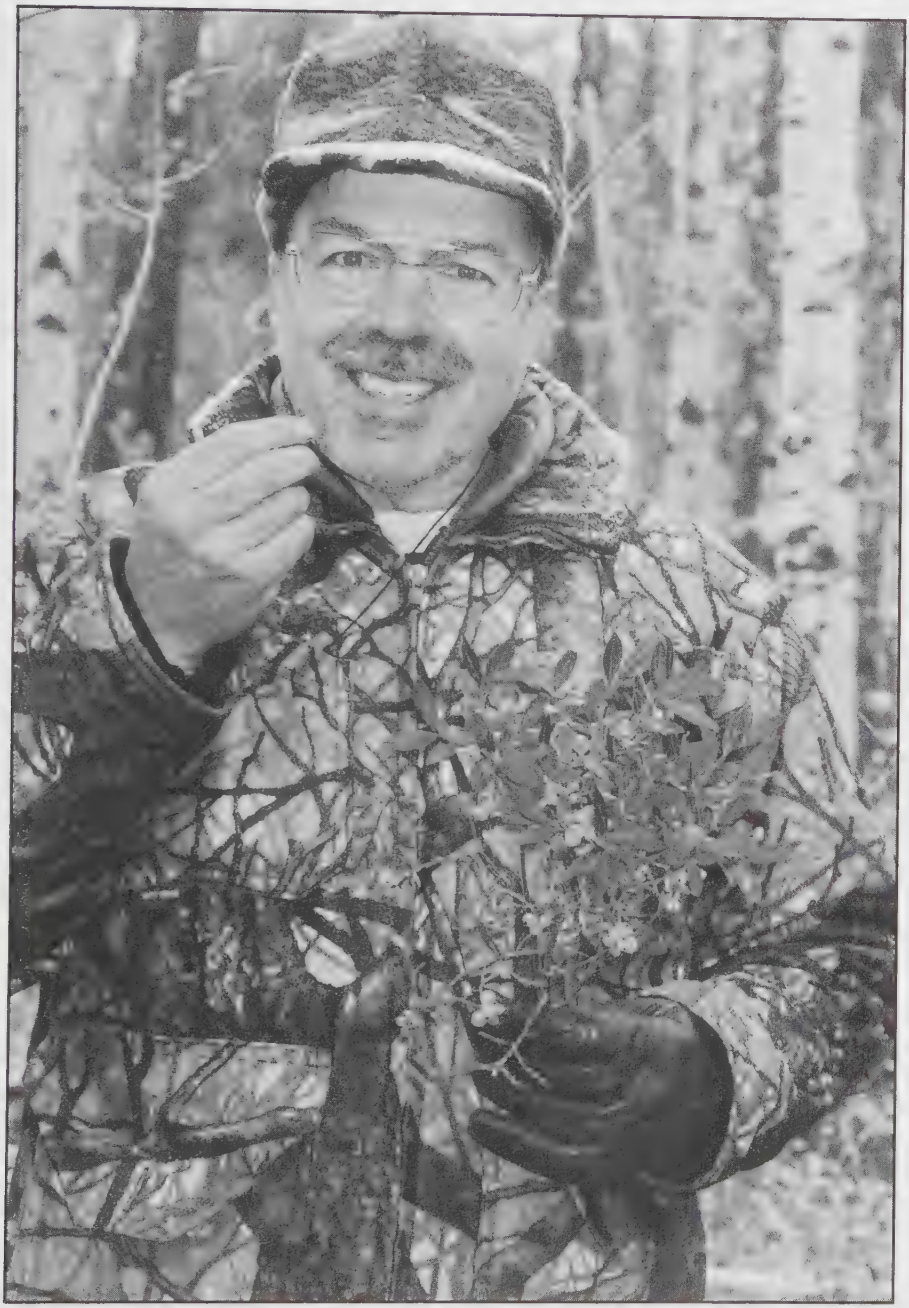
A lifetime lesson learned. And never forgotten.

Two years later, hunting alone on that same Pennsylvania mountainside, Dave spotted a yearling doe before it saw him. "The thrill of watching my arrow fly true was - and still is - a highlight of my life," he says, smiling. "This was the first deer taken by anyone in our circle of hunters and tournament shooters."

Not bad for a 13-year-old kid armed with a new Bear recurve.

During the next few years, shooting instinctively, Dave won several state target championships while competing in the intermediate class. Of the hundreds of youth tourneys he entered, Dave won all but five. But hunting had a firm hold on him. When a nearby military facility opted to use bowhunters to reduce a burgeoning deer herd, Dave entered a shooting proficiency competition and bested more than 400 hopeful applicants. And then he promptly shot a small buck on the first morning of the hunt.

"In 1966, my life changed drastically," Dave admits. "I joined the Army at



I've shared lots of hunting camps and seminar sessions with Dave. I clicked this photo of Dave sampling some wild blueberries during a Canadian fly-in adventure.

age 19 and was stationed in Colorado. I managed only a few hunts and shot one mule deer during the next two falls, but I was addicted to the Colorado high country and its elk and mule deer. After my discharge in 1968, the decision to remain in Colorado was simple, and my bowhunting went into high gear."

Dave readily confesses to mediocre success until the advent of *Bowhunter* magazine and compounds. "The magazine kept me and thousands of bowhunters connected, excited and informed," he says. "And the compound quickly became my bow of choice."

Over time, largely through trial and error experimentation, Dave learned to get the most from himself and his hunting equipment. It took him years to progress from talented target archer to successful bowhunter. He explains the process this way: "Accurate shooting alone doesn't guarantee success when hunting. It is only one of many challenges that must be handled correctly when you are staring that big six-point bull in the eye and know you will get only one chance ... Buck fever, range estimation and trajectory can also cause you to miss that all-important shot. The weakest of these skills is often what determines your success or failure as a bowhunter."

After his Army days, Dave joined the Denver Police Department as a patrol officer. He later served for 16 years on the city's SWAT team until a training accident and severe head trauma ended his promising law enforcement career. Dave suddenly found himself administratively "retired." Even worse, he was unable to walk to the mailbox outside his front door, much less go bowhunting, without running the risk of becoming lost. Determined to bounce back, he worked constantly to regain his mental and physical abilities. It was during this personally trying time frame that Dave began work on his definitive book, "Balanced Bowhunting: A Guide to Modern Bowhunting."

"[It's] my attempt to unravel some of the confusion that has shrouded modern archery for both the average and advanced bowhunter," he notes. "The research and writing of this book brought home to me the clear need for answers through controlled testing of bowhunting equipment."

First published in 1988, Dave's book garnered glowing reviews, great sales and a cult following of sorts. Some fans called it a modern classic, and I won't argue with that appellation.

Also noteworthy, Dave's "Modern Bowhunting" column has now been a prominent and popular *Bowhunter* magazine staple for nearly two decades.

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"Bowhunting should not be a contest among men. It should only be a contest between man and animal up to the time when we are successful at getting a good, close-range shot. At that moment, the hunter has already succeeded and he or she

should be proud of that success. As for making the shot, the only real competition comes from within."

— Dave Holt, "Balanced Bowhunting" Epilogue

FOR DAVE HOLT HATERS who believe he's an equipment elitist who snobbishly suggests that a hunter's tackle choice defines the individual, they can - and perhaps should - take heart at what Dave had to say about that accusation:

"After arrowing hundreds of animals, I can honestly say that good equipment helps. But the two most important assets I take to the field are knowledge and experience ...

"For me, bowhunting is about far more than equipment. It's a lifestyle. It's about sharing something I love with others. It's about wildlife, excitement, challenges, wild places, nature's beauty, memories and the real world of life and death."

That's something that all bowhunters can understand and appreciate, whether they happen to be carrying a self bow, longbow, recurve or compound.

DAVE HOLT

- Highly successful youth tournament archer; first bowhunted in native Pennsylvania at age 11; killed first whitetail two years later
- Stayed in Colorado after Army discharge; injury ended lengthy law enforcement career; began earning national reputation as successful hunter and modern archery equipment expert
- Authored widely popular contemporary book "Balanced Bowhunting: A Guide to Modern Bowhunting" (1988) and "Balanced Bowhunting II" (2004)
- *Bowhunter* magazine contributor and "Modern Bowhunting" columnist 1990-2007; hunts year-round and spends several months each year in Africa where he has taken numerous trophy animals

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

KICKING BEAR GIVES KIDS A JUMP START

Ray Howell's Vision Changes Lives

"I started smoking when I was about 12 years old. It was a big thing for me and my friends to stand on the street corner and smoke. I started drinking when I was 13 while hanging around with the wrong crowd. I was what you could call 'hell on wheels.'"

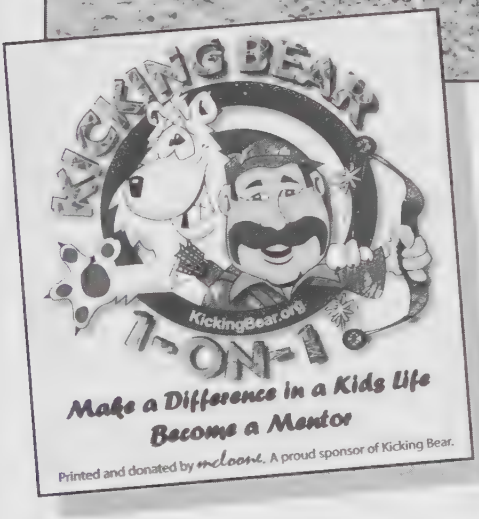
— Ray Howell

HE LOOKS LIKE A MR. CLEAN-HULK HOGAN hybrid dressed in camouflage clothing. Check him out up close and it's easy to imagine this former competitive power lifter bending steel bars with bare hands. But notice the warmth radiating from the wide smile, the sincerity evident in his soft-spoken words, and you'll quickly realize that the smile and voice belie his I-could-go-bear-hunting-with-a-switch first impression Ray Howell often etches in people's minds. And when you hear him sharing stories of his own troubled youth, you'll understand Ray's passion for helping foster kids straighten out their lives by picking up bows and arrows and stepping off city sidewalks with an adult mentor to enjoy the great outdoors.

"I was pretty much uncontrollable as a kid," Ray explains. "My dad had left my mom, my two brothers, my sister and me when I was pretty young. One day my grandparents showed up. We packed up and left Michigan to move into their two-bedroom house in Wisconsin. My mom and sister stayed in one bedroom. My brothers and I slept on the sun porch.

"My grandparents were great people, and I felt part of a real family, but then my grandfather got stomach cancer. My mom had a nervous breakdown. My brothers and I were sent to stay with foster families. This was when I started really running wild and causing all kinds of trouble."

By pure chance, Ray's dismal boyhood brightened briefly when he met a man named George. George worked on a dredge close to where Ray fished near LaCrosse. As it turned out, George was a bowhunter, and he enjoyed spinning spellbinding deer hunting tales whenever Ray dropped by on his way to the river.



This Alaskan grizzly bear provided Ray with an unforgettable bowhunting experience, as well as the name for his Kicking Bear youth mentoring program. It was guide Ron Sherer, who with wife Suzy are a veteran Idaho bowhunting team and longtime Pope & Young Club senior members, had noted that Ray's arrow had kicked the big bear's behind. The name was a natural ... and it stuck.

"One day George handed me a fiberglass bow and three arrows," Ray recalls. "Watching an arrow in flight fascinated me. And seeing that shaft bury its point in a wooden barn door was impressive. The first critter I shot was a sparrow – right out of a tree. My friends and I would flush field mice from hiding spots and shoot at them. Later, I stalked rabbits and squirrels. Those were my first 'bowhunts.'"

But not even a fascination with archery was enough to keep Ray out of trouble. Still, although he had no way of knowing it at the time, bows, arrows and hunting were destined to become the focus of his adult life.

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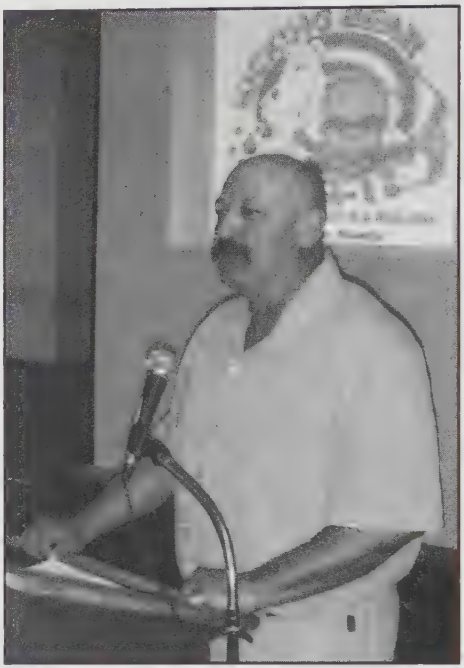
"I ran away from my foster home five times and was tossed in jail seven times before I turned 16. I read a lot of hunting magazines while in jail. Reading about hunting deer and other big game helped me escape my personal problems. I always wondered what it would be like to travel and hunt these distant places."

— Ray Howell



Ray Howell overcame a troubled childhood and today spends his time mentoring young people in need of guidance. His inspired Kicking Bear program introduces youngsters to nature, archery and other outdoor activities.

WISCONSIN SOCIAL WORKER TOM POULKEY was the man who had driven Ray to his first foster home, a dairy farm near Holmen, owned by Melvin and Alta Nelson. There the troubled youngster milked cows, mucked out stalls, attended school classes and headed straight home again to do farm chores.

"I got an allowance of $3.60 per month," Ray says. "I also got a good pair of blue jeans and a shirt to wear to class. But I was embarrassed that my school clothes always smelled like a barn."

Ray rebelled from his responsibilities and strict oversight of the Nelsons, running away when things in his young life turned especially sour. Then one day Tom Poulkey asked Ray if he'd like to go hunting. Ray jumped at the offer.

"Tom, his family and I went to a place near Black River Falls," Ray remembers. "We made some pushes through the woods. I can recall seeing a real live deer heading my way and feeling panicked because I didn't know what to do. I think it was a true case of buck fever. All I know is I'd never felt anything like that before.

"I only got to hunt with Tom and his sons four times while I was in high school. But those trips made me realize what I wanted to do in life."

During Ray's senior year, Tom Poulkey found a new foster home for Ray where the work wasn't so demanding as life on the farm. Ray tried out for the

Ray has collected most of the North American big game species; however, he's abandoned his "Super Slam" quest to devote his life to the Lord and to assisting young people find the right path to adulthood. Wife Karen assists Ray with the Kicking Bear ministry and is a favorite hunting companion.

wrestling team and made the varsity squad, but a car crash one icy night shattered his right leg in 15 places and fractured his left arm. That accident abruptly erased any dreams of prep sports glory. It also got Ray booted from his new foster home. He went to live with his grandmother until turning 18. And a short month later Ray married a girl he'd met in school.

"I was in love and extremely happy," Ray recalls. "I worked two jobs and went to welding school. Our first child, Danniela, was born the next year. Following her would be Bethanne, Mariea, Ray, Jr. and Tammy. By the age of 23 in 1978, I started my own welding business, Midwest Steel Fabricating.

"I loved my family. I also loved going hunting. I'd killed my first deer when I was 19, shooting an old Pearson recurve and wood arrows tipped with Bear Razorheads. I also did a little hunting with firearms, but it wasn't the same thrill. I'd never gotten over being fascinated by watching the flight of an arrow."

Then one day Tom Poulkey showed up at Ray's house. Seems there was a troubled youngster named Brian who needed a job and place to stay. Could Ray help? Ray not only could but did. And for the next six years - four years of high

school and two more of tech school training - Brian worked in the welding shop and joined Ray and his own kids on family hunting and fishing trips.

It was payback time for Ray. And, really, it was only the beginning.

"I saw how I helped change Brian's life," Ray explains, "and how easy it was to do that. So I called Tom and asked him if there were any other youngsters needing help. Over the next couple of years, there were seven different kids."

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"My business was very successful and profitable. And when my kids were old enough to move away from home, after my first marriage ended, I started chasing my own boyhood dreams with a passion. I discovered that Canada, Alaska and Africa were real places. My trophy room overflowed with mounts. Every dream I had became reality."

— Ray Howell

HE SET ABOUT PURSUING HIS BOWHUNTING DREAM of completing the North American Super Slam. While sharing adventures with outdoor magazine readers, along with a growing television and video audience, Ray never missed the chance to extol the importance of becoming a mentor and helping kids in need of steadying adult guidance.

"I thought that by setting an example, other sportsmen and women would follow," Ray confessed. "But it seemed that most people were more interested in my hunting adventures than the youngsters I hoped to help. One day I told my second wife, Karen, that I wanted to put on a campout and archery shoot where I could introduce kids to families and mentors just like what happened to me and the kids I had mentored."

"Kicking Bear" was born.

Interestingly, the story behind that name can be traced to the same grizzly camp along Alaska's remote Unakaleet River where Nathan Andersohn and I had hunted the hulking, hump-shouldered bears years earlier. Our guide was Ron Sherer, a longtime friend and former Pope & Young Club board member. I'd hunted with Ron several times in his native Idaho. Ron, a retired firefighter, and wife Suzy are both Pope & Young Club senior members and excellent bowhunters. They now live in Atlanta ... the tiny mountain town of Atlanta, Idaho, that is.

One day Ray suddenly saw a brute of a bruin lumbering past his treestand at less than 20 yards. Ray explains what happened next: "As the bear paused and looked across the river, I released my arrow. It flew true and passed through the bear. Roaring, he bit at the entrance wound while rolling into the water. Then before I could move the big griz was running straight at me. I stood frozen, disbelieving what I was seeing. And at the last second the bear collapsed directly under me. No more than 11 seconds had passed from the time my arrow struck.

A Michigan native and Wisconsin resident, Ray arrowed his first whitetail at 19 and continues to pursue big bucks with a passion all serious deer hunters know.

I looked at my bow and the dead bear, unable to believe what had just unfolded."

Later in the hunt, while Ray and my old friend Ron Sherer were fishing and sharing memories of their special hunting moments, Ron declared, "In the off-season I hunt mountain lion near the Indian reservations back home, and my Indian name is Man Walking in Cat Tracks. Because you kicked that grizzly bear's hind end, your name is going to be Kicking Bear."

After returning home, Ray shared the story with Karen, who in turn suggested her husband use the name Kicking Bear for an e-mail address. Ray complied and the unusual name immediately caught on. "There was no doubt in my mind what to call my youth-mentoring program. It was meant to be."

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Kicking Bear One-on-One is a nationwide mentoring program by bowhunter Ray Howell. It encourages our sportsmen and women to get involved with today's youth by becoming mentors. The campouts and shoots are a great way to introduce our youth to the outdoors and the sport of archery. The program's target is helping

Welcoming kids to archery at an early age can lay the groundwork for lifetime enjoyment, Ray notes. His Kicking Bear volunteer mentors always give youngsters an opportunity to shoot a bow and arrow. Ray's nationwide program has reached thousands.

underprivileged children or any child who hasn't been introduced to the outdoors in order to give them a mentor to look up to. Many of these children helped in the past would have never had the opportunity to experience the outdoors and the sport of archery had it not been for their mentors. By encouraging others to reach outside their homes and become mentors, we can break the cycle and put dreams in these kids' hearts that will change not only their lives, but their families' lives to come.

— "Kicking Bear" Mission Statement

THE FIRST KICKING BEAR CAMP was held in Tomah, Wisconsin. Many more followed. Soon Ray began wrestling with how to run his successful business and bowhunt around the world, yet still have the time and energy to help deserving kids.

"I talked to Karen and told her how I felt," Ray says. "We agreed to sell the business and turn our full attention to Kicking Bear. I knew it was God's will. My true calling here on earth is to help kids who, like me, find themselves in need of direction. I knew this was not just a mentoring program, but a ministry that the Lord has entrusted to Karen and me.

"I was truly tested during my youth. The Lord put me through a lot, but He taught me a lot, too. What a calling it is to help others, to be an ambassador for Christ. From being a hunter of critters to a hunter of men. I'm thankful that God gave me the right arrows. I'm doing exactly what I want to do."

It was Gander Mountain CEO Mark Baker, one of several supportive corporate sponsors of Ray's Kicking Bear program, who perhaps summed it up perfectly with these nine words:

"You're breaking the chains and giving those kids dreams."

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"The number of kids who have been taken into the outdoors each year by Kicking Bear mentors is very humbling to me. To know that thousands of kids have gotten the same opportunity I had is to know that their lives are being changed forever, just like mine. Everything happens for a reason."

— Ray Howell

THE SUPER SLAM AND PERSONAL SUCCESS no longer concern Ray. Although he needs only five more species to achieve the milestone reached only by a handful of bowhunters, Ray Howell is a happy, contented man. There is no way, he realizes now, that any bowhunting success can possibly match the satisfaction he feels when helping youngsters - over half of whom come from broken homes - pursue their own dreams. Ray's daily goal is offering positive guidance that will give direction and purpose to those young lives.

That, in my opinion, speaking as both a friend and admirer, amounts to a life well-lived.

RAY HOWELL

- Born May 5, 1954 in Wayne, Michigan; moved to grandparents' Wisconsin home as a youngster; shuttled between foster homes during troubled childhood
- Got fiberglass bow and arrows from adult friend; inspired by Howard Hill; killed first whitetail deer at age 19 using Pearson recurve bow
- Built successful business in LaCrosse, Wisconsin; bowhunted across North America, Canada and Africa, collecting hundreds of big game trophies
- Founded Kicking Bear One-on-One mentoring program to introduce kids to archery and nature; has reached and helped many thousands of deserving youngsters nationwide

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A MAN FOR ALL BOW SEASONS

Russell Hull Proves Nice Guys Can Succeed

"His consistency in taking Pope & Young Club animals speaks for itself. When people see the awesome collections of trophies Russell Hull has accounted for since 1965, they cannot help but realize that this is one bowhunter who knows his way around the woods."

I WROTE THOSE WORDS to introduce Russell's 1984 book, "Trophy Bowhunting: The Supreme Challenge." I meant 'em back then and feel they're even more appropriate now that a very special bowhunter and longtime friend is entering the early November of a lengthy and memorable career.

The funny thing is that it almost didn't happen. It all began when Russell's adventurous daddy headed west by rail from New York as an excited but unrealistic 18-year-old kid. Running out of money somewhere on the western Kansas prairies, he promptly got booted off the train he was riding. And while being flat broke in Hill City, Kansas, might have abruptly discouraged most any teenager and turned him toward home right then and there, it didn't rattle Russell's dad-to-be.

"My father went to work on the wheat and milo farm where I was born and still live," Russell remembers. "I grew up there, got married, raised three daughters and farmed all my life. I also spent 35 years working the swing shift at a local power plant."

In his so-called spare time, he founded an archery manufacturing company that produced Cover Up human scent camouflage, deer lures and calls. A talented artist and musician, Russell sketched wildlife to relax. And for over three decades now he's played his toe-tapping music at area dance halls and churches.

"One evening my wife Joan and I were shopping and happened to walk into a sporting goods store. The archery section caught my eye, and I paused to take a look. Things have never been the same since."

Russell left that Kansas store toting a brand new Bear Tamerlane recurve target bow with a draw weight of 43 pounds. He started a regular routine of

It's always struck me as ironic that one of the nation's best whitetail hunters is allergic to deer. Look closely at this 1987 photo of Russell posing with a Kansas buck and you'll notice that he's wearing latex gloves to prevent a sudden case of the red-eyed sniffles.

plinking arrows at backyard targets, teaching himself to shoot instinctively. "I never dreamed of bowhunting," he admits. "Kansas didn't even have a deer season back then, and there were no archery clubs in my area. I finally managed to get my wife and a friend into shooting bows, and occasionally I'd come across a copy of Roy Hoff's *Archery Magazine*. It really inspired me."

Seven years later when Kansas belatedly opened its first deer season in 1965, Russell and his buddy were the only two bowhunters in their entire home county. "We didn't know what we were doing, but we hunted hard and after six weeks I managed to stalk within 13 yards of a big-antlered buck that scored 143⅜ Pope & Young Club inches." Reportedly, that buck was the first legally bow-killed deer in Graham County. Russell was 29 years old and still shooting that dated Bear Tamerlane recurve.

"I was hooked," Russell says, "but little did I know that it would be another 10 years before I was to shoot my second Pope & Young Club whitetail. I had a lot to learn about deer hunting and bowhunting, but the same was true for almost everyone at that time because deer hunting was new in Kansas."

Truth be told, little did Russell or anyone know what the future held in store for this fledgling bowhunter. The man whose lengthy list of lifetime accomplishments almost never happened had just taken the first step of a long journey leading to national recognition as one of North America's best deer hunters.

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I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT A BIT IRONIC that such a pre-eminent whitetail hunter is allergic to deer. But it's true. Deer make Russell Hull cry.

"I'm highly allergic," Russell confides. "The minute I have a deer down and touch its hair, I'm in deep trouble. My eyes immediately become irritated, itchy and swollen. It makes me simply miserable ... unless it's a really big buck. Maybe this is why I trophy hunt. I'm not going to touch a deer unless he's a good one. If the buck's really big, I manage to suffer through the ordeal.

"It's tough," he adds with a wide smile, "but somebody's got to do it, right?"

*****

A SELF-DESCRIBED "SERIOUS TROPHY HUNTER" since 1977, Russell said by then he felt he'd already arrowed enough game to start passing up lesser bucks and drawing only on wall-hangers. The fact that he hunts in mostly open country, where local deer are pressured and habitat cover is sparse, made his decision even more remarkable and his bowhunting challenge more daunting.

But Russell's no long-range arrow flinger. Visit his trophy room and check out the small cards listing details of each kill. Only two of the displayed trophies were arrowed beyond 20 yards, mute testimony to a bowhunter's ability to get

Bowstrings or guitar strings, it makes no difference. Russell is a successful bowhunter as well as a talented musician and songwriter. I snapped this photo of him picking a tune during a summertime visit to my Montana home in the late 1990s.

In his spare time Russell creates wildlife paintings in his home studio. Many of his subjects are the game birds and animals he's hunted across the open prairies and high in the Rocky Mountains.

close to game. As far as hunting tackle is concerned, he's connected while shooting stickbows instinctively and compounds equipped with sight pins. Proof positive a good hunter can fill tags consistently shooting any legal archery setup.

"To me it's all about ethics," he says. "I don't care what type of bow a hunter uses to kill an animal. It's not the bow that makes a bowhunter. It's the man behind the bow! If he doesn't know the meaning of the word ethics, he's not a bowhunter.

"What I'm trying to say is don't get hung up on whether a person is using a longbow, recurve or compound. Look at the person not as a shooter but a hunter."

In his prime, before aches, injuries and advancing age slowed him down, Russell "hunted" big bucks year-round by scouting and studying whitetails in the off-season. If not sitting in a portable tree stand or ground blind, he would try stalking or still-hunting whenever wet or windy weather conditions permitted. Moving around allowed him to keep tabs on what's happening inside his hunting area - and accounted for big deer, too. Russell says he preferred still-hunting during the rut and tagged half a dozen or more bucks while easing quietly along at ground level. That ground hunting total included three Pope & Young Club whitetails, his largest bucks scoring in the high 150s and mid-160s.

A lifelong farmer, Russell Hull also marketed Cover Up deer scent, deer calls and other hunting accessories until 1999.

Post season would find him scouting deer as they become less nocturnal more visible again. He'd walk their trails and note obvious scrapes bucks left along rub lines while searching for their shed antlers. Honestly, it was not unusual for Russell to walk 50 to 80 miles during a three-month late-winter scouting period. Spring turkey season provided additional opportunities to head afield. And the summer months found Russell glassing the open fields where whitetails emerged and fed. He kept detailed notebooks to help plot hunting strategy when opening day rolled around.

The efforts paid off. Russell Hull's big whitetail hunting record is even more enviable - and amazing - when you consider his home hunting area. True, Kansas is known for its whopper bucks, and a former archery world record non-typical whitetail - Ol' Mossy Horns - came from neighboring Nebraska. But drive through this rolling and tree-scarce terrain and I predict whitetail hunting won't be the first thing that springs to mind. I know. I've done it. Yet

While Russell specializes in bowhunting record book whitetails on the Kansas prairies, he's also collected elk, pronghorns, black bears, cougar and mule deer on travels to Colorado and surrounding states. He's also a diehard turkey hunter.

the best deer hunters play the hand that's dealt them. Even with the odds stacked against him, Russell came up holding aces and face cards more times than not.

Besides routinely tagging oversized Kansas whitetails and an occasional longbeard, the hunter from Hill City sometimes crossed state lines to arrow big mule deer, elk, pronghorn antelope, black bears, mountain lions and varmints.

"I've never been to Alaska or Africa," he admits, "but when it comes right down to it, it's not the trophies a hunter hangs on his wall but the places the journey takes him and the people he meets along the way."

Now in his early 70s, Russell continues to bowhunt, most often in the company of a son-in-law who's only recently discovered the thrill and challenge of bowhunting. Their last season was a good one, too. Kansas turkeys. Colorado pronghorns. And just as in years past, Russell arrowed yet another whopper whitetail not far from his Hill City farm, proving he still possesses a master's touch.

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ONE SUMMER WHEN RUSSELL AND JOAN HULL were visiting at our Montana home, he provided the evening's entertainment with a professional quality guitar and vocal performance. For me, it was the perfect comple-

ment to our lengthy bowhunting bull session. The very next morning at breakfast, Russell announced he was writing a new song titled "I Broke Your House."

Seems he'd slipped stepping out of our guest room shower, grabbed a wooden towel bar and snapped it like a dead limb. I, for one, confess that I love a creative guy who'll admit he breaks houses and then segues into yet another memorable big buck hunting story without missing a beat.

But that's just Russell Hull, one of the nicest - and best - deer hunters I've ever met.

RUSSELL HULL

- Late-blooming bowhunter; bought Bear recurve target bow at age 22 and taught himself to shoot
- Stalked within 13 yards and killed first deer - a Pope & Young whitetail buck - during the initial Kansas deer season in 1965
- Serious trophy hunter since 1977; gained well deserved reputation as one of North America's best deer hunters; founded G&R Trophy Products, Inc.
- Authored "Trophy Bowhunting: The Supreme Challenge" in 1984
- Senior member of the Pope & Young Club

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

HE CHANGED BOWHUNTING FOREVER

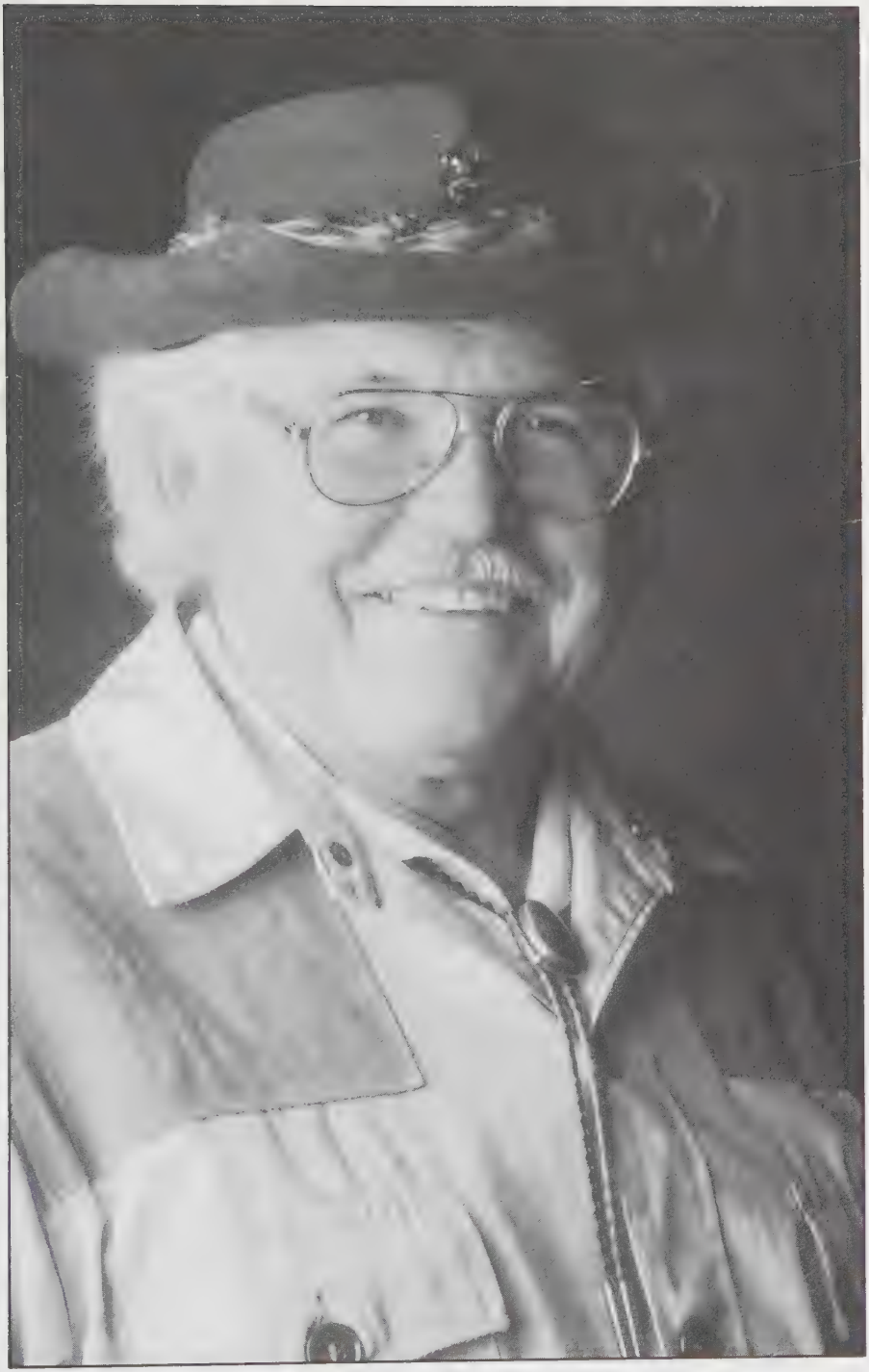
Tom Jennings, "Mr. Compound Bow"

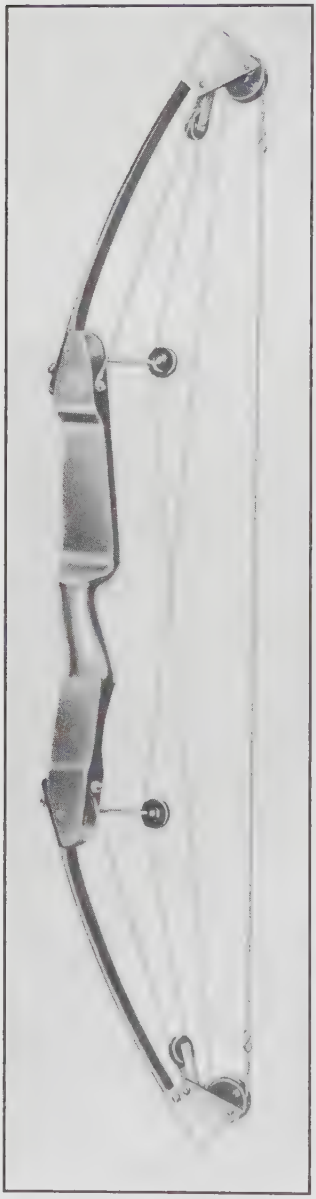
"During a two-week late summer 1972 bowhunt in Colorado and Utah, I killed three muley bucks and summed up the performance of my new Jennings compound with these words: 'As a hunting bow, it is an amazingly fast, flat-shooting weapon. A compound bow also may well be the ugliest bow ever devised.'"

— M. R. James, *The Bowhunter's Handbook*

I NEVER KNEW ARCHER Dr. Claude. J. Lapp, the man widely credited with sketching designs for the first mechanical bow while in creative throes of inspiration - during the 1930s! And I never met Holless Wilbur Allen, the inventive Missouri deer hunter who in June of 1966, after years of experimentation, finally filed for a patent on an "archery bow with draw force multiplying attachments." But in the '70s I did meet and befriend Tom Jennings, the talented and visionary West Coast bowyer who did more to introduce and popularize compound bows than anyone else in 20th century archery history. Briefly, here's the story of the compound bow and Tom's role in launching bowhunting's most hailed and hated invention.

Although born in Arkansas, Tom Jennings grew up in southern California's San Fernando Valley where he built his first bow from a hickory stave at age 11. Soon young Tom was successfully stalking area jackrabbits, but his official bowhunting career didn't really start until after a stint in the Air Force. It was 1946 when Tom arrowed his first deer with a Bear recurve. He also tagged wild boars, Catalina goats, javelina and a cougar. Tom earned his living in the heating and air conditioning business and in his spare time became increasingly active in weekly National Field Archery Association (NFAA) competitions. He began tinkering with designing his own longbows and recurves, and in 1953 Tom teamed up with M. R. "Smitty" Smithwick to open S&J Archery in North Hollywood. In '56, Tom bought out his partner and began crafting state-of-the-art recurves. His sweet-shooting Citation bows quickly became popular with many area archers. Over the next decade Tom crafted and sold more than





Early compound bows, like this Allen Speedster model, were not much for looks but provided more speed than most conventional recurves and longbows of that era.

25,000 custom recurves, pioneering the use of exotic hardwoods in his bows' risers and various grip designs.

Meanwhile, unknown to Tom Jennings, Kansas City, Missouri, bowhunter H. W. Allen began tinkering with bow designs that incorporated a block-and-tackle effect. "All I was trying to develop," Allen explained in 1961, "was a bow that would get an arrow to a 10- to 25-yard target – a deer – before that target could move."

Admittedly no professional engineer, Allen had learned basic engineering principles while in the service. Upon his discharge, he returned to Missouri and to bowhunting Show Me State whitetails. Simply stated, Allen's quest for a faster hunting bow resulted from his frustration with having deer jump the string and dodge his hunting arrows.

Working from Dr. Lapp's decades-old compound bow designs, Allen first experimented with sawed-off recurves fitted with concentric pulleys. He was convinced that somehow it was possible to create a bow capable of storing more foot-pounds of energy and shooting faster arrows than any existing conventional hunting bow. The trial and error design efforts continued for several years, then in 1965 Allen settled on using eccentric pulleys to finally perfect his invention. Excited, he quickly began contacting bow manufacturing companies hoping to find someone willing to mass produce and market his new mechanical bow. The indifferent reception that greeted Allen quickly cooled his enthusiasm. It soon was clear that if his compound bow was ever to be made and marketed, he'd have to do it himself.

But one man duly impressed by Allen's invention was Tom Jennings. In addition to his S&J Archery business, Tom penned a technical archery column for *TAM, The Archer's Magazine.* Fatefully, in 1966 Allen had shipped a prototype

The only two compound bow companies to advertise in early *Bowhunter* issues were Allen and Jennings. Of course, they were the only two companies making compounds in the early 1970s.

compound bow to the magazine's Pennsylvania office. Editor Sherwood Schoch subsequently contacted Tom and asked him to test it, then prepare an authoritative assessment for *TAM* readers.

"I am very enthusiastic about this new bow," Tom wrote after putting the Allen compound though a variety of technical tests. "I feel it is the first really new concept to come into bow design in the past 1,000 years. With research and development, it should develop into a fine, useable and practical bow."

Beginning in 1967, Allen introduced a limited number of four-wheeled compound bows bearing his name. That same year he licensed Tom Jennings to manufacture compounds under the Jennings label.

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FROM THE FIRST MOMENT Tom held and shot Allen's revolutionary bow, he intuitively sensed the potential of compounds in both target archery and bowhunting. And once officially licensed under Allen's bow patent (No. 3,486,495), Tom enthusiastically dedicated himself to improving both the looks and performance of the compound bow. He changed the company name to Jennings Compound Bows and halted his recurve production.

"There was no reason to continue building recurves," Tom explained. "The compound bow was the ultimate."

I snapped this photo of "Mr. Compound Bow" and sales rep Sherwood Schoch (in dark shirt) checking out a customer's Jennings during an Anderson Archery Clinic in the early 1980s.

Veteran California bowhunter Doug Kittredge, himself a diehard recurve shooter and the owner of Kittredge Bow Hut in Mammoth Lakes, tells of receiving a telephone call from Tom, a longtime friend. Tom urged him to meet and check out a prototype Jennings compound. Frankly, Kittredge was not at all impressed with Tom's "birdcage" bow, describing it as a weird-looking, heavy and ultra-noisy contraption fitted with a confusing array of pulleys and cables.

Just shut up and shoot, Tom coaxed.

And when Doug finally did draw and release, he admits that his jaw dropped. The bow's unexpected let-off and the speed of the arrow zipping toward a downrange target were simply amazing. The bow's only obvious drawbacks were its unwieldy weight, clunky appearance and rattletrap clatter. But like millions of bowhunters to come, Doug Kittredge quickly became hooked on the new bow design. And like Tom, he knew that once refined and developed to its potential, the compound would leave an indelible, lasting mark on all of archery.

In truth, these newfangled mechanical bows were slow to catch on. Immediately condemned by many old school traditionalists but enthusiasti-

Twenty-first century Jennings compounds aren't your grandfather's bow. I asked Tom to pose for this photo to show how far his bows have come since the late 1960s.

cally embraced by some 20th century shooters, early compounds were more a curiosity than a craze. By 1971, when *Bowhunter* magazine was first published, only two companies - Allen and Jennings - were producing and selling compounds. Early Allen ads boasted "knock-down power no other bow can approach," while Jennings simply advertised its compound as "The Fast One." But to date only about 1,200 Jennings compounds had been sold. (After Frank Ketcham won the NFAA Nationals shooting a Jennings compound, that number would jump to 8,500 in over the next year and a quarter while compound bow production fell 18 months behind schedule!)

MATHEWS ... IT'S MATT-NIFICENT!

Matt McPherson

MANY MODERN BOWHUNTERS know all about the Mathews center-shot compound bows and their single-cam technology that first rocked and then revitalized a languishing archery industry back in 1992. Easy to tune and keep in tune, the Mathews SoloCam compounds - with a cam at one end and an idler wheel at the opposite end - quickly caught on with bowhunters and 3-D shooters alike. No more "out of synch" bows. No more uneven thrust adversely affecting arrow flight. Soon other bow manufacturers were busy following Mathews' lead and playing catch-up. Today, a decade and half later, single-cam bows rule the bow market. That's common knowledge.

Yet I'll bet that very few folks know how early in life Matt McPherson, the man behind Mathews, got started in the bow-making business. I know because Matt first contacted me while he was still in high school in Edina, Minnesota. The year was 1973 and *Bowhunter* magazine was barely two years old.

Matt's letter contained a snapshot of him drawing a compound bow using recurved limbs. "I made everything except the cable and bow string," he wrote. "I seem to get more speed out of recurve limbs than out of straight limbs set at the same poundage. I'd be interested in knowing if you or some of your readers know of anyone else who has a compound using recurved limbs and how it worked for them.

"Out of six magazines that come to our house," he concluded, "yours is by far the most interesting. I only wish it was a monthly magazine."

I test-shot both brands and opted for the quality and performance of the Jennings model. The Allen compound seemed less stable in my bow hand and overly noisy. I remember telling a friend that each time I released an arrow, it sounded as if I'd just dropped a garbage can lid. Hyperbole, yes. But it's a fairly accurate description. Quite likely, other shooters noted this same distinction between Allen and Jennings bows.

Despite considerable initial resistance by state conservation departments and some organized archery groups, the Jennings plant steadily expanded its compound production and sales. Meanwhile, Tom continued to refine and cul-

I published Matt's 1973 letter in our "Talk Between Bowmen" column, and a framed copy of that old magazine clipping hangs in Mathews' headquarters in Sparta, Wisconsin. During my first visit there, Matt explained that he and his brother, Randy, had been introduced to bowhunting by their minister/musician father while they were still kids. The two creative boys crafted their first bows from Minnesota saplings and later received 20-pound fiberglass Ben Pearson bows from their dad. In junior and senior high, the McPherson brothers talked their Edina High shop teacher into letting them make bows as a class project.

"I stopped by a store in town one day and discovered my first *Bowhunter* magazine there on the magazine rack," Matt said. "It's been a favorite ever since."

Seems the die was cast. After school, Matt started his own company – McPherson Archery – in Austin, Minnesota, and introduced the very first high-let-off compounds. Eventually, Matt sold his business to other investors. He later launched Mathews, Inc. and reorganized his family's McPherson Music business in 1995. Ironically, shortly after unveiling the SoloCam in '92, Matt sold his revolutionary single-cam patent to Bear Archery for operating capital, and in 1993 Bear unveiled the Jennings UniForce model, featuring a new OneCam System. Mathews retained the right to produce single-cam bows and collect royalties. Bear subsequently licensed certain companies to manufacture their own one-cam bows.

Today Matt's successful Wisconsin-based companies produce energy-efficient bows and high-end acoustic instruments that have grabbed the attention of archers and musicians alike. Matt holds about two dozen patents and serves as CEO of both companies, which have some 200 employees and also manufacture outdoors gear, fishing tackle and archery accessories. For the record, approximately 100,000 Mathews bows are produced annually.

Not bad for a creative and unforgettable Minnesota kid whose passion for bows and acoustic guitars was destined to bring him international recognition for quality products and first-class service.

The Archery Hall of Fame Class of 1999 included Tom Jennings, Floyd Eccleston (center) and Dick Lattimer of Bear Archery fame. That's Hall executive director Don Clark (left), my longtime *Bowhunter* magazine partner.

tivate the bows bearing his name. In 1974 the Jennings Model T, archery's first two-wheel, round-wheel compound, was unveiled and quickly proved popular. Over 65,000 were sold within 15 months. Concurrently, throughout this same period, Tom Jennings funded an educational crusade throughout North America. Tom visited with numerous state fish and game officials. A new business partner, pro archer John Williamson, and former *TAM* Editor Sherwood Schoch, who also was competing on the professional archery circuit while serving as an industry rep, created a traveling Compound Bow Appreciation program which they presented to dealers and other interested individuals. Their collective goal was to have all compound bows legalized for both hunting and archery tournament competition.

In retrospect, it's interesting to note that in late 1975 Doug Kittredge sent me a photo of a huge Arizona elk he'd just killed. That bull turned out to be the new Pope & Young Club world record elk. Doug's bow? A Jennings compound. And in '76, slightly less than a full decade after the first compounds were sold, Georgia became the last holdout state to legalize the use of compound bows for deer hunting with passage of House Bill 1458. In fact, by April of '76, the following manufacturing companies were licensed under Allen's patent: Astro Bows, Bear Archery Co., Bingham Archery, Brunswick Corporation (Pearson), Carroll's Archery Products, Cravotta Bros., Inc., Damon Howatt Archery Mfg. Corp., Diversified Automation, Graham's Custom Bows, Olympus Archery, Co., Precision Shooting Equipment Co., Rigid Archery Products, Inc., Rocky Mountain Archery, and Wing Archery Co. And this was only the beginning,

really. Before the end of the 1970s virtually every North American bow company - more than 25 companies in all - was producing compounds.

H. W. Allen - who rightfully earned "The Father of the Compound Bow" sobriquet - died in a Missouri car crash in 1979; however, he did live long enough to see his revolutionary bow design become not just reality but the overwhelming bow of choice with bowhunters and tourney competitors alike. Today it's estimated that about eight out of every ten bowhunters carry a compound into the deer woods.

Little wonder. After all, the biggest edge a compound shooter has is the ability to remain at full draw longer. Any bowhunter who has experienced the muscle-burning, arm-trembling agony of holding a recurve or longbow at full draw while waiting for a nearby animal to turn or step into open, knows all too well that a mechanical bow's "hold-ability" is a distinct bowhunting advantage.

Today's high let-off, featherweight, high-speed compounds are light years away from those first Allen and Jennings models in appearance and performance. And it's safe to say that without Tom Jennings' early day engineering research, marketing savvy, and coordinated promotional efforts, 21st century compound bows would not be enjoying their ongoing success and popularity.

TOM JENNINGS

- Born in Arkansas in 1924, raised in California; built first bow at age 11
- Successful North Hollywood-based bowyer; obtained first Allen patent to produce compound bows under the Jennings label in 1967
- Actively worked to legalize compounds for hunting and tournament competition; introduced first two-wheel compound model in 1974; enjoyed long and successful career designing and manufacturing quality compounds
- Consultant on Jennings line of bows after Bear Archery acquired Jennings Compounds in 1983; consultant to Escalade Sports on complete line of Jennings products
- Inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame in 1999; established resort facility on Caribbean island of Roatan

CHAPTER NINETEEN

TO HELL AND BACK

Police Officer/Bowhunter Will Jimeno Is a True Survivor

Five of us grabbed our air packs and helmets and other gear and headed out. We got on the elevator and went down to the Mall Level and made our way across toward Tower Two. As we turned into a connecting corridor leading to Tower One, we suddenly heard a terrible rumbling noise. I looked out onto the street and saw a fireball the size of my house hit the pavement. Then everything around us started shaking. "Run!" Sarge yelled. "Run to the left."

We were running down a hallway between the Twin Towers. Dominick was first. I went second. Sarge was third. Antonio and Chris brought up the rear. As we ran we held our helmets in place, the Scott Air Packs bouncing against our backs. I looked up when the lights began to flicker. That's when the overhead concrete started to break apart and fall ...

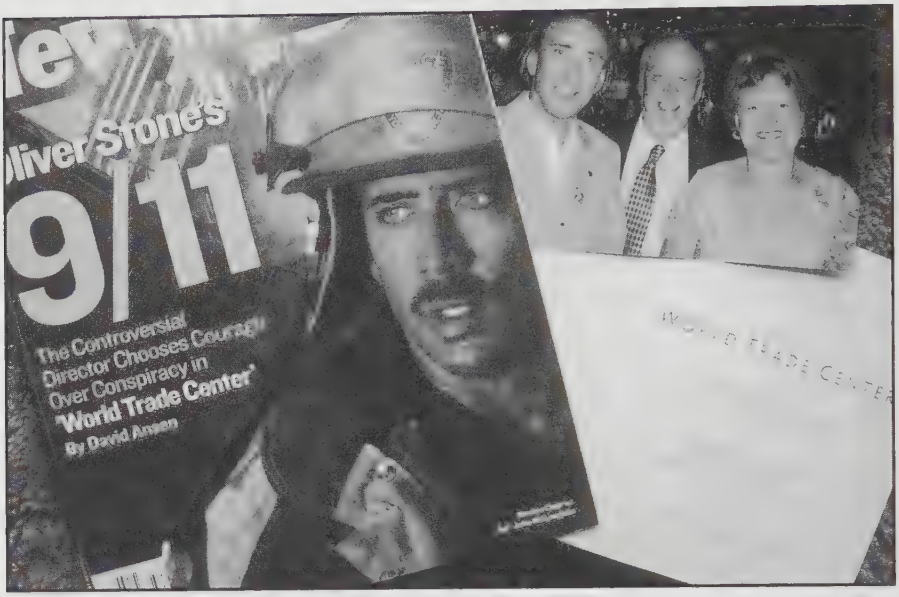
Suddenly the floor buckled and the ceiling collapsed, burying us in the hallway under a mountain of twisted steel and shattered concrete. I found myself pinned on my left side, trapped from the waist down. I was lying on my air pack, my right knee in the air with my right foot buried in a pile of rebar and concrete. Directly above me was a space about 24 inches high. Off to my right I could see a hole in the rubble where some daylight was filtering in. The air was full of dust and smoke. The lower half of my body felt as if it had been crushed. I was in considerable pain.

— "From the Rubble," *Bowhunter* Magazine, January/February 2003

PORT AUTHORITY POLICE DEPARTMENT Officer Will Jimeno almost went bowhunting for New Jersey whitetails on that terrible Tuesday, September 11, 2001. Instead, as I wrote in my *Bowhunter* magazine feature article quoted above, the PAPD rookie decided to save his personal day for later in the deer season and reported for duty at the Port Authority Bus Terminal in midtown Manhattan. It was a decision that nearly cost Will his life.

Thirty-seven of his fellow PAPD officers - including three members of Sarge and Will's five-man rescue team - perished that fateful morning when the World Trade Center's burning towers imploded and fell. Will and squad leader Sgt. John McLoughlin were the sole Port Authority policemen pulled gravely

September 11 survivor and avid bowhunter Will Jimeno tagged his first Pope & Young Club whitetail on an eastern Colorado bowhunt that we shared in 2003. I snapped this photo of Will and his father-in-law, Paul Guardiano, posing with Will's big buck.



Janet and I were Will's special guests at the New York premiere of "World Trade Center" in August of 2006. He introduced us to the movie's cast and director Oliver Stone, who referred to me as "that bow and arrow guy." Nicholas Cage and I talked about – you guessed it – archery.

injured but alive from the smoking rubble. Their miraculous survival story was the focus of the dramatically powerful and critically acclaimed 2006 Paramount film, "World Trade Center."

Oscar-winning actor Nicholas Cage portrayed Sarge McLoughlin in the movie, and Michael Pena played Will Jimeno. While researching his screen role, Pena accompanied Will on New Jersey bowhunts during the 2004 deer season. Academy Award winner Oliver Stone directed "World Trade Center," with Will and Sarge serving as technical advisors and consultants to guarantee accuracy. On August 3, 2006, my wife, Janet, and I attended the film's premiere as Will's guests at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York City. There we met the "WTC" film cast and many of the heroic police and firemen who comprised rescue squads on 9/11. It was an unforgettable night that made us proud to be Americans.

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A LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE CALL launched my friendship with Will Jimeno. At that time in late 2001 Will was a patient at the Kessler Rehab Center in West Orange, New Jersey, recovering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and eight surgeries on his crushed legs. "I was going stir crazy,"

An admitted city boy, Will was first introduced to bowhunting by his future wife, Allison Guardiano and her father, Paul. Will and Allison were guests of *Bowhunter*, Mossy Oak and Primos Calls at the 2003 Archery Trade Association Show in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Will admits. "I asked my therapists if I could set up a target and shoot a bow. They helped me put up a target, and I started flinging arrows each day from 15 to 20 yards away. They even took photos of me practicing from my wheelchair. It was really great physical and mental therapy.

"My wife, Allison, suggested that I also reach out to some of my personal bowhunting heroes - Toxey Haas, M. R. James and Will Primos - to let them know how much bowhunting means and how much they inspire guys like me," Will adds. "I just wanted to let them know how special their work is and how they touch our lives in ways that words cannot express. For that, I offer them my sincere thanks."

In January of '03, Mossy Oak, *Bowhunter* magazine and Primos Hunting Calls chipped in to buy Will and Allison Jimeno first-class plane tickets to Indianapolis so they could attend the Archery Trade Association's (ATA) annual show as special guests. There we introduced them to industry notables and helped to raise thousands of dollars for PAPD widows and orphans of the 9/11 disaster. It was a memorable and unforgettable meeting for everyone involved.

An admitted city boy who rarely ventured from the New Jersey or New York sidewalks, Will confessed that his interest in archery and bowhunting had been kindled by wife-to-be Allison Guardiano in 1993. Seems Allison's father, Paul, was an enthusiastic, experienced archer and bowhunter who sold Will his

While in rehab for the devastating injuries suffered in the 9/11 attack, Will contracted his favorite archery personalities including Will Primos. Here the two Wills pose for a photo with wives Mary Primos and Allison Jinemo.

first bow, a Hoyt Spectra. Soon Will and Allison were spending countless hours at a local practice range. As his shooting form improved and his groups tightened under Allison's patient coaching, Will began dropping hints that he'd like to try hunting deer that fall.

"Not yet," Paul said, encouraging patience and explaining the ethical responsibility necessary whenever attempting to tag an animal with the bow and arrow. By the following deer season, physically and mentally ready at last, Will – now engaged to be married – joined Allison and Paul at a 500-acre farm in New Jersey's Hunterdon County. On only his third hunt, Will tagged his first whitetail – an alfalfa-fed button buck – after making a clean, one-shot kill.

"It was incredible," recalled Will. "And it had little to do with killing the deer. That was part of it, of course, but what I remember was being alone in the quiet woods as the sun came up, hearing the birds and squirrels beginning to stir and finally seeing a couple of deer coming my way. I'd never had an experience like that. It's something I'll never forget."

Other unforgettable experiences followed. For Will. And for me. Below are the opening paragraphs that I wrote after our first hunt together:

*****

THE BLOOD-SPATTERED LEAVES *beneath my treestand puzzled me. Shortly after first light I'd drawn on a burly 10-pointer that strode under the tree, but because it was early in my hunt, I had not released an arrow. Certainly, no one else had hunted this particular fence line stand. I couldn't help but wonder, "What the devil is going on?"*

Following the fresh droplets a short distance along a weedy tractor trail, I finally realized what this fresh blood sign meant, and the obvious answer smacked me between the eyes. I was backtracking Will's whopper buck!

"The Tamarack Buck," *Bowhunter Whitetail Special* 2004

"I hit him good," Will had told me the previous evening. "He was standing broadside only 30 yards away. But it was getting pretty dark when Jess [Moats] finally checked for blood sign. He followed the spotty trail 50 yards or so into the tamaracks. We backed off rather than pushing things after dark. We decided to wait till morning, agreeing to meet back at the hay bale blind an hour and a half after sunrise."

Not surprisingly, I'd opted to wait for daylight in my morning stand, just in case the buck's big brother ambled past. I climbed down moments before I saw landowner Billy Dowen's truck bouncing across the field toward Will's nearby blind. And that's when I'd first seen the puzzling blood trail under my stand.

Could it be?

It could. And it was. We found Will's big buck sprawled in a corner of the field perhaps another 100 yards past my fence line stand. And in addition to Will, Jess and Billy, that "we" included Will's father-in-law, Paul Guardiano, who was every bit as thrilled as Will. Almost.

"I'll be talking about my Colorado hunt until my last day on earth," Will said. "Spending time with my father-in-law, who along with Allison introduced me to bowhunting, made things extra special.

"Ever since 9/11 my doctor had been working to get me to 'feel' and 'show' something. I'd emotionally numbed myself after seeing my friends and other people die. But that first morning in my Colorado blind I cried for the first time since leaving the hospital. I guess it's the fact I was living a personal dream. So many people died without reaching their dreams. I feel so lucky ..."

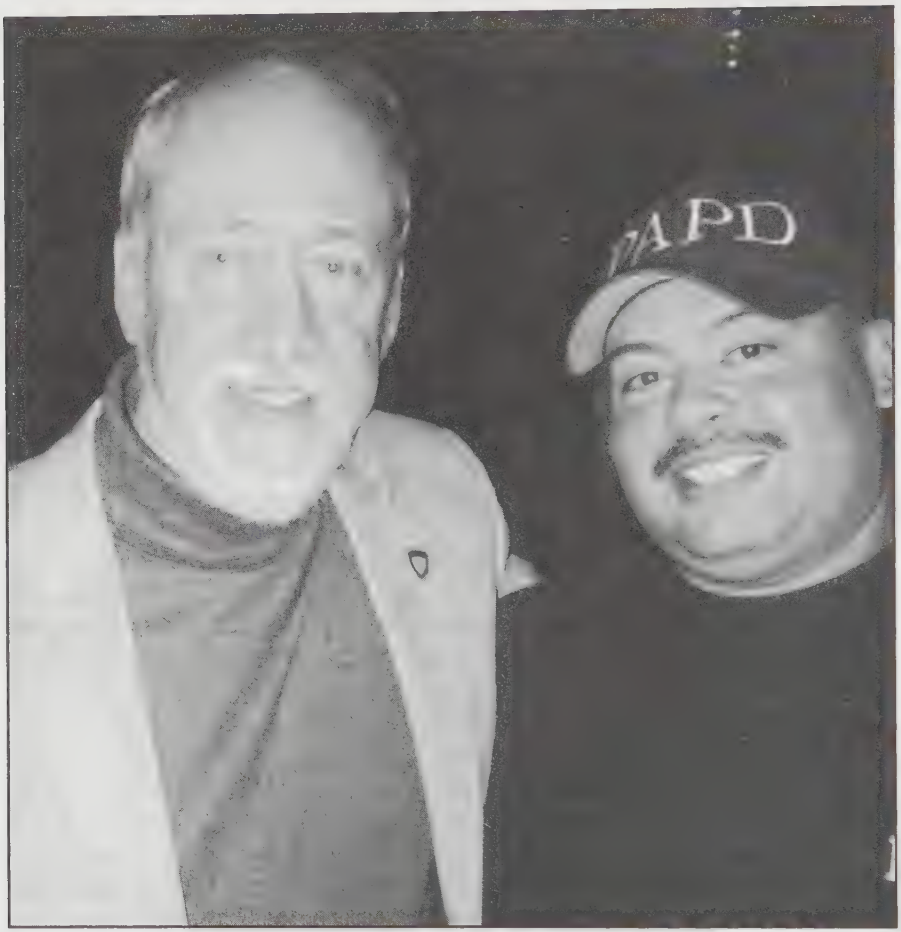
Hugs. High fives. Handshakes. We shared 'em all standing there over Will's thick-antlered buck. It was a moment I wouldn't have missed for anything.

And after I officially measured Will's big whitetail the following summer, we celebrated again when the deer's score easily exceeded the 125-inch minimum for Pope & Young Club record book entry. Sweet icing on an already tasty cake!

*****

WHEN TRAPPED UNDER TONS of smoking September 11 rubble, Will had ample time to ponder all the things he would miss if help didn't come.

"I took time to make my peace with God," Will said. "I thanked Him for 33 great years and for letting me become a police officer. I asked Him to look after Allison and my children. I said if I had to die here, while trying to help other people, that was OK. I just wanted my family to be proud of me. I knew that



Thirty-seven of Will's fellow Port Authority Police Department officers perished when the Twin Towers fell on 9/11. We became friends after he called me and I wrote a magazine feature titled "From the Rubble." That *Bowhunter* magazine article detailed the story of Will and Sgt. John McLoughlin's steadfast courage and incredible survival that terrible September day.

someday we'd be reunited in heaven. The only thing that really hurt was knowing that if I died I'd never see and hold my new baby." *[Editor's Note: Will's wife was seven months pregnant at the time.]*

As the long, painful hours slipped by, Will survived being crushed, nearly burned alive by occasional fireballs and almost shot by 15 ricocheting rounds fired from a dead partner's 9 mm pistol that grew overheated by burning rubble. Since none of those things had killed him, Will began to believe that maybe he wasn't meant to die after all.

"Patience," Will said. "I knew that's what I needed, just like on a deer stand. I told myself to make believe I was bowhunting. You know the peace you enjoy in the woods always makes the hours pass faster. Just imagine that you're hunting.

"I kept talking with Sarge, too, even though I couldn't see him. We fed off each other, keeping our minds busy talking about our families. I told him about Allison and our daughter Bianca and the new baby coming. He told me about his wife and four kids. That kept us going. That helped us forget our pain."

And finally, about 8 p.m., some 10 hours after the Twin Towers fell, help arrived. Risking their lives working in cramped spaces amid unstable debris, NYPD Emergency Service Unit rescue teams eventually freed Will Jimeno and Sgt. John McLoughlin. Will was carried to the surface at 11 p.m. on September 11. Sarge was hoisted from the rubble at 7 a.m. on September 12. Their crippling injuries would eventually force both PAPD officers to accept physical disability retirement.

Will and Allison Jimeno's second daughter, Olivia, was born on November 26, 2001, her father's 34th birthday. Talk about the perfect gift!

WILL JIMENO

- Born in Colombia, South America, but raised in Hackensack, New Jersey; became a United States citizen and later served in the U. S. Navy
- Studied law enforcement at a local community college and worked part-time as a security guard prior to joining the Port Authority Police Department (PAPD)
- Taught archery by future wife and father-in-law in 1993; tagged first deer in 1995; continues to bowhunt at every opportunity
- Served as consultant and advisor on the 2006 Oliver Stone movie "World Trade Center"; actor Michael Pena played the screen role of Will; Academy Award winner Nicholas Cage played Sgt. John McLoughlin
- Paramount Studios donated $2.6 million of film profits to the WTC Memorial, the 9/11 Tribute Center and the Tuesday's Children Fund

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE GREATEST BUCK OF 'EM ALL

Mel Johnson Arrowed Bowhunting's Best

"A big deer appeared in the far corner of the soybean field 300 yards away, checked things out and started walking slowly in my direction. My breath caught in my throat at the sight of the large rack that swayed gently with each step. I suddenly realized that if he kept coming, he would pass directly in front of my makeshift ground blind. My hand grasped the bow."

— "Beanfield Buck" by Mel Johnson
Pope & Young Club 1st Edition Record Book 1975

THAT LATE OCTOBER EVENING image is forever etched into the mind of Illinois bowhunter Mel Johnson. Never mind that the year was 1965. For Mel, it could have been last season. Or last week. Or yesterday. Such is the stark clarity of his once-in-a-bowhunter's-lifetime experience of more than four long decades ago. To replay the unforgettable moment, all he has to do is close his eyes. And remember.

Mere moments earlier the deer hunter had entered a patch of scrub oak, kicked away some brittle leaves and hunkered down beside the Peoria County beanfield. Suddenly the giant whitetail emerged in the distance and headed Mel's way.

"The buck cautiously skirted the field's edge," Mel remembers, "stopping to check for danger from time to time. The wind was in my favor as he moved nearer. After what seemed to be an entire deer season, the big buck stopped directly in front of me. My heart almost stopped when he turned and stared right through me."

At that moment the buck stood less than 10 yards away.

"He was too close, really. I was pinned down, unable to move. A moment

Mel Johnson's "Beanfield Buck," arguably the greatest whitetail deer of all time, was arrowed in 1965 and boasts an official Pope & Young Club score of 204⅝. Its reign as bowhunting's world record continues to this day. This spectacular mount is on display at Bass Pro's World's Greatest Whitetail Exhibit in Springfield, Missouri.

This old, grainy snapshot from the Pope & Young Club archives shows Mel receiving his buck's world record plaque from Glenn St. Charles as Fred Bear and Jim Dougherty look on. The giant buck also earned the Club's coveted Ishi award as the outstanding trophy of the 1968-1969 awards period.

later, he casually turned his head with that massive rack and walked on."

Raising and drawing his left-handed 72-pound Damon Howatt recurve, Mel quickly held and released a MicroFlite arrow tipped with a Zwickey Eskimo broadhead. The fiberglass shaft sliced through the deer's middle. The buck pounded away, heading into the center of the field and disappeared behind a slight rise.

"I lost sight of him briefly as I automatically nocked another arrow. When I looked up, he was standing there near the rise, looking back in my direction. Then he turned and disappeared again."

Mel quickly started after him, pausing only to pick up his blood-streaked arrow and replace it in his bow quiver. A few steps more and he could see the giant deer lying just beyond the rise.

Commonly known as "The Beanfield Buck," Mel Johnson's 13-point whitetail remains the largest typical whitetail ever taken by the bow and arrow. Officially scoring 204⅛ Pope & Young Club inches, the deer earned both the Club's Ishi Award and the Boone and Crockett Club's Sagamore Hill Award, the highest honors these two record-keeping organizations can bestow. In my opinion, this particular world record is arguably bowhunting's all-time greatest big game trophy.

Think about it. After four-plus decades with millions of deer hunters collecting millions of whitetail bucks, Mel's amazing monarch still reigns as one of the three or four largest whitetails ever tagged by any deer hunter.

*****

NOW IN HIS EARLY 70s, Mel Johnson continues to hunt Illinois whitetails.

"I'm not as selective as I once was," he recently told me." I just enjoy being out in the deer woods."

A realist, Mel expects that one day some bowhunter will indeed arrow a larger buck.

"Every year there are rumors of a possible new bowhunting world record," he notes. "But check out the record books and see just how many 200-inch typical whitetails have been taken with a firearm (a dozen or so) or a bow (two)."

Until Mel's record finally falls, long live the king of antlered monarchs!

MEL JOHNSON

- Illinois bowhunter and holder of the world record (typical) whitetail scoring 204⅝ Pope & Young Club inches
- A bowhunter since the late 1950s, he had seen this buck several times previously and was on his way home from work when he stopped to hunt the soybean field on Friday, October 29, 1965
- Mel's buck has 13 total points, seven on the right beam and six on the left; its inside spread is 23⅝ inches
- The field dressed deer weighed 270 pounds; live weight estimate 340
- Fourth largest typical whitetail taken by any hunter

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

HE TALKS TO THE ANIMALS – AND TAPES 'EM, TOO

Oregon's Larry D. Jones Is the Real Deal

"I'm a bowhunter who enjoys talking to animals.
And I prefer to hunt the ones that talk back."
– Larry D. Jones

A DEAD BRANCH POPPED like a pistol shot ... Suddenly, scarcely 50 yards above me, the unmistakable silhouette of a heavy and widespread moose rack loomed against the September dawn.

Pulling an arrow free and fitting its nock to bowstring, I risked a quick peek downslope. Larry already had shrugged out of his backpack and was fumbling to free his video camera ...The bull grunted once and started downhill. Walking directly at me.

Abruptly the bull angled to his left, skirting a patch of chest-high brush. Somehow my bow was at full draw, swinging on the moving wall of dark hair, seeking to align with the distinctive hollow behind that massive shoulder. Twenty yards. Eighteen. Another step and he was perfectly broadside, my top pin locked on his ribs. Magically my arrow's yellow-white fletching appeared just where I was focused.

"When M. R.'s arrow smacked the bull," Larry remembers, "the moose galloped into a draw, started up the other side and stopped. As his rear legs buckled, he lunged straight over backward and hit the ground with an earth-shaking thud. What a rare opportunity.

"M. R. was understandably elated, and I should have been equally elated. Instead my guts were churning. Unaccountably, my video camera had frozen. Not one frame of the pulse-drumming action had been captured on videotape."

Here's an elk's-eye view of Larry. The Oregon-based bugle master takes justifiable pride in his ability to call bulls – and a variety of other animals – into bow range.

After I tagged my own Alaskan moose, Larry and I swapped places with me behind the camera and Larry wielding a bow. The end result was a record book bull that ranked near the top of the Pope & Young Club records, plus some exciting video footage when the giant bull nearly trampled me after Larry's arrow struck home.

*****

IT HAPPENS EVEN TO THE VERY BEST. And for over four decades now, western Oregon native Larry D. Jones has worked his way from obscurity to regional recognition and on to national prominence. Today, working full-time as "*Bowhunter* Magazine TV" producer, he's one of North America's top wildlife call masters, photographers and outdoor videographers.

"I'm probably best known for my elk hunting and calling," Larry admits, "and they're my favorites. But turkeys and deer are close behind. Through the years I've successfully called in or carried on conversations with over a dozen different species in Africa and on our own continent."

Bobcats to badgers and bears. Wildebeest to wolf. Feral hogs to javelina. Name it and chances are Larry's called it within bow range.

"I've never had what you'd call a 'bad day' while hunting with bow or camera," he says, grinning like a kid instead of a white-haired 60-something outdoorsman. "I love the out-of-doors and prefer to spend my time there. That's why I work so hard whenever I'm indoors."

For years Larry's business was running Wilderness Sound Productions Ltd., a Springfield-based company which specialized in making and marketing game calls, instructional audio tapes and bowhunting adventure or how-to-do-

Larry videotaped our Alberta moose hunt where I killed a record-class bull at 16 yards. His talents with a camera are equal to his expertise with his trusty recurve.

Here's Larry videotaping a nosy black bear that kept wandering in to check out our fly-in wilderness camp. We shot the bruin time after time ... with our cameras. It's likely Mr. Bear had never seen a human before, especially at such point-blank yardage.

it videotapes. Larry racked up scads of frequent flyer miles traveling cross country to present seminars at sport shows and state bowhunting club banquets. And over the past several decades we've likely shared as many head tables, speaker's platforms and mics as we've spent in distant hunting camps. Good times and good memories galore.

Our most memorable hunt? Likely that same Alaskan moose adventure. It started with the muffed chance for some great video footage and ended with Larry killing one of the largest Pope & Young Club record-book bulls ever arrowed. Somehow I managed to capture the up-close encounter on tape – and almost got trampled for my trouble. When Larry's arrow finally smacked the rutty bull, he bolted for the river – and I just happened to be standing in his way. That old moose pounded past within half a dozen yards. And anyone who's seen that footage knows just how close I came to getting hoof prints all over my camo clothes.

"His massive rack swayed with each step he took," Larry recalls. "Instantly I sank to my knees and waited. Seconds later he was within 20 yards and moving closer. Regardless of what was about to happen, I knew that M. R. should be getting some awesome footage ...

"Then he stopped again. I quickly drew, held, and let my arrow fly. As the shaft

Larry used to guide hunters and book a limited number of elk hunting clients each Oregon archery season. Here's Montana bowhunter Dyrk Eddie posing with a Roosevelt's bull that Larry called in.

buried deep in his side, the bull stood unmoving for a fraction of a second. But then he lurched ahead in a lumbering gallop that almost bowled over M. R., bulldozed a path through the willows and splashed into the river ..."

Simply unforgettable! But at the same time there's been something special about most every hunt Larry and I have made together. I know neither of us will ever forget a late summer elk hunt in the Wyoming wilderness, where a couple of days passed after September 11, 2001 before we finally got belated word the Twin Towers had crumbled and our world had forever changed.

*****

ASK ANYONE WHO KNOWS Larry what he's really like. My guess is you'll probably hear pretty much the same thing. As a videographer, there's his meticulous attention to detail. (Some call it anal!) Regardless, every time some bull or buck hits the ground close to Larry, you can plan for a long taping session involving countless cutaways and shot re-creation scenes. The more tape the better, is Larry's advice to anyone wanting to preserve hunting memories. Always pack along plenty of videotape and extra batteries. "It's one of the cheapest parts of any hunt. Take time to record everything you can. When my

trips are over and I'm back in the editing room, I want to have as many storytelling options and video scenes as possible."

That's another thing about any Larry D. Jones video or TV show: Just like any magazine article, you'll find an obvious beginning, middle and end to each video. Another thing. More often than not the people in the video are having fun. And their enjoyment rubs off on viewers, too. Just the way Larry planned.

But don't be fooled into thinking that Larry D. Jones is an I've-got-a-camera-so-you-do-all-the-work kind of guy. Larry is as hands-on with his skinning knife and backpack as he is with any of his video gear. Chances are that mere minutes after a taping session ends you'll find Larry kneeling over the elk or deer carcass. And take it from me, his skinning and boning skills are tops. Even better, Larry always packs out his share of fresh, lean venison - and then some. Once back at base or spike camp, he'll carefully hang the meat to cool.

And when it comes to tracking game, I've met few who can do it better. He reads sign like an Indian scout and is the first man I'd call to help unravel a played out blood trail or double check the area where I'm about to hang a new stand.

*****

"Our first day afield was a sobering reminder that elk hunting with Larry is not for an out-of-shape bowhunter. By my personal calculations, we plodded some 97 miles - give or take - through timbered hillsides and brush-choked creek bottoms. We seemingly hiked up and down every overgrown mountain between camp and the coast. In the rain!

"It was well past dark-thirty by the time we dragged our soggy selves back to the rigs, foot weary and elkless, knowing we could look forward to more of the same tomorrow. Ah, the joys of elk hunting with Larry D...."

— "Roosevelt Rendezvous" by M. R. James

Bowhunter Big Game Special 2004

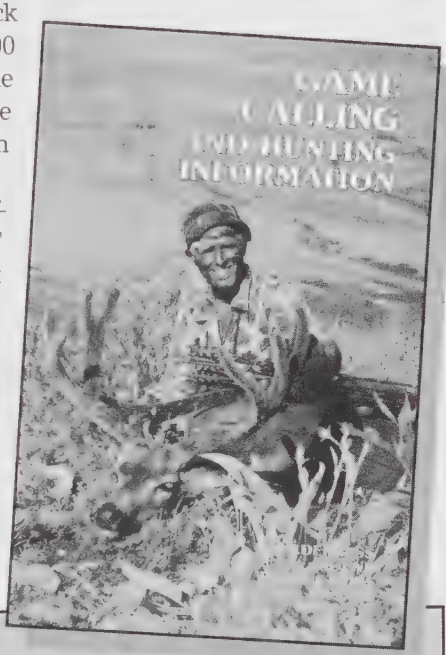
AS AN ELK HUNTER AND GUIDE, Larry is just like that wrascally Energizer Bunny. He just keeps going and going and going. Even with an always-overloaded backpack, Larry's a hard man to keep up with. And his never-give-up attitude is yet another positive reflection. Here's a self-confident, well-conditioned person who's no stranger to success.

Larry's elk calling techniques are dependent on the time of year. Early in the season, with few cows in heat, he's extra aggressive in his calling. He mixes bugles and cow calls, increasing the tempo, enthusiasm and volume to a fever pitch. "My goal is to create enough excitement with my calls to stimulate a bull into responding," Larry says. "This has worked well for me early and late in the rut.

"Later in the season, when the cows are coming into heat, bulls usually respond more quickly but it's more difficult to sucker them into bow range. I

use bugles and cow calls to get an answer and get the bull cranked. But once I move closer I switch to cows calls and try to get him to respond to my mews. If he shows interest, I forget about bugling.

"During peak rut, I switch to a different tactic. Now it's impossible to pull a herd bull from his cows, so I use bugles and cow calls to locate the bull, then clam up or make only soft mews to keep track of him. I then try to maneuver within 100 yards or less, set up and mew, hoping the bull will think it's another cow and come to horn her into his harem. A decoy can work well at this stage of the rut.



"Adapting calling strategies to the different rut stages doesn't always work," Larry adds, "but if you think about what is happening in the elk herd at the time of your elk hunt, you can adapt calling and hunting tactics that could make a big difference in your results."

Good advice coming from a good man. Larry D. Jones definitely ranks high on my short list of all-time favorite huntin' buddies.

LARRY D. JONES

- Started bowhunting in Oregon in 1961; earned national reputation as elk hunter and caller
- Owned and operated Wilderness Sound Productions Ltd. with wife Miriam; current "*Bowhunter* Magazine" TV producer
- Has taken 14 species of African game and various North American animals; arrowed world record kudu in 1999 on South African hunt
- Board member of Oregon Foundation for Blacktail Deer; former board member of Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation and Christian Bowhunters of America

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

AMERICA'S PREMIER WHITETAIL WARRIOR

Myles Keller Has What It Takes

"It was 1962 and I was 15 and living on my parents' farm in Minnesota. I had a Herter's 40-pound recurve and cedar shafts that were about three inches too long. I'd built two treestands near a soybean field, and I was in one of them in the afternoon and hadn't seen a thing. I decided to go to the other stand across the field.

"I got part way through the field and suddenly this buck jumped a fence and started heading my way. I hit the deck and hid in the beans, which wasn't hard because they were waist high. The deer worked his way across the field, and I sneaked toward him. When he was just three yards from me, I jumped up and fired. He ran to the other end of the field, jumped the fence and I saw my arrow fall out. I walked over and picked it up and saw very little blood on it. I looked around half-heartedly and decided I must have just wounded him slightly. So I went back to the house.

"Dad and I were milking cows when I told him about the deer and how I only pricked him. Dad got mad and said it was wrong to just give up on a wounded deer like that. He said we were going back to search for it after we finished our chores.

"Well, Dad found the deer, a small 10-point, not far from that fence line. I felt happy I got the deer but bad because I knew I didn't deserve it. To this day, I remember that buck anytime I'm tracking and the trail starts petering out. That deer taught me to keep looking."

— Myles Keller, "First Deer"
Bowhunter Magazine, October/November 1997

THIS SHARED REMINISCENCE contains an obvious moral for all bowhunters. It also sheds light on the quiet man who over the past four and one-half decades has come to represent the very best in big buck hunting

SUPER BUCKS

BY JOHN [illegible]

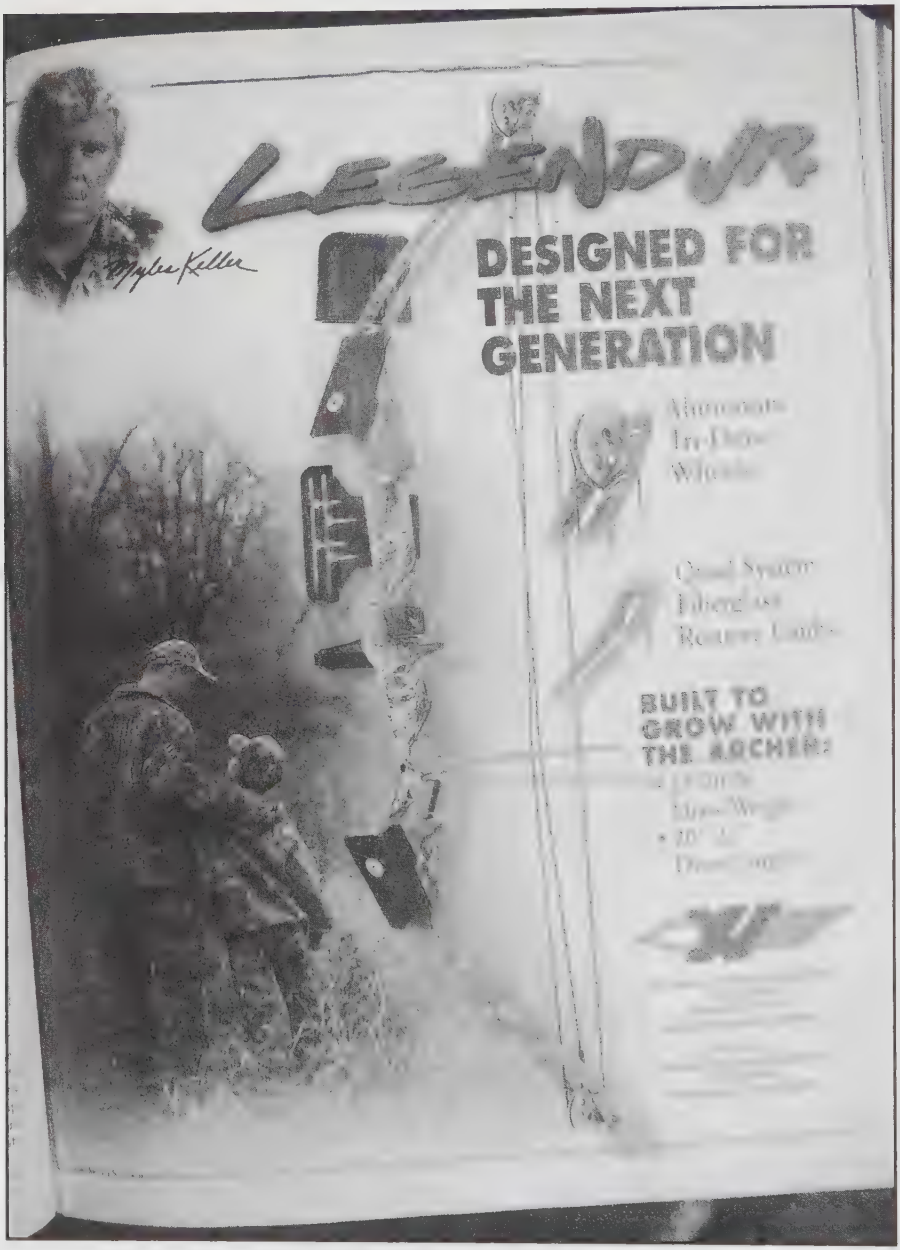
Renowned b[illegible] Myles Keller

proves that self-re[illegible]

[illegible] hunter's [illegible]

in Ma[illegible]

Mention Myles Keller and here's what most bowhunters think of – the Minnesota bowhunter posing with a huge whitetail buck. His impressive record of consistent bowhunting successes can be traced back into the 1970s.



Myles is also known for his endorsements of bows, scent eliminating sprays and a host of other items he's tried. For years he was a spokesman for Xi compound bows, which I found somewhat ironic for a diehard recurve shooter who once said he'd never use a wheeled bow.

success. When it comes to consistently tagging Pope & Young Club-caliber whitetails, Myles Keller ranks at the head of a very small class of North America's finest.

Ask Myles the secret to his brain-boggling deer hunting accomplishments, and he'll typically shrug his broad shoulders while mumbling something about being "just lucky." The fact is that the man doesn't need to rely on a four-leaf clover or rabbit's foot. He has what it takes to kill big bucks season after season: time-tested knowledge, well-honed talent, unbounded self-confidence and location, location, location.

Believe me, it's no accident that he's collected more record-book whitetails than any man to reach full draw.

Extraordinary success breeds suspicion, of course. I can recall more than one "tip" that was relayed to Pope & Young Club officers from skeptical sources, including one piqued ex-wife. "Check out Myles Keller's latest buck," the tipsters urged. Typically, the word was that he poached a deer on private land or out of season or ... well, you name it. Not one follow-up Pope & Young Club investigation ever came up with a hint of scandal or proof of illegal action. The closest Myles ever came to being caught up in national controversy was when his list of whitetail kills was overstated.

Here's what happened.

*****

"Chuck Adams and Myles Keller have to rank as two of America's best known bowhunters. Their success arrowing trophy class game is well documented in magazine articles and ads. Only recently Chuck was cited in print as having 'bagged more record animals than anyone else - 55 at last count.' And about the same time Myles was cited in a hunting seminar advertisement as having '... an incredible 25 Pope & Young records.'

"Untrue, reports Pope & Young Club president G. Fred Asbell, who promptly set the record straight. 'Adams does not have 55 animals in the Pope & Young record book; the correct number is 38. Keller has 18 animals listed. ...'"

—"Pope & Young Hyperbole"
Bowhunter Magazine, December/January 1992

CHUCK AND MYLES WASTED NO TIME responding. I've already mentioned Chuck's indignant reaction elsewhere in this book. Myles was no less pleased. Here are excerpts from a steaming three-page letter he fired off to me late in '92.

"I highly resent [the] 'Hyperbole' article ... I have more [entries] than the 18 mentioned. My remaining few heads will be entered by the time you are reading this and will total exactly the 25 I have claimed. ..."

And they were. Yet it took the objective perspective of a *Bowhunter* magazine reader from Pennsylvania to spotlight the point of this thorny issue. He wrote: "The fact is far too many people are transposing animals *qualifying* for Pope & Young Club entry with those actually being entered. Those playing the numbers game for personal gain ought to be willing to pay the price of admission."

Regardless, both Chuck Adams and Myles Keller continued to buttress the Pope & Young Club by entering all qualifying animals in the Club archives. Myles, a member since 1972 and senior member since '82, explained it this way: "I'm entering anything I might be fortunate to arrow. The animals deserve it and the Pope & Young Club deserves the support."

For the record, Chuck went on to amass more overall record book entries - now over 100 and counting - than any bowhunter who ever lived. Myles, more of a trophy hunting, single species specialist, meanwhile moved on to officially register several dozen Pope & Young Club whitetail entries, more than any serious whitetail hunting addict I know. During the 1993 archery season alone, Myles arrowed four record book bucks. That's more big deer than most bowhunters will collect during a lifetime in the deer woods.

Also noteworthy is the fact that for many years Myles held the Minnesota state record for tagging the biggest black bear ever killed by a Gopher State bowhunter. His giant Cass County bruin, arrowed in 1980, scored a whopping 21 1/16 inches. It would be over 20 years before I arrowed a bear with a skull that large. And I bowhunt bruins every spring!

*****

WHILE I CAN'T PROVE IT, I'm willing to bet a dozen arrows that over the years Myles and Chuck have endorsed more archery hunting products - and appeared in more outdoor magazine and television ads - than any other of today's big-name bowhunters. Time was you could flip open any *Bowhunter* magazine and there'd be Chuck touting the latest Reflex bow. Turn a few pages and you'd see Myles in a Scent Shield ad. And on and on.

Remember those old Xi compound bow ads of the 1990s that featured Myles Keller? I sure do. And they always brought a smile to my bearded face. That's because I also recall the early 1970s when the same husky, blond Minnesota bowhunter carried a heavy-pulling recurve and stated flatly he'd never be caught dead carrying one of those newfangled wheeled bows.

It's funny how time and perspective can change a hunter's mind.

*****

WHAT ELSE DO I REMEMBER about Myles Keller? For one thing, there was an enjoyable Oklahoma deer hunt that we shared with Dave Samuel and Rob Evans a few seasons back. But nothing stands out in my mind like the

Here's a photo of Myles at an Archery Trade Association Show receiving the annual "Baldy Award" from Arnold S. Leonard Cancer Research co-chairs Rob Evans and Michele Musacchia Eichler. Outdoor writer John Sloan (left) was the first Baldy recipient. Monies raised during the public shearing of bowhunting celebrities funds Doc Leonard's research efforts at the University of Minnesota.

public "head-shaving" appearance Myles made at an Archery Trade Association show that raised $15,000 to combat children's cancer. At the time he managed that honest, deep-chested huh-huh-huh laugh of his - and even smiled through most of the ordeal. But the smiles and laughs were strained.

I know because watching and snapping photos inspired me to follow Myles' lead. A year later, in 2002, my own public shearing generated additional archery industry pledges worth $20,000. The money was turned over promptly to the Arnold S. Leonard Cancer Fund research at the University of Minnesota. There's absolutely no doubt in my mind, Myles Keller is not an opportunistic "taker." He readily gives back to worthy home state causes. I think it's his way of saying thanks to the industry that made his name and face famous across North America.

Even after he was "taken" by a thief who stole his locked trailer from a motel parking lot while on a tour of the southwestern United States, Myles managed to keep a positive viewpoint. And that trailer just happened to contain more than a dozen of his trophy deer mounts. As Myles figured it, the trailer was the real target and the whitetail heads simply a pleasant surprise when the thief finally broke open the padlocked door. "Those deer are probably on display in

In 2001 and 2002, Myles and I helped raise $35,000 to combat cancer by undergoing the humiliation of having our heads shaved in public during annual archery trade shows. Patti Brady did the honors and seemed to enjoy the occasion. Over time the event has grown steadily and raised hundreds of thousands of dollars from generous industry contributors.

bars and barber shops all around the area," Myles told me.

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REALLY, WHAT'S THE TRUE SECRET to Myles Keller's lifelong hunting success? As I've already mentioned, he relies on hard lessons learned during his countless days in the deer woods. He knows deer and possesses the requisite shooting/hunting skills necessary to take full advantage of an opportunity each time he draws his bow. He exudes a quiet confidence shared by all successful athletes - and hunters. And, lastly, he does his homework, hunting locations where he has the best chance of seeing and killing dominant deer.

That's just another way of saying Myles is one of that rare breed of bowhunter who can walk into the woods, look around and say, *"Here's where I'm going to kill a big buck."*

And then do it!

MYLES KELLER

- Born in Minnesota in 1947; killed first whitetail with a Herter's recurve at age 15
- Joined the Pope & Young Club in 1972 and began collecting record book bucks with amazing consistency
- Once held Minnesota state record for largest black bear killed by a bowhunter (21 1/16 inches); arrowed the largest bull elk taken in Colorado in 1974 (329 5/8 inches)
- Entered dozens of trophy whitetails in the Pope & Young Club records during a bowhunting career spanning nearly five decades

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

A LATE-BLOOMING DEER HUNTER

Judy Kovar Is No Stranger to Success

EXACTLY WHAT CAN YOU DO for an encore after you pick up a hunting bow for the very first time and promptly tag four Pope & Young whitetails over the next five deer seasons? *With each of the trophy bucks arrowed from ground level!* Well, if you're Illinois native Judy Kovar, you simply go on to add to your early impressive bowhunting accomplishments and prove once and for all that your initial successes were no fluke.

Call it fate, kismet, destiny or whatever, but Judy's life made a seismic shift one spring day in 1985. That's when Illinois bowhunter Herman Kovar chanced to stop by the turkey check station in Pere Marquette State Park. Herm struck up a friendly conversation with the raven-haired state employee who was dutifully recording information about freshly tagged gobblers.

"I asked Judy if she had ever bowhunted," Herman remembers. "She said 'no,' this camo clad lady with so much obvious woods knowledge and love of the outdoors and wild animals. I immediately knew she'd make a good and patient bowhunter."

After turkey season wound down, Herm presented Judy with her first bow, a Darton compound. Soon she was consistently grouping Easton aluminum arrows in a paper plate at 15 yards.

"I created a monster," Herman admits, smiling. "She already had the knowledge; now suddenly she had the tools."

After a full summer of regular practice sessions, Judy arrowed a 27-pound Prairie State longbeard, her first archery kill. And when archery deer season rolled around she promptly downed a fat doe and small-racked buck.

Judy tagged her first Pope & Young Club whitetail one November evening in 1988. Sitting behind a stack of old hay bales near a picked cornfield where

Judy's Jersey County farm is a honey hole for record book Illinois whitetails. Here's Judy posing with her eighth Pope & Young Club buck, killed in 2004.

I first introduced *Bowhunter* magazine readers to Judy and husband Herman in a 1992 feature article. A relative newcomer to bowhunting, she obviously was off to a great start.

whitetails fed, she raised her Martin DynaBo and dropped a 140-class trophy that had emerged from a shadowy woodlot and walked past the improvised ground blind.

Although Judy had no way of knowing it at that moment, her adult life was about to change forever. But after killing three more Pope & Young Club bucks over the next three seasons, the word was out. *There's an Indian woman bowhunter living in southwestern Illinois who's one heck of a deer hunter!*

*****

BY THE TIME I FIRST crossed paths with Judy in early 1991, less than a year after she and Herm were married, there were a lot of rumors circulating about this mystery woman. Exactly who was the female bowhunter who disdained the use of treestands, yet regularly arrowed big bucks at point-blank yardages? My 1992 *Bowhunter* magazine feature, "Judy Kovar: Whitetail Hunter," quickly set the public record straight.

Yes, Judy has religiously avoided treestands ever since a frosty morning in '87 when she lost her balance and fell, cracking three ribs and dangling upside down from a safety belt for some 20 agonizing minutes. At last, Judy managed to grasp a tree step, right herself, unbuckle the belt and climb down to find help. Not surprisingly, she hasn't hunted from a tree since.

No, she has no special, mystical mojo that accounts for her consistent big buck hunting success, only an intimate understanding of the wildlife she hunts

Judy often dons the handmade elk skin attire of her Native American ancestors during public school programs. She teaches youngsters about wildlife and nature and afterwards enjoys a hands-on session with the curious children.

Judy's school programs always include a discussion of bows and arrows. She also talks about the role that hunters play in maintaining the balance of nature. Her educational talks have reached more than 150,000 school children.

and the legendary patience of her Northern Cheyenne ancestors (including a medicine man grandfather). "I try to think like the deer do. I'm extra careful of my scent and wind direction. I don't press or crowd deer too closely. I also try to let them come to me."

Yes, bowhunting is inherently difficult, but Judy works year-round to gain an intimate understanding of her favorite hunting area - her 120-acre Jersey County family farm - and the animals living there. "I work all year for the bucks I shoot in the fall," she says. "From hunting for sheds each spring to planting and tending food plots to watching and patterning deer movements all summer long. Come each October, the homework Herman and I invest usually pays off."

*****

WHILE ONE MIGHT ASSUME that hunting solely from the ground is much safer than climbing in and out of trees, Judy has discovered that unexpected injuries can happen even with both of her boots planted firmly on the forest floor. Twice, in fact, the Mother Nature school of hard knocks taught her painful lessons about the danger of getting too close to whitetail deer and black bears.

In December of 1998, about a month after arrowing her seventh Pope & Young Club buck, Judy was sitting in a new Double Bull blind overlooking a picked Illinois cornfield. She still had a second deer tag to fill and the late bow season was open. Judy nocked a carbon arrow to the string of her Martin

It was Herm Kovar who introduced Judy to bowhunting. Despite her Northern Cheyenne ancestry, she knew nothing about bows and arrows until she met Herm. "I've created a monster," Herm jokes. The couple mainly hunt Illinois whitetails but travel widely to hunt other big game species.

Herm shows off another trophy whitetail from the Kovar farm arrowed in December of 2006.

Bobcat compound and settled back to wait. It wasn't long before the evening parade of does, yearlings and small bucks began. Later, she looked past the deer feeding around her blind and spotted a big non-typical buck striding her way.

As Judy reached down to push the record button on her camcorder, there was a loud crash just outside the blind. She glanced up in time to see a big doe bounding directly toward her. An instant later the blind collapsed and Judy was knocked flat by the flailing hooves of the panicked deer.

"I remember that old doe was bawling as she thumped me," Judy says. "Then the lights went out and the next thing I know she's gone and I'm crawling out of the flattened blind. My face is numb and my body is aching. But what really scared me was I couldn't see out of my left eye."

Much later, after being treated for a fractured eye socket complete with instantaneous swelling - not to mention assorted contusions to her arms, legs and ribs - Judy learned that a passing farm vehicle had spooked the feeding whitetails. Sore, shaken and bruised, she still was able to joke about the fact her blind had worked a little too well. "I complained to the guys at Double Bull that their product was so effective it almost got me killed."

And then there was the time a few years later when she and her bear guide were seated in a natural ground blind that they'd erected only a few yards from an active bait in the Quebec wilds. Judy perfectly described that second up close and personal ground blind experience in her *Bowhunter* magazine feature, "Within the Jaws of Na'hkohe" (March/April 2005):

Judy arrowed this record book mountain lion during a Montana bowhunt in 1996. She's also taken several Pope & Young Club black bears.

"... picture three battling bears, fur flying, only inches from the front of my blind ... within seconds [one] backed right through the front of the blind ... fighting, swatting and biting ... Obviously, these bears had no idea what they had done as they fell right between Bob and me.

"As the tumbling black bodies knocked me from my stool, I saw nothing but flying fur, claws and teeth ... I tried getting up ... To my horror one of the bears opened his mouth and bit a chunk off the seat of my stool. As I jerked my leg away, the bear reacted to my movement and bit a huge mouthful of wool strips from my Shape-Shifter suit."

Luckily, that angry bruin's raking canine teeth merely left twin trails of red welts along Judy's knee. "But every time I closed my eyes," she confesses, "I saw that bear's jaws closing around my leg."

Makes treetop stands hanging at nosebleed heights sound safe by comparison, huh?

*****

ALTHOUGH BEST KNOWN for the big Prairie State whitetails she dispatches with jaw-dropping regularity, Judy Kovar has traveled to a variety of distant hunting camps around North America. As hinted in her account of once finding three bruins sharing her blind, she's an avid bear hunter who has collected record-book blackies on several Canadian bowhunts. She and hubby Herm also downed big-antlered caribou in eastern Canada. And on a winter day in Montana, Judy arrowed one of the largest mountain lions ever killed by a woman hunter in that state. The Kovar husband and wife team have accounted several other game species, too. But compounding the challenge of taking even more animals is Judy's white-knuckle aversion to riding in airplanes. Seems buckling her seatbelt in a passenger jet or bush plane causes her heart to pound almost as fast as when climbing into elevated stands.

"This Indian isn't made to fly like eagles," she explains with a nervous smile.

Maybe not, but it's a good thing that stage fright isn't something she worries about. Judy Kovar faithfully spends a large part of each off season in crowded auditoriums reaching out to school children with a solid pro-hunting, pro-conservation message. Donning a fringed and beaded white cured elk skin dress that she made herself, Judy explains to youngsters the great respect that Native Americans have always had for wildlife and the environment. She then segues from an oral history lesson to a hands-on demonstration where the children touch and hold furs, hides, bows, arrows and various primitive tools the original Americans used in centuries past.

To date her popular one-woman program has reached over 150,000 Midwest school students!

"I know that some people thought I was a little touched to try and reach out

The Cheyenne medicine bag I'm wearing in this photo was specially made for me prior to a Wyoming bowhunt. Judy said it would bring me luck – and it did. I killed this Pope & Young Club muley, a 5x5 bull elk and pronghorn buck in six days of bowhunting.

to these youngsters," Judy admits, "but I'd lived long enough to see and hear sportsmen urging others to take a kid hunting or fishing. That's the same message being preached for at least 20 years. I wanted to do my part to try to help. My only concern now is most youngsters today aren't getting any positive hunting or conservation message, from me or anyone else. In fact, they're often bombarded by anti-hunting propaganda in the classroom and on television. Somehow we've all got to do our part to get children involved in the outdoors.

"It still amazes me to see the school children reaching out to me with their tiny hands, touching my elk hide dress, my hair, my hands. Their eagerness and innocence always moves me. The thank-you cards I get from the students and parents are both humbling and heart wrenching. I always leave a part of me in each classroom and school auditorium I visit."

*****

NOT LONG AFTER WE MET, Judy sent me a beaded medicine bag she had crafted. Accompanying the package was a note explaining this was her gift of friendship. "There is big medicine here," she wrote, "what we make together. Its magic is found in what we and the animals make together."

Judy cautioned against ever opening the small pouch, lest its medicine be lost. Inside is animal fur, she explained, a stone arrowhead for hunting now and in the afterworld. A bear claw for strength and endurance. Powder from the ground up hooves of deer, elk, moose and sheep that may be moistened and used to glue feathers to our hunting shafts. Herbs, sage, sweetgrass and tobacco, too. Smoke from the burning grass will carry your prayers to the Sky Father. Tobacco is a thank-you offering to the four winds for what you have taken from Mother Earth.

"This bag also has a lock of my hair, a small piece of my clothing and a drop of my blood," she concluded. "My life's circle now includes you, so my blood must follow you wherever you go. The medicine is strong and what makes it strong is the bond we are sharing in this life. It is written in stone, as my Grandfather Wolf would say. And the strong medicine will remain even after we are gone."

I first wore Judy's medicine bag on an early September bowhunt at Frank Moore's Spearhead Ranch north of Douglas, Wyoming. In only seven short days I arrowed a record-book mule deer, five-by-five bull elk, and a pronghorn buck.

Strong medicine or mere coincidence? You make the call.

*****

NOW IN HER MID-50S, Judy continues to make her strong medicine and establish personal milestones. During the 2006 Illinois deer season, she tagged her 10th P&Y whitetail. Nine of the bucks have fallen on her Jersey County farm. The lone exception was a 136-inch Calhoun County whitetail taken in 2005 on land owned by a game warden friend.

That's 10 record-book bucks tagged over the past 18 years. A pretty impressive performance by any deer hunter, much less a woman who had never shot a hunting bow until she was 39 years old.

Additionally, 2006 marked the first deer season since '87 that Judy once again bowhunted from an elevated stand. Not a portable treestand, mind you. But an enclosed elevated structure affectionately dubbed Judy's "Condo Tipi." Husband Herm did all of the necessary construction work, erecting an eight-by-eight-foot box of treated lumber standing on stilts seven feet off the grassy ground. Its site is near a well-tracked deer crossing along a field's edge.

The Condo Tipi features a camo paint job and eight vertical windows covered with camouflage netting, two windows per wall. A sloped staircase with

double handrails leads to a small rear deck and door. Its interior has dark maroon carpeting with double padding. There's a small fold-out bench, a comfy barstool and space heater, too. Under the platform is ample room for a Double Bull blind, and its roof - 15 feet above field level - has space for another portable blind. It's an ideal all-weather, all-seasons structure befitting a mature woman bowhunter who understands that sit-and-wait sessions need not be uncomfortable endurance tests of physical and mental patience.

And just in case any reader is wondering, yes, Judy Kovar tagged that 10th P&Y whitetail from her brand new Condo Tipi. The date was November 14, 2006. Her buck's score was in the mid-150s.

Later that same '06 deer season, Herm Kovar was watching from a nearby ground blind, located just across the crop field, when a huge buck walked within mere feet of the empty Condo Tipi. Herm barely had time to wish that his wife had been there to fill her second tag when the big whitetail turned and headed his way. Herm released an arrow when the 12-pointer passed scant feet from his Double Bull's shooting window.

The buck's green score was 176 inches.

Not that it really matters, but I can't help but wonder who'll be hunting where on the Kovar farm come next October's opening day.

JUDY KOVAR

- One of North America's best and most successful whitetail hunters with 10 record-book bucks tagged in 18 seasons; the granddaughter of a Northern Cheyenne medicine man, she shot her first bow in 1985 at age 39
- Popular lecturer and seminar speaker; her pro-hunting, pro-conservation school program has reached more than 150,000 students
- Staunch supporters and Regular Members of the Pope & Young Club, Judy and Herm Kovar support the Club's fund-raising auctions with handcrafted Native American clothing; their gifts have generated thousands of dollars for Pope & Young Club conservation programs
- Author of "Bowhuntin' Spirits" (2007), an autobiography; frequent *Bowhunter* magazine contributor

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

A CASE OF AVARICE AND EGO

Don Lewis: Wildlife Serial Killer

John McKenzie: "Why is it so important for hunters to distance themselves from Don Lewis?"

M. R. James: "I think it's important for the same reason that a lot of clowns wouldn't want to be identified with John Wayne Gacy. Don Lewis was a serial killer of wildlife. That's unfortunate. And he was not a hunter. He was a criminal, a poacher."

— ABC News "Day One" TV Interview, June 13, 1994

RED FLAGS BEGAN TO FLUTTER the moment I first heard that ABC planned to broadcast a prime time poaching feature on its "Day One" news program. The show's focus, I learned, would be convicted poacher Donald Eugene Lewis, the man whose personal quest for bowhunting fame and fortune transformed this likeable and friendly Alabama redhead into a scofflaw killing machine.

It wasn't that I fretted over Lewis being publicly censured for his poaching crimes. What caused my stomach to churn was the fact that he'd be identified as "a bow and arrow hunter" to millions of non-hunting television viewers. Indeed, bowhunting's image was likely to take a major hit, thanks to the mindless criminal acts of one man.

I said as much to "Day One" producer Kevin Cosgrove when he called my Montana home to discuss my personal and professional thoughts about Lewis. "He deserves anything he gets," I said, "but this guy is no bowhunter. He's a poacher. You need to be fair and make the differences clear."

Cosgrove sounded sincere when he promised fairness in reporting the Lewis case; however, doubts still lingered. Damning images from Dan Rather's "The Guns of Autumn" hatchet job on hunting still flickered across my mind's eye. After all, the national media are not known as a particularly hunter-friendly group.

"Think about interviewing someone who can speak for bowhunting," I urged Cosgrove. And I passed along the names of several prominent bowhunters for him to consider. Just before hanging up, Cosgrove thanked me

Alabama bowhunter Don Lewis was making a name for himself in the 1980s when his obsession with fame turned him into a wildlife serial killer.

for my input and again promised a fair report. I remember sitting there staring at my telephone, wishing I'd never heard of Don Lewis.

*****

"Lewis didn't care what was legal. He was obsessed with becoming a hunting superstar."

— From "Poachers' Paradise," "Day One" broadcast, 1994

LOOKING BACK, IT'S EASY to read the warning signs. After all, even Howard Hill - the greatest Alabama-born bowhunter of them all - couldn't amass such a mind-boggling collection of Rocky Mountain elk and mule deer antlers. Yet between 1983 and 1991, Don Lewis routinely traveled west from his Dixieland home and year after year killed bulls and bucks larger than most bowbenders will ever see during their lifetimes.

The Don Lewis secret to such amazing success was simple, really. Ignore open seasons and bag limits. Poach semi-tame animals living in or around national parks and other protected areas where no hunting is allowed.

Joel Scrafford, a U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service (USFWS) senior agent in Wyoming and Montana, investigated the case and reported that Lewis began poaching in Yellowstone National Park in the early '80s. He continued his annual killing forays right up until the time of his deer poaching arrest in Utah in 1991. At that time Scrafford called the Don Lewis case "... the most blatant example of trophy poaching that I have encountered in my 30 years investigating wildlife crime."

Yet while some people harbored their suspicions about Lewis, until '91 he covered his tracks well, winning over many with his amiable manner and friendly smile. Success photos of the Alabaman and his outsized critters were cropping up with increasing regularity in bowhunting magazines and archery product catalogs. *Petersen's Bowhunting* had labeled him "Mr. Big Bucks" in 1990; another magazine dubbed Lewis "Master of the Mega-Muley." One photo of him with a big black bear was published in *Bowhunter* magazine.

A Browning Archery catalog featuring "grip and grin" field photos of Lewis posing behind several of his kills stated: "We are again amazed at the incredible success of Browning staffer Don Lewis. He simply lives to hunt and will settle for no less than the best equipment."

In one of his early letters to Browning, Lewis reportedly claimed that he would be listed with more Pope & Young Club record book entries for elk, mule deer and pronghorn antelope than any hunter in history. He also claimed to have arrowed record book whitetails, cougar, black bears and grizzly bears. Stated goals were to earn a six-figure income from hunting and to become the first bowhunter to take a record book animal of each North American big game species recognized by P&Y. Lewis claimed already

THE DENVER POST

Voice of the Rocky Mountain Empire

Final Edition 25 cents

101 YEARS

Top archer bowed to no rules

Trophy hunter led secret life as blatant poacher

By Howard Pankratz

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK — For [illegible] was done secretly [illegible] came to the [illegible] and Yel[illegible]

others with far [illegible]

[illegible] received still pensioned. That's be[illegible] cause a friend Yellowstone poacher [illegible] his office of some prosecu[illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] misdemeanors.

[illegible] Lewis was a

• ON TAPE: 7A

• UNDERCOVER: 8A

POACHING COP: Senior Fish and Wildlife Service agent Joel Scrafford near Billings, Mont.

Archer bowed to no one's rules but his own

POACHING

"After 1983 and 1984, they were so confident they set up a hunting camp within Yellowstone and hunted with impunity. It was not a spur-of-the-moment [illegible]"

Joel Scrafford, senior wildlife service agent

[illegible] Lewis and his [illegible] Alabamans were brazen to the point of ar[illegible] Yellowstone National Park in 1990 [illegible] Lewis in an interview with The Denver Post [illegible] denied to charge his case in any detail. But in [illegible] at length about illegal hunting efforts he [illegible] "He told me if he couldn't [illegible]

GORY SIGHT: The slaughter of this elk [illegible] Yellowstone National Park in 1990 led to the conviction of two men, Klay Mangus and Duane Fairbanks, on poaching charges.

Prime poaching areas

Poachers concern [illegible] popular park habitat

Mont.

A Yellowstone

B Hall Park C Pa[illegible]

Wyoming

Following his arrest for poaching elk inside Yellowstone National Park, Don Lewis saw news of his crimes spread across the front pages of Rocky Mountain newspapers.

Here's videotape proof of criminal activity inside Yellowstone Park. This semi-tame bull elk was called in and shot three separate times. Lewis took obvious pride in the accomplishment, grinning and giving a thumbs-up signal to the camera after the elk finally died.

to have killed more than 50 "record book qualifiers."

In truth, not one of his animals was ever officially scored or entered in the Pope & Young Club or Boone & Crockett Club's big game records program.

*****

THE LEWIS POACHING SPREE finally ended on Nov. 8, 1991 when warden Scott White checked a suspicious pickup while on patrol in south Utah's famed Paunsaugant trophy mule deer area. In the truck were the antlers and cape of a freshly killed muley wearing an Arizona tag. Driver Don Lewis said that he'd killed the buck just across the state line and was now scouting for next year's Utah deer season. Although suspicious, the warden finally allowed Lewis to drive away.

Short hours later, after a headless mule deer carcass turned up in the same general Kane County area, an alert was issued for Don Lewis. Later in the day wildlife officers found Lewis' camp along with three untagged sets of large mule deer antlers and four capes. Don Lewis was arrested immediately. Charges included everything from wanton waste of venison to unlawful killing of deer during a closed season. Additionally, the pickup truck and its contents were confiscated. Included among the items seized were two very interesting videotapes.

One contained footage of Don Lewis killing two giant muley bucks at a watering tank. The other featured video images of Lewis and Arthur Sims, an Alabama hunting buddy, calling and arrowing big bull elk. With apparent ease. Time after time.

In one gut-twisting sequence, a nice bull answers bugles and cow calls. An arrow buries itself in the elk's side and the bull crashes off. But more calling

brings the wounded bull back within easy bow range. A second arrow strikes the bull mere inches from the first. Again the elk gallops away. Unbelievably, the hard-hit bull is called back a third time, broadside to the camera, two arrows jutting from its side. And a third shot hits home ...

What the hell is going on here? Puzzled wildlife officials pored over the footage for obvious clues. Besides a lot of typical elk terrain, there was only evidence of a recent forest fire and a couple of distant peaks that none of the Utah officers recognized. On a hunch, a copy of the Lewis elk tape was mailed to Yellowstone National Park headquarters where viewers had no problem pinpointing the elk hunting area located some eight miles south of Mammoth Hot Springs.

Calling Lewis and Sims "brazen to the point of arrogance," USFWS senior agent Joel Scrafford acknowledged that the two men obviously had been camping and hunting elk well within the boundaries of America's oldest national park. Video evidence showed the pair had hit, killed or shot at 13 Yellowstone Park bulls. Incredibly, the two poachers were collecting footage for a how-to elk hunting videotape to be marketed and sold to hunters.

*****

IN HIS EXCELLENT *BOWHUNTER* FEATURE ARTICLE, "Blind Ambition: The Don Lewis Story," Mike Lapinski shared several post-arrest conversations that he'd had with the Alabama poacher and his one-time friend.

"... the Utah people have this all blown out of proportion. I don't know where they came up with some of the stuff I was supposed to have done," Lewis said.

"After this latest episode I've had it with sport hunting. The way I feel right now I doubt if I'll ever hunt again. The sport's getting too competitive. Everybody's trying to outdo the other guy ...

"I haven't enjoyed hunting for the past 10 years since I started doing it for videos and sponsorship. I was killing animals just to make some sponsor happy, but I felt worse with each kill. I say leave the animals alone."

Mike listened while Lewis had his say; however he concluded his article with these personal conclusions:

"No one talked Don Lewis into breaking the law. That was all Don Lewis' doing. However, there well may be some truth to Lewis' claim that sponsored celebrities are under pressure to produce more and larger trophies to tout the validity of a particular product, as some archery ads readily attest ...

"A few years back I remember listening with increasing irritation as Don Lewis told me he was going to become a household name by taking a grand slam, plus a super slam, on video. I remember thinking, *'These precious wild animals are being reduced to something akin to a bowling trophy.'*"

For his Utah crimes, Lewis was convicted of 14 deer poaching-related charges and spent about 60 days behind bars. For their Yellowstone misadventures, Lewis and Sims accepted a plea bargain with each man pleading guilty to three misdemeanor poaching counts. They received fines totaling $15,000 and 18-month prison sentences. Each was placed on probation and banned from hunting and entering any national park for five years. Jail time for the two poachers was suspended, except for the 30 days Lewis served concurrently during his Utah incarceration.

*****

WHEN "DAY ONE" PRODUCER KEVIN COSGROVE called back later to invite me to appear in the nationally televised news segment and serve as the spokesman for the continent's bowhunters, I finally agreed. A taping session in Gardiner, Montana, only a short drive from where Lewis and Sims had poached the Yellowstone bulls, left me hopeful that the Cosgrove promise for broadcast fairness would be fulfilled. Still, my nagging concern over fairness would not go away.

I needn't have worried. When the "Poachers' Paradise" segment was broadcast in mid-June of 1994, its theme was the fact that poaching is increasing in all national parks. Chief Ranger Don Scholly explained that only 55 rangers patrol Yellowstone's 3,000 square miles of remote and rugged terrain. Catching poachers is not a simple matter, really. To underscore this problem, the program kicked off with the story of "Charger," an aggressive bull elk and park favorite that had been shot and killed in a meadow beside a busy roadway. The big bull's antlers had been sawed off; the carcass left to rot.

When the Don Lewis footage finally began to roll, segment host John McKenzie intoned, "If ever there was a case which highlights the flagrant violation of America's parks, it was what this man - an Alabama bow and arrow hunter named Don Lewis did inside Yellowstone ... Lewis used the sanctuary of the park like a Hollywood backlot to produce a how-to-hunt video which he planned to sell ... Most of America's 16 million licensed hunters earn their trophies hunting in season, outside national parks."

True enough. As was Joel Scrafford's observation that Lewis "... had the audacity to come in and hunt virtually tame elk with no fear of people."

When my turn in front of the camera came, I labeled Lewis a serial killer of wildlife and drew the clear distinction between being a hunter and poacher. "It's not hunting, John," I explained. "He called them in to point-blank range and shot them. It would be like you going to a zoo in New York City and shooting an animal just to kill it."

By the show's end, I was relieved and satisfied. And judging from the calls and letters that I received in following days, many others felt exactly the same way.

"I saw you on the 'Day One' TV show and you hit the nail on the head with your

description of Don Lewis. This man is nothing more than a common criminal ... I wanted to write you a personal 'thank you' for letting America know how true sportsmen and bowhunters feel about poaching." MOK, New York

"Hearing about the 'Day One' segment on Don Lewis, I was prepared for another network 'roasting' of hunters. Much to my surprise, 'Day One' was fair in their approach of the subject. Watching you give the true sportsman's perspective on this story made me proud to be a bowhunter. Your analogy about this guy looked upon by hunters like clowns viewed John Wayne Gacy was outstanding." RLP, California

"I don't know if I am more outraged by the inexcusable acts committed by Don Lewis or the slap on the wrist that he received. Don Lewis not only stole but wasted a resource that belonged to all of us. He disgraced not only himself but ethical bowhunters everywhere. Anyone who would shoot park wildlife that has lost its instinctual fear of man deserves no sympathy. It's high time the legal system started holding criminals accountable for their actions. If I had been the judge, he'd be under the jailhouse." RB, North Carolina

"I am a Kansas parole officer and have been closely involved in some sentencing decisions. Still, the leniency of the sentences in the Lewis and Sims case bother me. Both men should never be allowed to hunt again and both should serve prison time as well as pay fines. We must show poachers that we as sportsmen will not tolerate their blatant rejection of the spirit of fair chase." EF, Kansas

DONALD EUGENE LEWIS

- Successful Alabama bowhunter; sought product endorsements and paid sponsorships during the 1980s
- Announced personal goal to become first bowhunter to complete "Super Slam" comprised entirely of Pope & Young Club-class big game animals
- Started poaching trophy-class game animals; videotaped unlawful kills
- Convicted of illegally killing multiple Utah mule deer and Yellowstone Park elk following 1991 arrest

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

SUCCESS: A FAMILY TRADITION

The Gail Martin Clan Grew a Global Bow Business

"My bowhunting adventures have taken me to several states and various parts of the world. I've enjoyed hunting different species in North America and several species in South Africa."

AS GAIL MARTIN RECALLS IT, he was 14 years old when he picked up older brother Glenn's hickory longbow and released his very first arrow. "I was hooked instantly," Gail admits, looking back on that personal 1937 milestone. "Even today, some 70 years later, one of the most pleasing things to me is watching the flight of an arrow."

But for a time archery practice - and admiring the arc of feathered shafts against a cobalt blue sky - took a back seat to adolescent chores and part-time work in the northeastern Oregon mining country where Gail grew up. Performing daily tasks instilled a work ethic that would serve him well when he started his own business a full decade later. As for personal hunting gear preferences during his teenage years, Gail confessed that he favored a .22 rifle and single-shot .410 shotgun for bagging rabbits and squirrels for the Martin dinner table. And it was a large bore hunting rifle, not a bow, which accounted for Gail's first deer.

"Those childhood years spent hunting rabbits and squirrels prepared me for grander adventures," Gail remembers. "I learned how to stalk, to read animal behavior and to shoot accurately."

By post-World War II 1946, after a three-year U.S. Army tour of duty across Europe, compliments of Uncle Sam, Gail headed back to Oregon, married a pretty girlfriend named Eva and set about finding a satisfying and personally rewarding job that could become his life's work. At this point, fatefully, archery re-entered Gail's life.

It began when he and Eva visited Clint Martin, another of Gail's brothers. Clint happened to share a humorous account of his first bowhunt. Gail explains: "Clint was laughing as he told us about a deer that had stood broad-

A longtime senior member of the Pope & Young Club, Gail has traveled across North America in search of new bowhunting adventures.

Clan patriarch Gail Martin poses with wife, Eva, and sons Terry and Dan. He founded his archery company in 1951 and the family-run business has become known world wide for quality bows and accessories.

side at about 25 yards. Clint told how he drew and shot low and the deer just stood there. His next shot went high, the next low and the next high again. Still the deer just stood there. And my brother was out of arrows!

"That sounded like fun to me," Gail says with a grin, "and I purchased one of Clint's spare recurves. My love of archery was instantly renewed."

Gail began honing rusty instinctive shooting skills, and in 1947 joined the Blue Mountain Archers, an area club where the 80-something bowman still shoots and holds an active membership. Although no one knew it at the moment, Gail Martin was about to make a lasting personal impact on the archery and bowhunting industry.

*****

"I've had the benefit of hunting with my son, Dan, many times in many locations over the years. I taught him to shoot a bow at an early age, and I taught him a lot about hunting ... I'm proud that both Dan and I are senior members of the Pope & Young Club."

WHEN *BOWHUNTER* MAGAZINE APPEARED, several established archery industry names were among the companies to place ads in that initial 1971 issue. Ben Pearson Archery. Browning. Easton Aluminum. Gordon Glass. Indian Archery. Kwikee Kwiver. Herter's. And, among others, Martin Archery Company.

Africa is another proving ground for Martin hunting tackle. Gail first took up archery in the late 1940s after a stint in the Army.

Actually, Martin Archery celebrated its 20th anniversary the same year *Bowhunter* was born. And over the next three-and-a-half decades Martin was an advertising fixture in *Bowhunter*.

After getting to know Gail, Eva and sons Terry and Dan on a business basis, I quickly developed an increasing admiration for these friendly folks who started a small family business destined to blossom into one of the world's archery industry leaders.

Theirs is the story that began in 1948 with a single fletching jig and the desire to produce quality custom arrows.

*****

"I enjoy telling of one of many Colorado hunts with my good friend, Dr. Lowell Eddy. I spotted a bedded buck one afternoon and made a slow careful stalk. As I drew my bow, the buck jumped to its feet and I missed. As the deer took off, I drew and shot again as the buck cleared the top of a small rise. Both the deer and my arrow disappeared, but I heard the arrow hit and found the buck only 30 yards beyond the hill's crest.

"Of the memorable shots I've made, this one sticks out. And to top it off, as I was about to gut the deer, a young man with our hunting party arrived and asked if he could field dress my buck. I said, 'Sure, that's fine with me.' The young hunter turned out to be Charles Young, grandson of bowhunting pioneer Art Young."

Martin ads, then and now. A *Bowhunter* magazine advertiser since 1971, Martin Archery has grown steadily along with the sport.

THE SUPERIOR WOODEN ARROWS crafted by Gail and Eva eventually gained a faithful following among area archers. The couple became a familiar sight at archery gatherings, selling custom shafts and various accessories. Although money was tight, the Martins made do and worked hard at establishing themselves as suppliers of quality products.

About this same time Gail tried bowhunting deer for the first time. "Those early years were spent around Flagstaff Butte in northeastern Oregon," Gail says. "My first archery season was spent carrying a camera because I couldn't afford a license. I watched each of my friends take a deer in this beautiful area where we saw over 20 deer each day. After that I made sure enough money was set aside for an Oregon deer tag."

Incidentally, Gail's first hunting bow was a Damon Howatt recurve. He soon became a deadly instinctive shot, especially adept at arrowing moving targets. "All those years spent hunting rabbits as a child must have honed my shooting skills," he notes. "I was able to take several Oregon deer in the Keating Unit, and more than one was shot on the run."

It was 1951 when Martin Archery Company was officially founded and moved to Walla Walla, Washington. Arrows and accessories continued to account for the bulk of sales, but in time bowstrings became the product that proved most profitable. Really, it was a string-making machine Gail devised

that solved the stretching and unraveling problems so common with stickbow-era bowstrings. Martin strings proved stronger and more durable. A sample Gail sent to Fred Bear landed a long-term contract supplying Bear Archery with bowstrings in the 1960s and 1970s. During this same period Martin also built strings for Browning, Wing, Jennings and Allen bows, producing more than 7,000 bowstrings daily during peak production periods.

In the early 1970s, working with sons Terry and Dan, Gail focused on creating the first Martin compound bow. In 1975 Martin unveiled the industry's first one-cam bow featuring a full string system and draw stop. A year later Gail purchased Damon Howatt Archery and expanded its compound and recurve bow designs. Today, quality Martin bows have accounted for tens of thousands of game animals. One longbow model holds the world's flight shooting record, and Martin Archery holds more than two dozen product patents. Not bad for a family-owned, family-run business.

Clan patriarch Gail Martin nicely sums it up with these words: "It's great to work together at something we all enjoy."

"I'll never tire of the joy that comes with watching the flight of my arrows. It's been many years since I measured the success of a hunt by whether I filled a tag or not. The camaraderie, the peace and beauty of the outdoors and the simple observation of wild creatures provides me with all the inspiration I need to get out and go hunting.

—Gail Martin

GAIL MARTIN

- Oregon native and World War II veteran; began bowhunting in late 1940s
- Founded family-run Martin Archery Company with wife Eva in Walla Walla, Washington, in 1951
- Produced custom arrows, accessories, bowstrings, quality recurves and compound bows, and archery products during a career spanning over 60 years
- Sons Dan and Terry, along with Gail and Eva's grandson Ryan, continue the Martin family tradition of product excellence

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

THE ELOQUENT PRIMITIVE

Jay Massey, Self-Reliant Bowhunter

BACK IN THE EARLY 1980s, during my first bowhunt for barren ground caribou on the rolling tundra just south of Prudoe Bay, I wore Jay Massey's ankle-fit hip boots. At Jay's insistence. He'd taken one look at my Midwesterner's gear when I stopped by his Girdwood, Alaska, home before beginning my August adventure, then promptly declared that my choice of footwear was totally inadequate. It turned out he was right. About what boots I should wear and about lots of other things, too, some folks still insist.

I'd known Jay a decade or more by the time of that caribou hunt, first meeting him at some 1970s-era gathering of the Professional Bowhunter Society. Frankly, I admired his writing, buying Jay's first *Bowhunter* magazine article ("The Case for Heavy Bows") in 1974. I also liked Jay, although he was not the easiest man to like. Blunt-spoken and ever true to his personal bowhunting standards, he could be as subtle as a knee to the groin. No doubt about it, with Jay you never had to wonder whether he was saying what was really on his mind.

*****

"Jay was an outspoken critic of any kind of unlawful, unethical or irresponsible behavior in the field. He abhorred trophy hunting abuses, wanton waste of fish and game and the increasing mechanization of outdoor activities. He was the epitome of self-reliance in the field, a conservationist in word and deed, and a humble practitioner of the highest self-imposed outdoor ethic of fair chase."

This glowing testimony was spoken by a Massey family spokesperson shortly after cancer killed Jay on Jan. 18, 1997. He was 55 years old at the time of his premature death.

*****

FROM 1984 UNTIL 1992, Jay was a *Bowhunter* magazine contributor. He ultimately resigned due to what could be called "philosophical differences."

Traditionalist, minimalist and talented writer, Jay never varied from his strongly held beliefs about what constituted proper bowhunting methods and equipment. And while we held differing views on certain things, we maintained our friendship and a mutual respect for one another until Jay's premature death in 1997.

A native of Oklahoma who eventually found his true home in Alaska, Jay loved calling moose within bow range for himself, friends and clients of his Moose John Outfitting business.

My magazine, came the accusation in a long telephone conversation we had in '91, was increasingly promoting trophy hunting and accepting ads for certain gadgets that Jay believed had no place in bowhunting.

"I've always liked you personally," Jay said, "and had respect for you, so I hope I don't offend you when I say that your magazine just plain upsets my stomach much of the time. That's because I see it steering archery hunters in what I feel is the wrong direction."

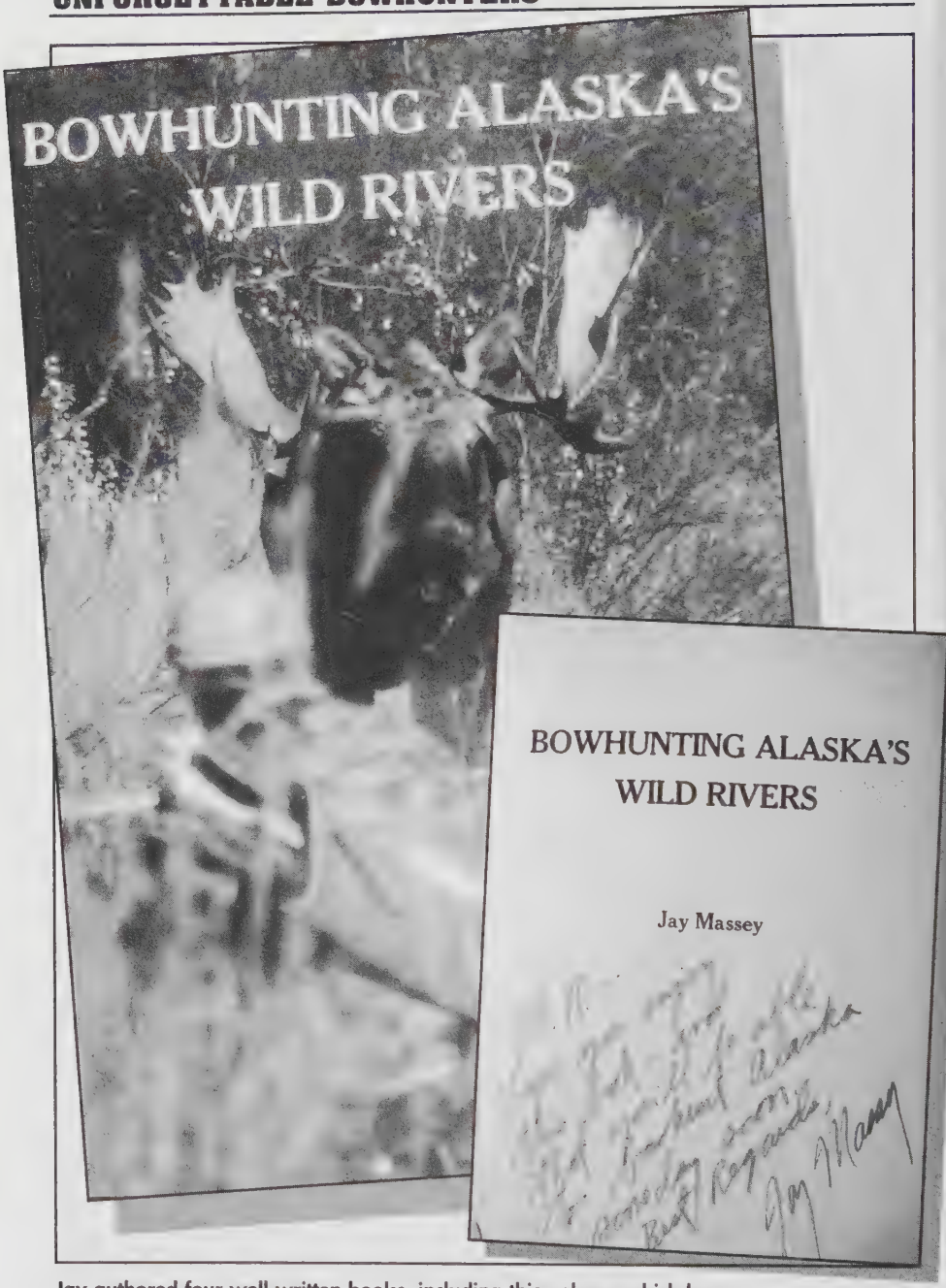
He simply couldn't compromise his beliefs any longer. Jay concluded, "I'd be untruthful to myself and to you if I didn't ask you to remove my name from your list of contributors." Although I disagreed with his premise, I respected Jay's decision. We parted ways but remained friends.

Jay later served as hunting editor for *Traditional Bowhunter* magazine, a publication that better suited his primitive equipment philosophy. In an inscription he scrawled for me in his 1987 book, "The Bowyer's Craft," Jay none too subtly revealed his tackle bias:

M. R. - Best of luck to you, both in bowhunting and bow-making, when you finally decide to "roll your own." Best regards, Jay

Regardless, when he sent me a personalized copy of his "The Book of

Whitetail deer guru Gene Wensel was one of many notables to take a bull moose while floating remote Alaska waters under Jay's guidance and encouragement.



Jay authored four well-written books, including this volume which has become something of a cult classic with some traditional bowhunters. This book and "A Thousand Campfires" are my personal favorites.

Jay Massey loved crafting the bows and arrows he used for hunting. He called it "rolling your own."

Primitive Archery" in 1990, a book dedicated "... to those archers who are keeping alive the ancient traditions," Jay simply wrote: *"To M. R. James, fellow bowhunting writer. With best wishes and highest regards." Jay Massey*

*****

TO FULLY UNDERSTAND JAY, you have to understand how he came to bowhunting. A late bloomer who spent his early years toting firearms, he was in college when he uncovered a worn, dog-eared book titled, "The Archer's Craft," by Adrian Eliot Hodgkin, an English toxophilite. Following the book's instructions, Jay whittled an American Indian-style yew flatbow that he backed with rawhide. After countless hours of shooting practice and long days afield, he killed a small buck ... and found himself hooked on bowhunting and

do-it-yourself primitive tackle making.

In his later years, Jay publicly bemoaned the fact that the woods were full of successful bowhunters who used equipment made by others. How many, he wondered aloud, could make their own bows and arrows and take game animals with that gear?

Not one in 10,000, he estimated.

Pointing to the personal satisfaction and pleasure to be found in primitive tackle, Jay often quoted Dr. Saxton Pope: "The true hunter counts his achievement in proportion to the effort involved."

Jay also was fond of citing American conservationist Aldo Leopold, himself a bowhunter, who decried the gadgetry found in outdoor sports. Jay labeled most modern bowhunters the "Woods Warriors of America" who relied on high-tech gimmicks rather than woodsmanship and hunting skills.

Here's another Saxton Pope saying that Jay enjoyed quoting: "We scorned to shoot from a tree. We preferred the still-hunt."

Forgo the easy way was a common theme in Jay's writing. Follow the time-tested methods of the archery pioneers like Ishi, Pope, Young and Hill. Primitive equipment, he declared, is neither inefficient nor inhumane, except in the hands of inexperienced archers.

*****

A TRULY GIFTED WRITER, Jay authored hundreds of magazine articles, columns and four popular books. I've already mentioned two of the four. But my personal favorites were his earlier volumes, "Bowhunting Alaska's Wild Rivers" (1983), and "A Thousand Campfires" (1985). To me, Jay was always at his best when sharing tales of Alaskan bowhunts with partners Doug Borland and Dick Hamilton.

And for 16 years as a registered guide and outfitter Jay organized big game float trips for moose and caribou bowhunters as a co-owner of Moose John Outfitters. Among his many successful clients were Gene Wensel, Vern Struble and Roger Rothhaar. I published several stories and pictures from their Moose John hunts, and a couple of Jay's own features, "Alaskan Adventure" and "So You Want To Hunt Alaska?"

As I write these words, almost a full decade has passed since Jay's death. Knowing him as I did, I believe that he would be displeased with many of the newer products advertised in *Bowhunter*, the high-tech "wheel-and-pulley" bows, metal and composite arrows, plastic-and-aluminum "gizmos" and other mechanical trappings.

For Jay Massey, hunting with the bow and arrow was not sport nor a means to enhance one's self-image. It was a spiritual, mystical experience. It was a step back in time, away from a crowded modern world rife with problems. It was a

reason to understand - and create - the tools of a seasonal ritual as old as the first men who hunted to survive.

That was Jay. Agree or disagree with him, you should respect him as a principled individualist to whom "the good old days" were still around for anyone willing to search them out.

JAY MASSEY

- Oklahoma native and Alaska resident for nearly three decades
- Registered guide and outfitter; member of the Alaska Board of Game
- A self-described primitive archer, he crafted his own hunting tackle and followed in the footsteps of Ishi, Pope, Young and other bowhunting pioneers
- Widely published writer whose columns, articles and books inspired countless traditional bowhunters

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

A PROFILE IN BOWHUNTING COURAGE

Meet Kansas Bowhunter Drew McCartney

"From the sickening 'snap'! I knew immediately that I'd broken my right arm above the elbow. When I slipped and fell on a steep, snow-covered slope, we were still over a half-mile from the Montana mountain lion I'd been dreaming about for over a year."

— "Lion Hunting - The Hard Way!"

Drew McCartney Feature Article, *Bowhunter Big Game Special* 2001

BY COMPARISON, THAT PAINFUL 1999 fracture was nothing serious, really. Nine years earlier 38-year-old electrical contractor Drew McCartney accidentally brushed a power line while working in northcentral Kansas. That life-changing date was August 24, 1990. Instantly some 7,200 volts surged through Drew, charring his flesh from right knee to right armpit. Burns radiated around his broad back and across the stomach, destroying Drew's right arm and left index finger in the process.

"I was devastated," Drew admitted. "I'd been a busy outdoorsman and workaholic. I considered myself pretty much invincible. But when I woke after the emergency surgery and looked down, knowing my arm wasn't going to be there, I felt like a freak. I knew I wouldn't be able to do anything I loved again.

"At that time I was less than two weeks away from a Colorado elk hunt. But suddenly bowhunting was over for me. Forever."

Searing physical pain and icy mental depression. It was a toss-up which condition sparked Drew's greatest bouts of burn unit agony. But over the next two and a half months, with "so many skin graft surgeries that I couldn't keep track," Drew McCartney endured recurring rounds of unbelievable pain marked by meager respites of medication-induced relief.

"If not for my family and friends, I would never have left that hospital," Drew said. "My wife, Mary, stayed with me the whole time. Our oldest son, Boyd, dropped out of college to keep the family business going. Bob and Katie were too young to realize what was taking place and were scared to death. Even

Not even missing part of his lower right arm – or breaking that same arm above the elbow during a Montana cougar hunt – could keep Kansas bowhunter Drew McCartney from tagging a nice tom and many other big game trophies.

though my friends offered constant encouragement, I couldn't shake the feeling that I'd have to be 'taken care of' from then on."

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WHILE EXTENSIVE THERAPY PRODUCED some maddeningly sluggish physical and mental progress, frustration lingered. Only a bowhunter with a zeal for pursuing big whitetails and bugling elk can sense the hollow emptiness Drew felt each time his gaze lingered on the dusty, unused hunting tackle. Then one evening his wife suggested they take a drive in the country and look at some deer.

"My first reaction was '*no way*,'" Drew remembered. "If I couldn't hunt them, I didn't want to sit and watch deer. But my curiosity finally got the best of me. I gave in and let Mary drive me around every evening. We saw lots of deer, and I realized how much I missed being out there."

Drew soon experienced another *no way* moment when son Boyd urged him to hunt whitetails with a crossbow that same fall. This weapon is legal for handicapped hunters in Kansas, but Drew was a serious bowhunter who had always detested crossbows. "I think there was a conspiracy to get me back into the woods," Drew said, "but they won't admit it and I can't prove it."

Regardless, after considerable soul-searching, Drew reluctantly decided to get a crossbow and practice with it for the upcoming deer season. "I was so weak I couldn't lift the crossbow, much less shoot the damned thing. But I stuck with it and worked hard. When deer season opened Mary walked me to my stand, but I wasn't strong enough to climb the ladder. So I just sat on a log and enjoyed being in the woods. As days passed, I finally got strong enough to get into my stand. And one evening toward the end of November it happened. A buck appeared, I somehow got that damned monstrosity raised and I killed my biggest whitetail ever.

"I was healed! I knew I was still a man. My life wasn't over after all."

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DREW STILL CALLS THAT DEER "my therapy buck." Although his crossbow success elated the hunter in him, the bowhunter inside knew something vital was still missing. So he began to focus on finding some way - any way - to shoot a conventional hunting bow again. But how?

The answer came by happenstance when he read a *Bowhunter* magazine profile spotlighting Mississippi bowhunting legend Colonel Billy Ellis III. Drew was moved to write Colonel Billy and share his sad story.

"One day a couple of weeks later I got a phone call from this guy with a booming voice and Southern accent as thick as a cypress stump," Drew said. "It was Billy Ellis and he invited me to stop by the next time I was down in Dixie

Drew poses with his 1990 "Therapy Buck," taken the same year he lost his arm in an electrical accident. But he disdained using the crossbow and learned to shoot conventional bows ... quite well, judging from his impressive record of big game successes.

A mouth tab proved to be the answer to Drew's bow-shooting dilemma. Once he reaches full draw, he releases an arrow by simply opening his mouth.

visiting my dad's Mississippi farm. I took him up on the offer, and I'm glad I did. Billy's the one who talked me into joining the Kansas Bowhunters Association and the Pope & Young Club. He also made me realize that I could live my dreams of bowhunting the animals I've always wanted to hunt."

Also at Billy's urging, Drew contacted a South Dakota amputee named Bob Mills who had learned to shoot a bow with a special mouth-tab release. "I was really skeptical," Drew admitted. "But I called Bob and he sent me a mouth tab that you sew on the bowstring, bite down on the tab and draw the bow with your teeth. It isn't as hard as it sounds. I made some adaptations, practiced for a few weeks and got pretty good with it. So good that I scheduled an elk hunt for that same fall.

"Less than a year after my accident I was shooting a 66-pound PSE compound bow again. Suddenly I felt like I was the luckiest person on earth."

Drew is a co-founder and past president of the Physically Challenged Bowhunters of America (PCBA). I've served on the PCBA board for years and snapped this photo during a gathering in Mississippi.

Handicap? What handicap. Ask this handsome muley buck what he thinks about a one-armed bowhunter who wears a prosthetic arm and hand but shoots a compound bow with his trusty mouth tab.

*****

OVER THE NEXT TWO YEARS Drew and Billy brainstormed the idea of forming a national group of disabled people who wanted to bowhunt. In the fall of 1993, Billy invited 25 guests to his Indian Bluffs hunting lodge near Lexington, Mississippi, to pursue a variety of exotic game animals. That same weekend, under Colonel Billy's visionary guidance, the Physically Challenged Bowhunters of America (PCBA) was formed.

David Sullivan was elected the first PCBA president and served about a year before stepping down. Drew succeeded David and led the growing group until 2005. Incidentally, Drew still serves on the PCBA board of directors and takes great personal pride in the hope that his organization offers to all individuals suffering from physical disabilities that could end their hunting careers.

"No one in PCBA has profited from the club in any way other than the friendships we've formed and satisfaction we've gained by helping thousands to enjoy bowhunting," Drew said. "So far we haven't had anyone we couldn't help get to shooting again. There are so many devices that can be used to help disabled folks."

Ask Drew to share inspirational PCBA success stories and he will point to his friend, Marvin Vought of Pennsylvania, a quadriplegic since 1982, who continues to hunt despite odds that would have defeated a lesser man. Marv's wife, Karen, is the longtime PCBA secretary/treasurer. And there's Ohio's James Meacham who is totally blind yet hunts with the help of a sighted "spotter" standing at his side. And don't forget Cameron Dean of Illinois, who succeeded Drew as PCBA president and ultimately lost his battle to cancer. Cameron was also blind and was an avid bowhunter who took a variety of big game animals. He was closing in on a grand slam of wild turkeys at the time of his death.

Wisconsin's Shawn Berto, who suffers from multiple sclerosis, also comes to mind. Shawn refused to use a crossbow and shoots a compound mounted on a special tripod in order to continue to bowhunt. She has taken two exotic rams on PCBA hunts in recent years and serves as a role model for personal determination. And how about young bowhunters Patrick Hubbard of Alabama and Florida resident Josh Saner, who both suffer from spina bifida, yet use bows to tag game animals of their own?

Drew's list of inspirational examples could go on and on. And he always expresses high praise for the able-bodied men and women who support their physically challenged brethren. "I've taken some buddies along on PCBA functions," Drew said. "Once they've helped someone with a disability shoot a bow, they're hooked. Seems they get more gratification from helping than anyone could have imagined. This is a common reaction among other able-bodied people who've discovered what helping others - giving a bit of their time - can mean. If more folks in the bowhunting community would get involved, the future of hunting for people with disabilities would take care of itself."

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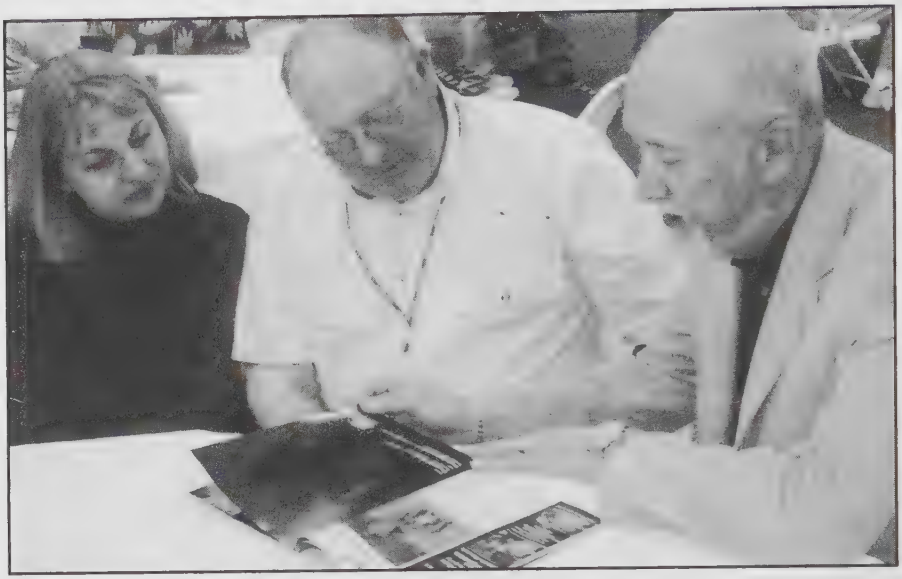
DOZENS OF ANIMALS have fallen to Drew's well-aimed arrows since that 1990 on-the-job accident cost him his right arm. Whitetails and mule deer. Black bears. Antelope and elk, including one Colorado bull arrowed at seven feet. Gobblers, varmints, small game. And, yes, a mountain lion, too.



I've known and admired bowhunters Drew and Mary McCartney for two decades. Stories of their hunting successes have appeared in *Bowhunter* magazine.

Remember that cougar hunt mentioned at the beginning of this chapter? Drew's untimely fall on that snowy Montana mountain indeed fractured his right humerus just above the elbow. But since Drew shoots with a mouth tab, that tumble didn't spell an abrupt end to his cat hunting adventure.

"I'm not going to try and fool anybody," Drew confessed. "I was in a lot of pain and had to dig really deep to find the guts to go on. When I took my prosthesis off, I darn near passed out...

"That next half mile seemed like 20 miles ... Regardless of the pain, I knew that this was going to be my last chance to shoot a mountain lion for quite some time."

Fortunately, that chance was all Drew McCartney needed.

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BUT AS IF DREW hasn't already tackled and conquered challenges that would stagger the average hunter, he recently had another major obstacle thrown into his path when he was diagnosed with Stage 4 lymphatic leukemia.

"At first the doctors wouldn't even give me a prognosis on how long I had until they could see if the chemo worked," Drew explained. "From what I've read, only about 17 percent of the people that have this type of cancer live for three years. But I'm going to change that percentage.

"I went back to the doctor and asked him about his diagnosis and if it could change because I was doing so much better. He replied that I'm still in Stage 4

but I'm in remission. I asked about going on a moose hunt and told him about my passion to get one with a bow. He just laughed and told me, 'Go for it.'

"I explained that the hunt was something I might not get arranged in 2007, and I asked him about the future. He laughed again and asked if I was worried about living long enough, then said, 'You've got a lot of moose hunts left in you.'

"It's been a real trying year," Drew admitted, "but things are looking up now."

And no one who knows Drew McCartney questions his optimistic outlook or doubts that he'll eventually kill a bull moose - and more game animals, too. Facing and overcoming long odds is nothing new for this Kansas bowhunter.

DREW MC CARTNEY

- Kansas native and lifelong hunter; took up bowhunting in the 1970s; arrowed first whitetail in his second season afield
- Lost lower right arm in electrical accident in 1990; eventually learned to draw and shoot a compound bow with a mouth tab fitted to the bowstring
- Served as president of both the Physically Challenged Bowhunters of America and the Kansas Bowhunters Association; senior member of the Pope & Young Club
- Has successfully bowhunted a variety of North American big game animals

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

A FUNNY MAN CALLED "MAGGIE"

John McGee's Tales Are All True, Sorta

"I am not a famous person in any way, shape or form. I have never won any major archery tournaments, nor do I have any animals in the Pope & Young Club records ... I work in an Ohio factory, at a job which I hate, eight hours a day and sometimes more in order to get extra money - which is never enough. My age is 32. I have a wife, three daughters and a dog, none of whom are registered.

"In physical appearance there is nothing to distinguish me from a million other guys all living the same sort of existence. But I am also a bowhunting nut. I eat, sleep, talk and think about bowhunting all the time. Although bowhunting is my main interest, I am crazy about anything that has to do with bows and arrows. This 'sickness' started about five years ago when I acquired a cheap fiberglass bow and some wood arrows. Right away the back yard became a target range. I have been broke and happy ever since."

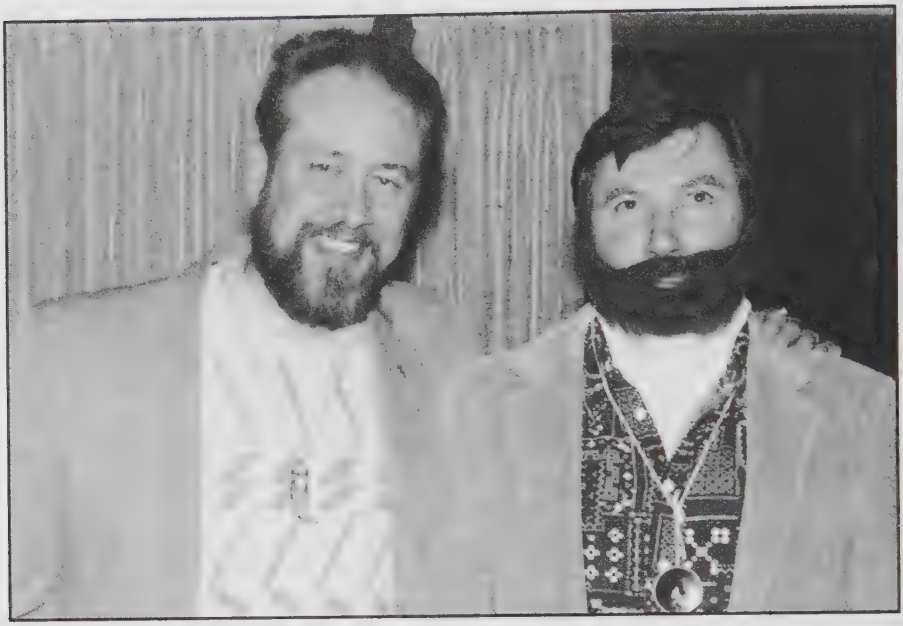
— John McGee

"Maggie's Meanderings" column, *Bowhunter* April/May 1978 issue

FROM HIS VERY FIRST magazine column, this Everyman archer has deftly employed his unique brand of self-deprecating humor to strike a responsive chord with thousands of *Bowhunter* readers. Time after time he's been rated one of the magazine's most popular columnists. Even today, some three decades after his rather inauspicious international debut, it's apparent that many folks still relate well to Ol' Maggie. Fans are hooked on his head-shaking tales of huntin' misadventures and spousal misunderstandings, not to mention the misguided antics he's shared with an oddly familiar assortment of bow buddies known collectively as "The Dumb Bunch."

There's Animal, the bearded, 325-pound man mountain. And round-faced, bespectacled Owlface. And Bear Breath (need you wonder?) and the slender, furtive Ferret. Their on-target nicknames fit perfectly. And don't forget the Old Man and Slick and Maggie's brother-in-law, practical joker Rotten Randy, whose sister Melaney, aka "Number Three," just happens to be Maggie's latest long-

The "World's Worst Bowhunter" would claim that even a blind pig finds an occasional acorn. But don't be fooled by Maggie's self-deprecating shtick. He's a good bowhunter who's taken a variety of North American big game animals.



Nope, you're not seeing double, although John "Maggie" McGee has been known to impersonate many well known bowhunters. He says it's done strictly for laughs, even though some guides accuse him of trying to bum free hunts by posing as someone else.

suffering wife. All these characters, and other pals, are all too real, just like the author himself. We've all met and shot and hunted with them - or their separated-at-birth clones.

But what's with that feminine moniker? Where'd the "Maggie" come from, anyway?

"One of my best friends noticed my hair was getting pretty long," Mag explains. "Since my last name was McGee, he soon came up with 'Maggie.' And I guess the reason the name stuck is I still have a tendency to let my hair get long, because I can never seem to put visiting my barber ahead of shooting my bow or hanging out at the local archery range."

Talk about a man who has his priorities straight. Don't you just love it? I certainly do. Always have.

"What are you laughing at?" my secretary asked me one summer day in 1977, peering curiously through the door of my editorial cubbyhole at *Bowhunter* magazine headquarters.

"I really don't know," I said honestly, staring down at the unsolicited John McGee manuscripts spread on my cluttered desk. "These three stories came in today's mail. I can't use any of them, but they're funny and I really like this guy's style. My next step is tracking down and talking to the author.

Here's Maggie in action, entertaining a group of Minnesota bowhunters at the expense of his favorite editor (pictured posing with a certain New York senator-to-be). That's Dave Holt watching the action and waiting (dreading?) his turn in the spotlight.

He's got promise. We need to talk."

One lengthy telephone conversation revealed that Maggie's sample columns were mailed to me on a dare. Seems several of his pals at the General Electric Evandale, Ohio, plant urged him to put down some of his stories on paper, then submit them for publication.

Rewrite and resubmit, I suggested. He did. Within a few short months a spanking new *Bowhunter* magazine humor column was born. And believe it or not, even to this day Maggie swears each and everything he writes is based on the truth. I'll leave it to you to decide exactly how Mag defines "truth."

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MAGGIE'S "DAFFYNITION" OF BUCK FEVER, he says, is "the cold sweat I break out in every time I purchase a nonresident hunting license." A blood trail is "the red stuff I leave on the carpet between the living room and bathroom when I am sharpening broadheads or hunting knives and watching television at the same time." A trophy hunter "is what I am for the first 10 minutes of every deer season." Small game "is every deer I ever got with my bow." Hunting arrows are "what I spend most of my time doing at every bowhunter shoot I ever went to." Deer sign is "a yellow and black sign on the side of the road." And...

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JOHN "MAGGIE" MCGEE

Bowhunters Who Care Goodwill Ambassador

Bowhunting's answer to Will Rogers, "Maggie", can even find something funny about blowing a close shot at a trophy buck.

Maggie does his "Maggie's Meanderings" column as a regular for Bowhunter Magazine and he has a following from the bowhunting community across the country.

Maggie, as everyone calls him, not only supports Bowhunters Who Care, but goes out of his way to help clubs with any special projects.

Maggie is also a master when it comes to making knives. Four of his beautiful hand-made knives were raffled off at the McDonnell Douglas Stand with the money [illegible] Bowhunters Who Care. [illegible] Who [illegible] member, John "Maggie" McGee.

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A copy of the *Bowhunters Who Care* publication.

Well, by now you get the idea how Ol' Mag's mind works. Non-stop and a wee bit warped, like weathered cedar arrows left out in the rain and sun too long.

Although early on he dubbed himself "The World's Worst Bowhunter," in truth John "Maggie" McGee evolved into bowhunting's unofficial goodwill ambassador and good humor man. His magazine column and the standup comedy routines have been performed at seminars, banquets and other archery club gatherings for over a quarter of a century. Not only did they evoke countless smiles and incalculable belly laughs, but his closing words have contained a serious message: *practice safe, ethical and responsible bowhunting.* Folks chuckled, but they listened, too.

On our first shared bowhunts I quickly learned that Maggie was not the bumbling, inept bowhunter he portrays in print and personal appearances. To the contrary, he's a creative "bowhunting nut" who handles a bow quite well and tags critters on a regular basis. Yet he continuously pokes fun at his accomplishments. One conversation we had occurred just after he'd arrowed a Utah cougar that was missing about a foot of its tail. I was on the Pope & Young Club's board of directors at the time, and Mag said he planned to petition the Club for a brand new category of mountain lions: *non-typical, bobtailed catamounts.* The way Maggie figured it, this was his one and only shot at receiving any world record.

Another time, he related an unlucky incident that took place during a Yukon moose hunt. Ol' Mag reported that his guide, a young woodsman named Brian, promptly raised his rifle, shot and dropped a big bull Maggie had just arrowed. "It was my own fault," Mag admitted to me with a chagrined smile. "My arrow was a wee bit off center, and I yelled a bad word as I fumbled to nock another arrow. The guide musta thought I'd yelled 'Aw, shoot!'"

That's vintage Maggie McGee.

"Don't spoil my bad reputation," Maggie cautioned me each time I wrote or mentioned something positive about his true bowhunting talents.

In fact, the jokester took absolute delight when I once published a tongue-in-cheek public "confession" that Maggie was really a fictional character.

"There is no such person as John 'Maggie' McGee," I wrote in an Editor's Note in a 1985 issue. "The *Bowhunter* staff dreamed him up (no real person could be that bad, could he?) for the enjoyment of our reading audience. Staff writers combine to write the 'Maggie's Meanderings' column each issue. In addition, we even hired an actor from Ohio to attend bowhunter shoots, banquets and other events as 'Maggie' so nobody would doubt his authenticity or guess the truth."

Most of Maggie fans recognized that their collective legs were being pulled and went along with our joke. But a handful of angry subscribers - all diehard

Maggie loyalists – believed they'd been duped and promptly canceled their subscriptions.

*****

HE'S GOT A MILLION of 'em. Stories, that is. I know I've listened and laughed to a nonstop stream of Ol' Mag's bowhunting tales spun around high country campfires and in comfy banquet halls all across North America. I've also shared stages and microphones with Maggie, always serving as the Dean Martin straight man to his Jerry Lewis wackiness. The transformation made by this very polite, somewhat shy, often uptight and creative but insecure comedian was amazing to behold. Each time he stepped onto a stage, he left John McGee in the wings and instantly became the Maggie his readers knew and loved.

"We build jet aircraft engines at the Ohio plant where I work," Maggie would wisecrack to an audience at some bowhunting show. "Next time you're flying somewhere cross country at 30,000 feet, look out the cabin window and check out the plane's engine." After the appropriate pause, he'd add with that impish grin, "Then think about this ... maybe that's one GE engine Ol' Maggie himself put together. Scary, huh?"

Actually, Maggie retired from his job some time ago without having caused a single passenger jet fall out of the sky. No surprise to me. Evidence of his personal toolmaking talent is readily apparent in the custom knives he crafted for special friends. Each is a true piece of the cutlery art. And as with Maggie's understated bowhunting ability, his bumbling country bumpkin character was mostly a role-playing act. While just about everybody has heard Jeff Foxworthy's "You might be a redneck if ..." routine, not everybody knows about Maggie's own comedy monologue that most hunters will recognize all too well.

- If you're shootin' better than ever before, it's because it's the Fourth of July and deer season is three months away ...
- If you're sittin' against a tree eatin' your lunch, you're about to see a deer.
- If you find a really good lookin' place to hunt on public land, look up and you'll see a bowhunter in a treestand.
- If you're the only one allowed to hunt on a bunch of private land, there ain't been any bucks there for years.
- If you want to kill big game when still-huntin', practice shooting while taking a leak.
- If your thumbs are black and all swollen up, you've been trying to rattle up a big buck.
- If you come home from a huntin' trip and your wife finds a pair of woman's

panties in your dirty clothes that your buddies put there for a joke, it won't be!

And on and on. As I said before, he's got a million of 'em.

*****

IN MY HOME OFFICE, I keep this hand-scribbled note:
Hi, M. R.,
Thanks for taking a chance on me. I owe you more than I can ever repay.
All My Best, Maggie

Believe me, Mag, the pleasure was mine. All I know is I'm tickled that you accepted the dare from your pals and sent me those sample columns some 30 years ago. *Bowhunter* magazine and bowhunting have never been the same, and to me that's a good thing. And I believe that lots of other bowhunters feel exactly the same way.

JOHN "MAGGIE" MCGEE

- Began bowhunting in southern Ohio in 1972
- *Bowhunter* magazine "Maggie's Meanderings" columnist since 1978
- Author of two 1985 books: "Almost Bowhuntin'" and "The Best of Maggie"
- Popular archery club banquet and seminar speaker; traveled across North America for decades presenting comedy routines to tens of thousands of bowhunters

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

MR. CONSISTENCY

Is Danny Moore Bowhunting's Best Elk Hunter?

SOME BOWHUNTERS WILL ARGUE that he's the best elk hunter alive. That's debatable, of course, because Chuck Adams, Randy Ulmer and a handful of others are pretty fair elk hunters, too. Regardless, one fact can't be argued: *Montana bowhunter Danny Moore is one of the most consistently successful elk hunters to ever bugle up a rutting bull.*

Skeptical? Check the facts.

When the California native moved to Missoula in 1972, Big Dan had never seen or heard a Big Sky bull. To say that he was a greenhorn elk hunter would be a gracious understatement. But somehow he managed to arrow a cow elk the very next season. And the next. And the next. And the next. And the next. All five cows were tagged on the very same mountain near the city of Butte.

Then, in his sixth Montana hunting season, Danny Moore killed his first bull. Although he didn't know it at the time, tagging that antlered elk started his remarkable run of 43 bulls in a row. Year after year. Season after season. *And 16 of his 43 bulls are entered in the Pope & Young Club records.*

"Early on I shot one or two spikes and branch-antlered bulls," Big Dan admits. "Today I won't kill a bull unless he's a record book candidate."

Short-term goals?

"Fifty elk," Danny Moore says without hesitation.

Long-term goals?

"Fifty-one," he replies, smiling.

*****

SPEAKING OF NUMBERS, 2005 was a true dream season for the man nicknamed "Animal" by some of his friends. In addition to buying his usual over-the-counter Montana elk tag, he applied for and drew nonresident elk licenses in Nevada and Arizona. It would be a year that Big Dan would never forget.

Starting September in Nevada's Table Mountain Wilderness - where elk tags for out-of-staters are as rare as 430-inch bulls - Danny's biggest problem was too many elk. Hundreds of elk. And while each challenging bugle brought herd bulls running his way, surrounding them were hordes of keen-eyed cows. As he explained, getting a shot was hard with all those wary eyes

Danny Moore is one of the most consistently successful elk hunters alive. A self-taught hunter and bugler who hunts on his own, the Montana resident has killed more than 40 bulls in a row and today hunts only Pope & Young Club record book elk. This is a photo of a Nevada bull he shot in 2005, one of three trophy bulls killed that year.

nearby. But finally on the third day of his public land bowhunt, he dropped a massive 5x5 bull that taped 321⅝ Pope & Young Club inches. Next stop, Coconino County, Arizona.

Arriving in the Flagstaff area just more than a week later, three short days before opening morning dawned in his assigned hunting unit, the savvy elkaholic started checking things out. But he didn't see a single elk

An admitted "elkaholic," Danny also loves bear hunting and owns an Alaskan cabin where he and friends bowhunt each spring.

during his pre-season scouting trip.

"Arizona elk don't respond to bugles," he'd been told. *"You have to hunt water holes in this high, arid country if you want to get a good, close shot."* That was conventional Arizona elk wisdom that he heard repeated again and again. Big Dan briefly considered heading north to Montana and his favorite hunting haunts. But this was Ari-by gosh-zona, home of giant record book bulls. He shelved the nagging doubts and decided to hang around just to see what happened. It was a good choice.

Driving through the predawn opening day darkness, Dan slowed as his truck's headlights picked up a small-racked bull crossing the two-track just ahead. Hmmmmm.... This seemed to be as good a place as any to start hunting for that young elk's big brother. Or his granddad! Big Dan parked, killed the engine and reached for his Bear compound bow.

Just after daybreak he lifted his bugle and got an immediate response. *"Another hunter,"* Big Dan groused, judging the poor quality of the answering whistle. So he moved farther along the ridge before trying again. Immediately three separate bugles answered. *"Those were elk, not hunters!"* Dan thought. *"And they're close, too!"*

Soon a raghorn appeared, worked over a luckless pine tree and circled downwind. Danny simply watched the raghorn get a whiff of man-scent and crash away downhill. No problem. Several other bulls were still screaming nearby. *"Time to check 'em out,"* he thought and lifted his bugle again.

This time three spikes trotted into view, pushed along by a smallish 6x6.

Other bulls were still sounding off on the far side of the ridge. So Danny eased higher and topped out just in time to see a big-racked bull moving off maybe 150 yards away. A hasty bugle caused the departing bull to spin and head Dan's way on a dead run.

"I've never seen more aggressive elk than those Arizona bulls," Big Dan remembers. "That large ol' guy stopped about 35 yards away to demolish a pine. I could see he was a definite shooter, likely bigger than any elk I'd ever tagged, so I bugled again. He trotted right in. I shot him at 10 yards and then watched him go down in a heap about 50 yards away.

"I knew he was a real good 6x7 bull. I figured he'd score in the 350s."

Well known to Kalispell, Montana, bowhunters, Danny Moore has owned and operated Big Sky Archery since 1976.

Months later official Pope & Young Club scorer Ron Nail would prove Danny Moore's initial guesstimate a wee bit conservative. That Arizona monarch's gross score turned out to be a fraction over 400 inches. Even after antler deductions were subtracted, the huge rack still stretched the measuring tape to a whopping 385⅞ inches!

Oh, yes, in early October of that same magical 2005 season, Big Dan arrowed yet another Montana record book bull while hunting the Missouri Breaks.

That third bull scored 279⅜ inches, nearly 20 inches above the Pope & Young Club minimum. Talk about the perfect ending to an unforgettable dream season. Scouting and hunting on his own, without the benefit of a guide, he'd just gone three for three, completing an elk season's version of a hockey game's hat trick.

The Kalispell newspaper's feature story headline in its Outdoors section perfectly summed up Danny Moore's 2005 memorable season in four fitting words: "He shoots, he scores!"

With dozens of entries in the Pope & Young Club records, Danny is a senior member of the Club whose trophies have earned recognition for decades. Here he receives a plaque from records chairman Dr. Randy Byers in the 1990s.

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WHAT ACCOUNTS FOR SUCH amazingly consistent bowhunting success? Shooting ability and familiarity with bows and arrows, for sure. No problem there. Danny Moore has owned and operated Big Sky Archery in Kalispell since 1976. And when you mix in years of trial and error elk hunting experience with his self-taught bugling technique, you've got a true triple-threat bowhunter.

Ask about his personal elk calling methods and you'll discover that Big Dan isn't bashful about telling what works and what doesn't. For one thing, he never uses cow calls. "Remember, I'm hunting mature herd bulls with at least five to six points on each side of their rack," he says. "I don't want to call in satellite bulls or cows. That's why I stick with my bugle. Why would I do anything different?

"After calling and locating a bull I want, I typically shut up and try to slip in as close as possible. No noise. No cow calls. Nothing. And when I'm as close as I can get, I bugle like the biggest, baddest bull on the mountain. If that doesn't bring the herd bull hurrying to defend his cows, nothing will.

"I don't really know what I'm saying in bull-talk," he admits. "But whatever it is, it really pisses them off."

Equipment? Today he shoots a 70-pound compound, carbon shafts and cut-on-impact broadheads. "I killed most of my 43 bulls with Bear Razorheads," he says. "Fred Bear was a hero of mine."

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ELK AREN'T THE SOLE objects of Big Dan's bowhunting passion. He's tagged and entered 13 Sitka blacktail bucks in the Pope & Young Club records. One buck topped the existing world record at the time that it was killed, but another bowhunter tagged an even larger buck before the next P&Y convention.

"I remember reading a *Bowhunter* magazine story by Roger and Patty Stewart about blacktail hunting in Alaska," he says. "And later at one of the

Pope & Young Club banquets I got to see some Sitka mounts. These little deer fascinated me. I talked with some friends and three of us decided to give it a try. Over the years I had some real interesting Sitka hunting experiences, including a few up close encounters with brown bears."

Mention Alaska and bears and Danny Moore's eyes sparkle. For the past decade and a half he and several friends have spent each spring on Prince of Wales Island where Big Dan owns an oceanfront hunting cabin. "We've killed more than 40 Pope & Young Club (black) bears up there, including half a dozen with skulls taping more than 21 inches," he says.

His best Alaskan black bear? A brute that officially taped 20 19/16 inches. That's the best of 16 Pope & Young Club black bears credited to Danny Moore in the bowhunting record book.

Other Pope & Young Club animals? There are a handful of whitetails and mule deer. Three mountain goats. Several pronghorn antelope and one Canada moose. Still, each September Big Dan turns his full attention to those rutty bulls waiting in the shadows of timbered pockets and brush-choked draws. As sure as the aspen leaves turn from green to gold, he'll close his archery shop for the year, load his gear and head for some distant elk camp, anxious to discover what new adventure awaits him this new year.

DANNY MOORE

- A native of Gardenia, California, and son of a professional baseball player; moved to Montana in 1972; owner/operator of Big Sky Archery in Kalispell since 1976
- Self-taught elk hunter and bugler; has arrowed 48 elk - including 43 bulls - on successive non-guided hunts between 1973 and 2005
- A senior member of the Pope & Young Club; has a total of 49 animals listed in bowhunting's record book
- Scored an elk hunting trifecta in 2005, tagging record book bulls in Nevada, Arizona and Montana with the largest bull measuring 385 7/8 inches; combined scores of 2005 bulls' antlers tally 987 inches

CHAPTER THIRTY

STANDING FIRM, STANDING TALL

John Musacchia Fought Equipment Insanity

"Man unchallenged is a sorry sight ... never to stand tall, never to reach his full potential and never to know the satisfaction of personal achievement."

— John Musacchia, Sr., 1977

JOHN MUSACCHIA COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! Three heavy arrows from his 80-pound longbow already jutted from the great bull's boiler room, yet the Cape buffalo was still standing. "I was sure I had him," John said later, "but Professional Hunter Jose Tello was shaking his head and yelling, 'No good! No good!' Then the wounded buff lunged for cover and we raced to cut him off ... He stopped and wheeled to face us, looking like he was about to charge ....

"Instead, that old bull turned slowly away. I put another arrow just over his heart and he did a strange dance. Then the bull came hard at me, his nose high. 'Now!' Jose shouted. I dropped my bow as Jose tossed a rifle to me. The bullet caught the buff just inside the eye. He collapsed and skidded to a dusty stop."

Admittedly mad as hell, John spat on the big rifle and started to hand it back to Jose.

"Watch out!" he heard Jose scream.

Unbelievably, the bull had regained its feet. But before John could react, fate stepped in. Instead of charging and hooking his pursuers, the dying bull stumbled away into thick brush. The shaken guide and client cautiously followed the bull's trail and found the buffalo stone dead not far away. Careful examination of the carcass was stunning. Not one sharp broadhead on John's well-placed arrows had penetrated the bull's thick ribs, much less buried deep within the bull's vitals.

"Someday I'll try for Cape buffalo again," John vowed. And he swore to be better prepared next time. John simply couldn't believe that his hunting bow

A lifelong traditional archer, John founded the National Bare Bow Association to serve as the voice of traditional bowmen. He also designed and produced the "Bad To the Bone" Muzzy broadhead.

Barbara Musacchia is the person who helped hook John on bowhunting. A Bear recurve she gave her husband as a gift in the 1950s launched John's long and successful bowhunting career.

or arrows were the problem. The real difficulty, he judged, could be traced to the steel hunting heads affixed to the end of each feathered shaft.

Although John had no way of knowing it at the time of that 1971 African safari, major archery equipment changes were already in the air. And the man known as "Muzzy" was destined to play a prominent leadership role in the forthcoming broadhead revolution.

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TRUE, H. W. ALLEN'S COMPOUND BOW stands alone as the most revolutionary archery invention of the late 1960s, but how many can name the man whose innovative creation had the greatest, most lasting impact on bowhunting during the early '70s? To me it's a no-brainer. My personal vote goes to Richard Maleski and his razor-insert style Wasp broadhead because Maleski's milestone hunting head, which debuted in 1972, eternally changed commercial broadhead design and marketing practices.

Simply stated, Dick Maleski took a chance on change. He kicked down a door and opened minds. His actions allowed other creative visionaries - including John Musacchia - to step into the modern world of broadhead manufacturing. The new Wasp head that Maleski created changed the mindset of countless bowhunters.

No more need for tedious honing sessions spent with file, oiled stone and leather strop, hunkered over some hard-to-sharpen fixed blade broadhead. And certainly no more excuses for any novice bowhunter to be shooting some half-

sharp, butter knife-dull hunting head. Suddenly, thanks to Dick Maleski, selecting and using a truly sharp broadhead was simpler than ever before. And as I recall it, at the time there was more rejoicing among savvy bowhunters than clenched jaws and a gnashing of teeth.

Historically speaking, as serious broadhead collectors already know, the first-ever heads to include razor-style blades date way back to the mid-1950s. First was W. W. Rice of Leeds, New York, with his Bo'n Arrer Rocket, a new-look hunting head that accepted four blades seated in milled slots. Once fitted properly, the blades were secured by tightening the head's cone-shaped tip.

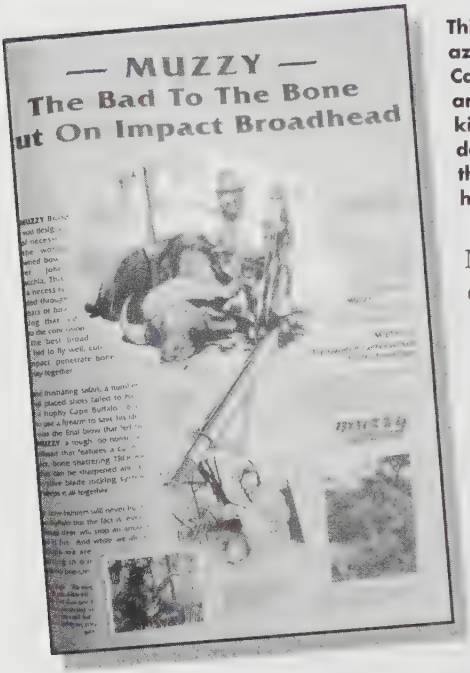
Next, hailing from Jackson, Michigan, the Ja-Lea Rocket made its initial appearance in 1957. Available in two, three or four-blade designs, as well as light or heavyweight models, it featured a glue-on shaft adapter and screw-on tip to hold each Ja-Lea replaceable blade securely in place.

I'll admit that I never used either 1950s-era Rocket broadhead; however, I did hunt with add-on razor heads in the 1960s. And in June of '71, using a Little Shaver 3, I killed my first 20-inch Pope & Young Club record book black bear. By that time there was little question in anyone's mind that commercial razor blades, when mounted to broadheads, held great bowhunting potential. How better to create instant and massive blood loss? The primary problem of that decade, of course, was exactly how to combine existing hunting heads with injector razor blades.

Enter Connecticut bowhunter Dick Maleski. A machinist by trade, he wasn't happy with the poor performance of his own hunting heads. So Maleski began to tinker with various head designs and finally settled on something unique. His initial Wasp head featured a machine tooled aluminum ferrule, hardened steel tip and three modified Schick Injector razor blades fastened firmly in place with locking rings fashioned from spring steel. The initial Wasp production run of 500 to 1,000 heads quickly sold out. Seems it was love at first sight for lots of bowhunters and Maleski's new broadhead. Orders flooded in. Production increased. Sales exploded.

Like many other curious bowhunters, I tried the revolutionary Wasp heads for myself. Sharp and straight-flying, the new broadhead's biggest weakness, I soon discovered, was its flimsy blades. I frequently shot through a deer, bear, antelope or some other critter only to find that one or more razor inserts had not survived impact and penetration. Broken or missing blades were common. Often I had to take special care when field dressing Wasp-killed animals. Blades had a bad habit of breaking - or simply disappearing - somewhere along their journey through shoulder muscles, ribs or chest cavity organs. Not knowing exactly where those missing blades or broken pieces were grabbed my full attention. Believe it!

To his credit, Maleski soon redesigned and improved those early Wasps, offering a design choice of three, four and even six-blade heads. Later he offered his Cam-Lok, Series and Hi-Tech Wasps featuring better blade material, width and thickness.



This 1980s-era magazine ad in *Bowhunter* magazine features a photo of John posing with the Cape buffalo that charged after well-placed arrows failed to drop the huge bull. After John killed the charging buff with a rifle, he set about designing a broadhead that would penetrate the vitals of any game animal. Soon the Muzzy head was born.

Nationwide acceptance was immediate and overwhelming, taxing the Wasp production facility despite a 24/7 work schedule.

The razor style broadhead was here to stay. Over the following years hunter interest in time-tested traditional style heads gradually gave way to the Wasp and the other insert style broadheads that followed. Not surprisingly, Dick Maleski and his Wasp broadheads soon had competition from the likes of Duke Savora and his Super-S heads, Andy Simo and his Razorbaks, Ron Kolpin and his Modulars, Bob Barrie and his Rocky Mountain Razors and John Musacchia and his Muzzy Matadors, to name only a few of the bowhunters and new broadhead innovators who followed Maleski's lead.

So who says the spreading compound bow craze was our sport's only big bowhunting news in the 1970s? Almost simultaneously another honest to goodness equipment revolution was underway. And broadheads and bowhunting would never be the same.

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I move into the drainage and set up behind a tree. Mike Tucker, super moose guide and friend, stays 30 yards behind me. I nod to him, and he goes to work with a dead branch raking a tree ... We hear the bull squeal, grunt and begin to tear up the bushes. He's mad as hell and I see him plowing through the alders like a tank, headed right at me. If he continues, he'll be wearing me like an Easter bonnet!

"Come on, Mr. Moose," I coax ... He stops when he hears Mike grunt, then swings downwind trying to scent the rival bull that has invaded his territory to mess with his cows. He breaks into the clear, and suddenly there are feathers disappearing behind the shoulder ... I don't even remember drawing on him.

He crashes off, and we hear him for 30 seconds. Then silence. I look back at Mike – he nods and his grin tells it all. We find him 100 yards away. The Muzzy did the job. Great moose? I've passed on much better, but he goes on the wall. The plaque will say,

John bowhunted across the U.S. and Canada, as well as parts of Africa. I first got to know John and his family at Pope & Young Club gatherings in the early 1980s.

"First Animal Taken by John Musacchia with a Muzzy!"
— John Musacchia
"Alaska Moose Hunt Memories," Friday, September 13, 1985

I NEVER KNEW DICK MALESKI, but thanks to *Bowhunter* magazine I met and got to know most all of the inventive men following in his footsteps. And even though my personal preference, then and now, runs to more traditional fixed blade, sharpen 'em yourself, cut-on-contact broadheads, I confess that I've tagged more than 100 big game animals with a variety of those razor-insert style heads. And over the years I've candidly discussed the merits of both common types of broadheads - and that more recent rage, the mechanical head - with any and all manufacturers who'd listen. One notable was Muzzy founder John Musacchia.

My first clear memory of John is one of confrontation. The setting is Milwaukee, Wisconsin's Red Carpet Hotel where I am guest speaker at the 1983 Pope & Young Club awards banquet. Folks are taking their assigned seats and the evening meal is about to be served. Suddenly there is a brief disturbance at a front row side table in a banquet room that's filling to capacity with 600 Pope & Young members and guests. I see Senior Member John Musacchia abruptly gather wife Barbara, son John Junior and daughter Michele. The entire Musacchia family quickly exits the ballroom. Pope & Young Club president Jim Dougherty later whispers an explanation. Seems John had reserved Table 1, incorrectly assuming that table was located front and center, offering a perfect unobstructed view of the head table. Fact is it wasn't. And when John discovered the seating arrangement, he promptly leaves.

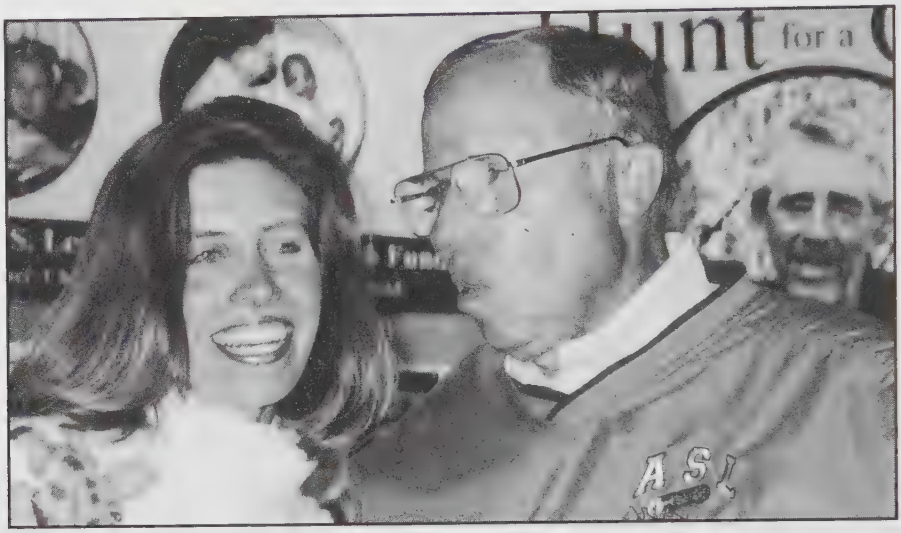
Settling for less than the best of anything was never good enough for John. Ever.

Brooklyn-born and New York-brash, this intelligent, passionate, inventive and athletic ex-Merchant Marine attended military schools until the Wall Street crash of 1929 forced John to drop out and help keep his family's business afloat. Later, he took aviation-related jobs with General Motors and McDonnell-Douglas before founding a plastics business that made plastic cups and shower curtains, among other items. After industry giant DuPont moved in and lured John's major clients away, he started and managed several popular Brooklyn-area eateries.

Regarding John's passion for bowhunting, blame that on wife Barbara. Back in the '50s she'd handed her adventurous husband a Bear Kodiak recurve bow with a compass mounted on the riser. "It was my birthday present to him," recalls Barb Musacchia. "Johnny couldn't hit anything with it at first but had fun shooting."

His first deer hunt was memorable but unproductive. "I came out of the woods that day with an empty quiver," John admits. "I spent the whole day

Here's a favorite photo showing John with daughter Michele during a shared hunt. Cancer claimed John in 1996 and eventually Michele took over as CEO of Muzzy Products.



A co-chairman of the Dr. Arnold S. Leonard Cancer Fund's "Hunt for a Cure" annual fund-raiser, Michele Musacchia Eichler is committed to helping find a cure for the disease that took her father. I clicked this photo of Michele and Doc Leonard during a recent March sportsmen's gathering in Minnesota.

stalking to within 15 to 20 yards of deer and missing. I never hit a deer and I spent at least two hours removing arrows from trees!"

But by day's end he was hooked on bowhunting.

In truth, John was no novice hunter. He'd learned basic stalking and shooting skills as a youngster prowling the Catskill Mountains near Hainesfall. His first weapon was a single-shot .22 rifle, and he earned spending money when area farmers agreed to pay him a dime for every destructive, crop-eating woodchuck he bagged. John also honed his deer hunting skills early on, shooting whitetails with a .22 Hornet. Over one stretch of seasons he killed 13 deer with 13 shots, including a big-racked buck that qualified for the Boone & Crockett Club record book. But gradually his interest in firearms waned, and after discovering archery his rifles gathered dust.

John's consistent deer hunting success eventually drew the attention of one skeptical game warden who didn't believe anyone could legally arrow a whitetail each season. One day as John was dragging a deer out of the woods, the warden appeared and arrested him on the spot.

"The warden tried to prove I shot the deer with a gun," John explained. "He stuck his finger into the arrow wound and his finger came in contact with a Bear Razorhead. It took six stitches to close up the cut. Needless to say, that made a believer out of him. He never bothered me again."

During the years after receiving his birthday gift bow, John became increas-

ingly deadly with both longbows and recurves. He successfully arrowed dozens of big game species across North America and parts of Africa. John joined the Pope & Young Club and earned senior status during 1977, three years before I attained that same membership level. And after the near-catastrophic African encounter with a wounded Cape buffalo, he began his determined quest for a better broadhead.

"Johnny shot that big bull again and again," Barbara Musacchia remembers. "Arrow placement looked good, but that buffalo wouldn't die. It got dangerous, and Johnny had to use a rifle to kill him. It ruined his bowhunt. He blamed poor broadhead design."

John visited museums. He studied historic arrowhead design. He examined existing heads that were being marketed to modern bowhunters. He sketched ideas for what he considered the perfect broadhead. And in the end John visited a successful machinist near his Marathon, Florida, home. John and Richard Frye worked together on Muzzy prototype heads, eventually forming a partnership and producing a new broadhead.

Frankly, at first there was little interest in the Muzzy heads. John worked trade shows hard and sought support from industry stalwarts, including Fred Bear. But no manufacturer was convinced, so John decided to make the heads himself. He bought out Frye's share of the business and launched a determined effort to create a successful family-run broadhead business. No one who really knew John Musacchia was surprised when he succeeded.

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"To me Dad represented all that was good in a sportsman. He had an amazing respect for the animals he pursued and he passed on the love he had for our sport to anyone who would listen.

"I am sure he would be so proud of Muzzy and how far we've come in the industry. His statement, 'There are those who want to be something in archery and there are those who want to do something for archery' is something I think about all the time. He was always someone who, agree with him or not, was respected by fellow archers for his character, integrity and commitment. At Muzzy we are still guided by his philosophy."

— Michele Musacchia Eichler, CEO
Muzzy Products Corporation

A GIFTED SPEAKER, blunt-spoken debater and thought-provoking activist, John had founded the National Bare Bow Association (NBBA) years before launching his broadhead company, serving as NBBA president. He also began pressuring Pope & Young Club officers to take a stand against "an equipment deluge of gadgets that can be attached to the basic bow." Throughout the 1980s, John repeatedly brought motions before the Pope & Young Club's board

and voting membership in an effort to end what he labeled the "suicidal equipment insanity."

John's proposed solution required a unified three-organization approach. The Pope & Young Club declared itself bowhunting's parent organization. Complementing Pope & Young would be a non-commercial group consisting of all state and national archery organizations, and a final group comprised of the for-profit archery manufacturing companies. The mandate of this new triumvirate would be keeping bowhunting's records, serving as a role model of hunting difficulty and integrity and monitoring and restricting the equipment used in establishing the Pope & Young Club records. John was convinced such action would secure a glowing future for bowhunting.

About this same time the Pope & Young Club initiated action of its own, announcing a ban on all electronic devices attached to hunting bows or arrows and establishing a maximum 65 percent let-off for compound bows. John Musacchia called the Pope & Young Club's action "... only a start - a very small step - a Band-Aid on a massive, perhaps fatal wound."

Despite the repeated rejections of formal motions for more comprehensive and focused Pope & Young Club leadership effort, John doggedly continued his crusade. There's no doubt that he honestly believed the "continued sophistication of equipment" placed bowhunting's future in jeopardy. I, for one, think this matter still weighed on John Musacchia's mind when cancer eventually claimed him at his Marathon, Florida, home in July of 1996. An unapologetic traditional archer and determined battler until the very end, he was in his 78th year of life when death came calling.

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"As for my position on equipment, Aldo Leopold summed it up very well: 'Tools for the pursuit of wildlife improve faster than we do and sportsmanship is a voluntary limitation in the use of these armaments.' I am proud to be standing with Aldo Leopold. Who are you standing with?"

— John Musacchia Letter to the
Pope & Young Club, January 14, 1983

JOHN FLATLY STATED that no one could ever convince him that the Pope & Young Club was "... not in error when they accepted the compound bow as a legitimate weapon for use in archery hunting.

"The compound bow," he once said, "could make a bowhunter out of my grandmother.

"But the compound is not what makes it that much easier. It's the gadgets that the compound will accommodate, now and in the future, that destroy the very nature of our sport."

I think John remained convinced until his dying day that our industry - of which he and I were both very active members - had abandoned the philosophy of promoting its bowhunting equipment as "primitive yet highly effective." This was what makes bowhunting so challenging, so appealing, he said. And John was in business to produce an improved, deep-penetrating hunting head, not reinvent the bullet. He disdained those in our industry who touted the "easy way to success" through their products. Making a profit was not the issue, John told me; making money at the expense of our sport and its future was dead wrong. Quite likely that's why he continually pondered ways to create an effective system of checks and balances that would preclude manufacturers alone from making decisions affecting the sport.

A concise warning John often used to voice his concern over mixing businessmen and bowhunting was this: "Money doesn't talk, it screams!"

Shortly after John's death, Doug Walker asked me to provide a personal remembrance of John Musacchia for a farewell tribute to be published in a 1996 issue of Doug's *National Bowhunter* magazine. My first thoughts were of "Muzzy's" high ethical standards and dogged determination. So I wrote:

"I didn't always agree with him, but I admired John tremendously for his outspoken commitment to bowhunting."

And I still do.

JOHN "MUZZY" MUSACCHIA

- Born in Brooklyn, New York, 1918
- Began bowhunting in 1950s after wife, Barbara, gave him a Bear recurve as a birthday gift
- Founded National Bare Bow Association; sought nationwide restrictions on equipment to maintain bowhunting's inherent difficulty and protect the integrity of the sport
- Successfully bowhunted big game across North America and parts of Africa; designed and produced first Muzzy broadheads during 1980s
- Died in Marathon, Florida, 1996

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

THE AMERICAN ARCHER

Tom Nelson's TV Show Title Is a Perfect Fit

IMAGINE STEPPING BACK in time to a mid-June weekend of the late 1970s. Picture yourself walking into an open air gathering of that era's best-known bowhunters. Visualize shaking hands with the celebrity archers, asking for their autographs, posing technical or tactical questions, sharing a Coke and burger or Coney dog at the crowded food tent and then listening to helpful how-to hunting seminars. Finally, envision opening the door to a huge sales showroom stocked with thousands of bows, tens of thousands of arrows, assorted broadheads, tall racks of camo clothing and long display cases crammed with every archery accessory you might name.

Back in 1979 there was no need to dream. This first-of-its-kind bowhunter rendezvous spot actually existed. Its setting was a short 10-mile drive west of Lansing, Michigan. This new event was dubbed the International Bowhunters Clinic, and its home was Anderson Archery Corporation's massive "World's Largest Archery Center," featuring some 12,000 square feet of selling space. Year after year in the 1980s and early 1990s, thousands upon thousands of bowhunters showed up. Parking lots overflowed. Side streets and highway shoulders lined with vehicles where a random check of license plates showed that most states and several Canadian provinces were represented.

The great Fred Bear and his friend Bob Munger once stood there surrounded by admiring fans who hung on every word. Elsewhere Pete Shepley and Terry Ragsdale demonstrated the latest PSE tackle. Minnesota deer guru Bob Fratzke offered whitetail tips. Sherwood Schoch and Tom Jennings explained compound bow technology. And on and on. The guest list of archery hunters that was featured at the Anderson Clinics for more than a decade and a half read like a Marquis Who's Who of bowhunting's elite.

I know. I rarely missed these annual events, conducting how-to seminars and emceeing question-and-answer panel discussions between archery superstars and the bowhunters who flocked to Grand Ledge. And it was here that I first met a young Anderson employee named Tom Nelson. Some 15 years my

Like me, Tom's a senior member of the Pope & Young Club. I clicked this photo of a record-class California blacktail he arrowed on a hunt we shared in 2003.

The annual summer International Bowhunters Clinics in Grand Ledge, Michigan, attracted thousands of bowhunters. Lines began forming long before doors opened and often stretched for blocks.

junior, Tom not only would become a great friend and frequent hunting companion, but Tom eventually moved on to leave his own indelible mark on modern bowhunting. Here's the unforgettable story.

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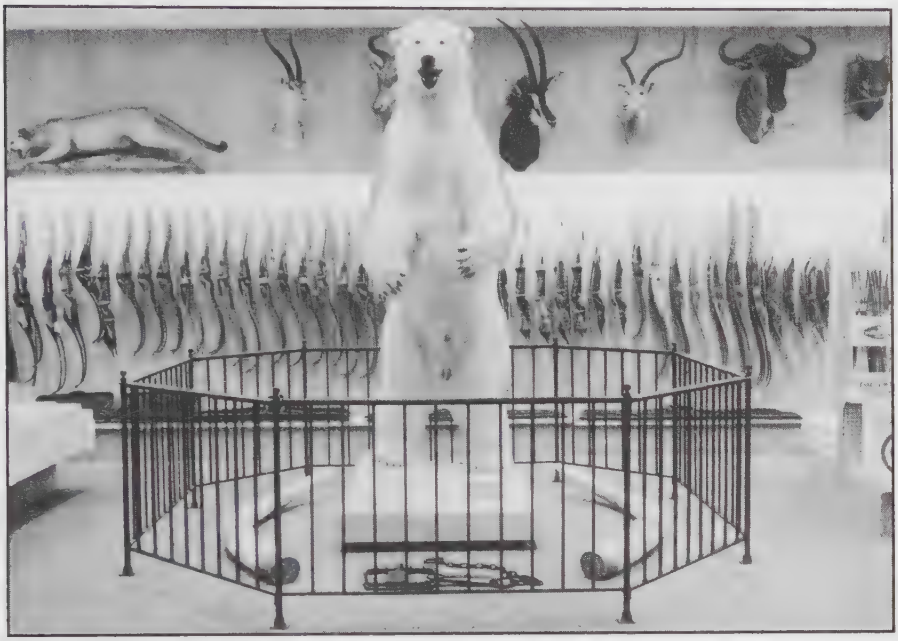
IT'S QUITE APPROPRIATE that the man who one day would be known as "The American Archer" was born in our nation's heartland on Flag Day, June 14, 1957. Growing up in Grand Ledge, Michigan, Tom was not all that much different than lots of other Midwestern kids who shot bows, arrows and BB guns, were taught to hunt by their dads, played high school football, wrestled, and attended college before finally marrying a hometown girl and settling down.

But, looking back from the early 21st century, it's easy to see that there were several very real differences that set Tom apart from other Grand Ledge youngsters. One was his growing fascination with bows and arrows. Another was his part-time job at a local archery store. And a third was the fact he mostly hung out with older guys, veteran deer hunters whose experiences Tom constantly



The focal point of the Anderson showroom was a museum display of big game mounts surrounded by hundreds of bows, thousands of arrows and related accessories.

plumbed for ways to improve his own wildlife knowledge and shooting skills.

"I got an old kids' bow when I was 7," Tom remembers, "and later on I saved money from mowing lawns to buy an *Outdoor Life* subscription. G. Howard Gillelan wrote a monthly archery column in the magazine back then, and I used to always read it first thing. Bowhunting sounded like a lot of fun.

"My first real bow was a 45-pound Dickie Roberts recurve that I got for my birthday at Anderson's when I was 15. I'd saved up some money and my dad chipped in the difference. I got the bow, a dozen No. 7 Micro-Flite arrows, six Bear Razorheads, six field points, an arm guard, shooting glove and a Larry Whiffen bow quiver. I was an instant archer, and I shot my bow nearly every day from mid-June until September, plunking arrows into straw bales. I figured I knew all about archery and went bowhunting that fall. Never got a shot but it was fun and I stuck with it."

The next year one of Tom's high school teachers mentioned a part-time job opening at the Anderson Archery shop. Knowing of Tom's interest in bows and arrows, he asked if Tom might be interested in applying. Silly question. Tom interviewed and was hired on the spot. For the next 27 long years Tom Nelson was a loyal Anderson Archery Corporation employee, eventually becoming store manager.

Fred Bear was a regular guest at Anderson Archery, always drawing a crowd of admirers seeking autographs or words of wisdom from America's most famous bowhunter.

"That job put me where I am today," Tom says. "Those were good times."

One year Tom suggested putting together a bowhunting extravaganza of some sort. Bring in a few area guys to put on some seminars before deer season. Tom was convinced it was sure to boost sales.

"J. D. and Mike Anderson liked my idea but came up with bigger plans," Tom recalls. "They sat down with Bear sales rep Sherwood Schoch and the International Bowhunters Clinic was born. The first one was held in the parking lot out back of the store in '79. Maybe 500 guys showed up and the clinic concept was well received. The following year we advertised the event and the crowds grew. And grew.

"During the peak years, as many as 15,000 to 20,000 bowhunters attended our annual June clinics. We'd have 150 exhibitors, films, videos and seminars running all day long."

Little wonder the annual Anderson Clinics were so popular. Where else back then was it possible to shake hands and have your photo taken with Fred Bear? Or Pete Shepley and Tom Jennings? Or Jim Dougherty or Chuck Adams?

Besides such Anderson headliners, there were dozens of other notables. Ron Kolpin. Bob McGuire. Myles Keller. Bob Foulkrod. Tink Nathan. Bob Fratzke. Glenn Helgeland. Don Castrup. Bob Eastman. Norb Mullaney. Larry Wise.

I first met Tom Nelson at Anderson's in the early 1980s and we've shared dozens of hunts over the years. Here we're posing with a couple of Michigan whitetails tagged during the taping of an "American Archer" television show.

Tom is one bowhunter who shares my passion for bear hunting. We frequently team up to pursue bruins in U.S. and Canadian hot spots.

This Lone Star whitetail was arrowed during a December bowhunt in 2006. I tagged a nice buck, too, and our hunt highlights were broadcast nationwide on Tom's TV show.

Wayne Carlton. Noel Feather. Gene and Barry Wensel. Ralph and Vicki Cianciarulo. Ann Clark. Ben Rodgers Lee. Jerry Petersen. Billy Ellis.

And from *Bowhunter* magazine came the likes of Dwight Schuh, Larry D. Jones, Dave Holt, "Maggie" McGee, Don and Pat Clark, Fred Wallace, Bob Schisler, Steve Doucette and some guy named James. There were many others, too.

"It was a great, great affair during its heyday," Tom says, smiling. "My only regret is I didn't take more photos. I just took it for granted when Fred Bear or Jim Dougherty or Tom Jennings or Jim Easton walked into the store. I'd chat with these legends and never give it a second thought. To me, it was normal ... all in a day's work.

"The best photo I have of me with Fred Bear was one snapped by Don Clark that I didn't even know he'd taken. Fred had his hand on my shoulder at the time and we were just talking when Don took the picture. He had some copies blown up and gave them to me. That next year I took one, signed it and gave it to Fred.

"I wrote on it, 'To my good friend, Fred Bear. Good hunting.' And then I signed it. It was the exact opposite of an autographed photo Fred had given to me.

"When I handed the picture to Fred, he got that big Papa Bear smile on his face, chuckled and said, 'You know, Tom, I've signed and given away thousands

Beth Nelson is an excellent bowhunter, too, with her share of record book mounts in the Nelson trophy room.

of autographed photos, but I want you to know this is the first time anyone's given me his signed photo.' That was a special moment I'll never forget."

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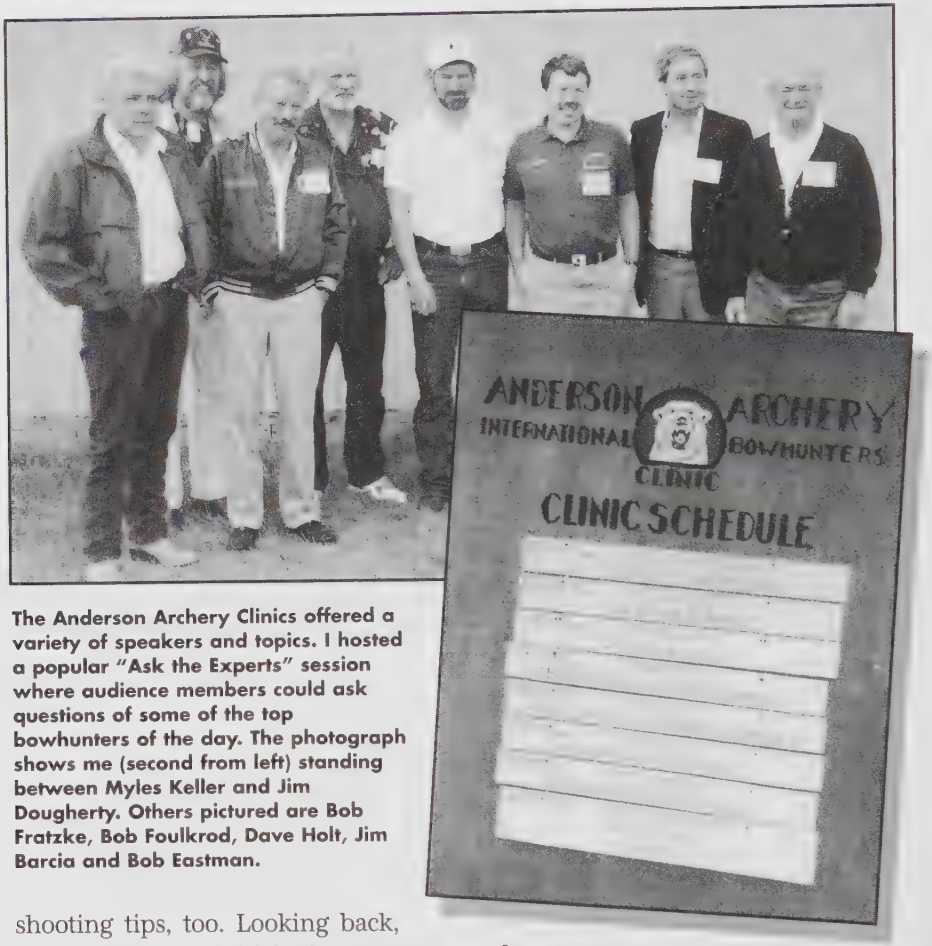
ANOTHER MOMENT TOM REMEMBERS occurred in 1997 when he was first approached by Steve Gruber of Wolf Creek Productions. By this time Anderson Archery was struggling after 45 years in business. Competition from national retailers - Cabela's, Bass Pro Shops and Gander Mountain - was taking a financial toll. Increasingly popular deer and turkey hunting extravaganzas also spelled trouble for the Anderson International Bowhunters Clinics. Bowhunting's superstars gathered in far more accessible places than Grand Ledge to meet their fans and present informative seminars.

"I first said 'no thanks' when Steve offered me a part-time job hosting a new bowhunting show," Tom admits. "But when he came back a couple of weeks later, I finally agreed to give it a try for one season."

That was nearly 10 years go. Today the success of Tom's award-winning "The American Archer" television program, broadcast weekly on The Outdoor Channel, is well documented. The show features worldwide bowhunting action segments with Tom and a variety of guests. There's archery tackle and



The Anderson Archery Clinics offered a variety of speakers and topics. I hosted a popular "Ask the Experts" session where audience members could ask questions of some of the top bowhunters of the day. The photograph shows me (second from left) standing between Myles Keller and Jim Dougherty. Others pictured are Bob Fratzke, Bob Foulkrod, Dave Holt, Jim Barcia and Bob Eastman.

shooting tips, too. Looking back, Tom explains his initial reluctance centered on a fear of sharing his hunting experience.

"Bowhunting is such a personal, private time that I didn't know if I could ever feel comfortable with someone there recording everything I did for the whole world to see. Honestly, after just a couple of hunts I found that I'd lock into what I call 'my bowhunting zone' and not even be aware of the camera. I simply focused on the mission at hand and did my thing, letting the cameraman do his."

Tom finally ended his long association with Anderson Archery Corporation in August of 2000, becoming a full-time employee of Wolf Creek Productions. That was two and half months before the archery store closed its doors forever. It had been 48 years since founder J. D. Anderson, a one-time General Motors laborer, founded his historic family-owned company by selling archery targets

to dealers out of his home. Retail sales began in 1961 and eventually Anderson's day-to-day business matters were run by J. D.'s sons: Mike, Bill and John, along with Tom Nelson.

"I'm not sure how much longer I'll continue to do the TV show," Tom says. "I realize I'm doing something neat and hunting places that a lot of bowhunters would cut off a toe to get to. But it's my job. I certainly don't feel special or important. I'm just a guy with a bow, and there are many times when I simply want to be Tom Nelson and hunt farms around Grand Ledge with my wife Beth, daughter Sara and our friends.

"I love Michigan and deer hunting. No matter where I bowhunt - in Africa or Alaska or New Zealand or Europe - my heart is always back home, and I can't help but wonder what's walking under my treestand back in the Michigan woods. That's where I really want to be.

"Bowhunting is my passion, second only to my family. And whatever I do, hunting will be part of my life. I still have a couple of big hunts I want to make before I get too old and stiff. I really want to bowhunt mountain goats, and I want to bowhunt one of the big bears.

"As long as it's fun and I'm enjoying it, I'll likely keep doing what I do. Maybe for another 10 years. Maybe only one or two. But the day it becomes work, a chore, I'll hang it up. I'm turning 50 in 2007, and I know that one day I'll wake up some morning and say, 'You know, it's been great but I'm ready to turn the next page in my life."

Tom's fans hope that time won't come anytime soon. And I feel exactly the same way.

TOM NELSON

- Employed for 27 years by Anderson Archery Corporation's "World's Largest Archery Center" in hometown of Grand Ledge, Michigan
- Host of "The American Archer" television show broadcast on The Outdoor Channel since 1997; outdoor magazine writer and columnist
- Senior member of the Pope & Young Club
- Wife Beth is equally serious bowhunter with several record book trophies of her own

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

THE GOOD, BAD & UGLY

Ted Nugent: Bowhunting Satan or Savior?

There on TV was rock star Ted,
Whacking a big ol' boar
Right in the middle of its forehead...

When Ted was good
He was very, very good,
But when he was bad he was horrid!

THERE'S LITTLE MIDDLE GROUND when it comes to discussing Ted Nugent. Most bowhunters I know either love or loathe him. Fans swear he's the best thing to come along in modern bowhunting since carbon arrows. Critics say he's an ego-driven, self-promoting loose cannon. Loud. Profane. Bulletproof. And likely more interested in grabbing and hogging the spotlight than in shining rays of truth on the lies and propaganda spewed by hunter-haters.

So exactly what is the truth about Ted?

Allow me to share a few personal thoughts, observations and anecdotes. They probably won't change your mind, but it's quite possible they'll provide new food for contemplation.

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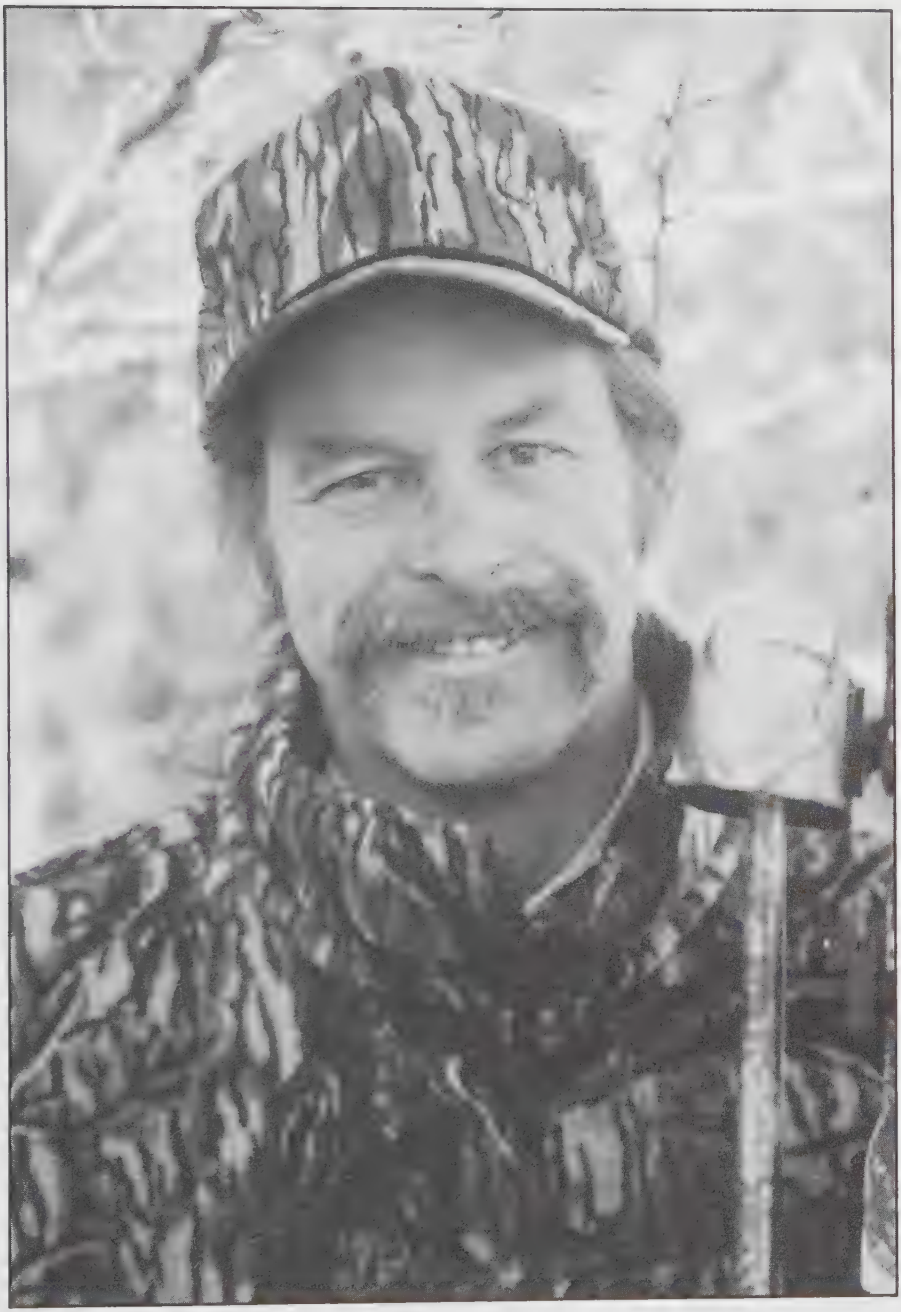
"I strongly urge the bowhunting community to start embracing Ted Nugent ... It is time for bowhunters to unite and defend our sport. I can think of no better qualified and motivated individual to lead our sport into the next century than Ted Nugent."

— Ward Parker, Papillion, Nebraska

"Ted Nugent does more damage to bowhunting in five minutes on national television than an army of careless bowhunters could do in 10 years. Nugent should stick to Rock and Roll. He does much better at that than he does 'bettering' our sport."

— T. K. Newbert, College Point, New York

THUS BEGAN AN INTERVIEW I did with Ted 15 years ago in the 1992



Ted is a passionate, articulate spokesman for hunting and hunters. A lifelong bowhunter, he uses his considerable celebrity and the national media to deliver his positive pro-hunting message. But some hunters consider him to be a loose cannon because his blunt, in-your-face rhetoric can anger non-hunters as well as the hunter-haters.

October/November issue of *Bowhunter* magazine. And I include the opening quotes here simply to underscore the depth and breadth of the chasm separating the two sides in the emotional debate about Ted Nugent's value and effectiveness.

True, that was then, a full decade and a half ago. Yet the debate goes on, largely because Ted continues waging his tireless pro-hunting war. Even his detractors have to admit that he routinely uses his considerable celebrity to vocally rip into the antis and passionately defend our sport. And, believe me, he relishes the fight, doling out regular doses of undiluted Nugent kick-ass commentary.

"Bowhunting is my life," Ted explains. "My time in the wild has made me and my life good, and I firmly believe it will benefit all who touch it as a hunter. My ethic and responsibility is clear. I am guided by man's and nature's laws - and feel as one with animals I pursue and get to know.

"I have heard the vicious and sick lies and rumors about how hunting is cruel, how we manage game just to kill it, that I played [guitar] on my umbilical cord, that I was carried drunken to a tree to shoot a pet bear, that my 'Down To Earth' video was instrumental in closing the California bear season, that I peed my pants to get out of the draft, that whitetail deer and black bears are endangered, that I claim to be better than and am the next Fred Bear, that I shoot animals in the spine so I can talk to them while I gut them, that I tell children to get puppies from the animal shelter for targets - and other miserable, imbecilic mental excrement from evil, dishonest idiots. If you hear anyone talk such drivel, you are listening to a bad person. Judge me firsthand or shut up."

*****

Born under the sign of Sagittarius, the Archer, in December of 1948, the self-proclaimed Whackmaster started plucking guitar strings and bowstrings alike in the late 1950s. Today Ted Nugent combines his musical career - a well documented career that has seen him record dozens of rock-n-roll albums and millions of sales worldwide, averaging some four months of bowhunting adventures each year."

"Ted Nugent," *Bowhunter* Interview Feature, October/November 1992

I FIRST CROSSED TRAILS with Ted at the annual Anderson Archery Clinics back during the early 1980s. And, really, he's hard to miss wherever he goes. Standing several inches over 6 feet tall, wearing trademark long hair, ponytail and a friendly smile, Ted is typically trailed or surrounded by a number of admirers seeking a scribbled autograph or the contentment of basking in the aura of the rock star known as "The Motor City Madman."

There's good reason for that nickname, too. As Nugent lore has it, he started playing professional gigs at age 11, bit off a drummer's ear during a rock concert in 1964 and has been known to play music loud enough to kill rats scurrying across the stage in front of his amps. Come to think of it, who besides a

The self-described "Whackmaster" stops his popular Rock and Roll tour each year to enjoy the fall and winter hunting seasons. No one should ever question his love of bowhunting.

After living in Michigan most of his life, the "Motor City Madman" now calls Texas home. Here he's seen posing with a bull elk that he arrowed on the Bobby Parker Ranch near Camp Verde, an area where I've hunted Lone Star whitetails numerous times.

"madman" would ride Chief, a one-ton bison, onto the stage while dressed in an Indian headdress and breechcloth, or shoot flaming arrows at cardboard cutouts of Saddam Hussein?

"As an entertainer, I'm just plain dangerous," Ted admits. "Anything goes at a concert. I am moved by driving rock-n-roll rhythm and blues, and I let myself go with the energy flow. I have dedicated my God-given gifts to being the very best guitarist and showman I can be. My strengths are energy and focus; some

No question about it, Ted gets lots of media attention and ink. Whether it's a feature in some Michigan daily or a "Teditorial" in *USA Today*, hardly a week passes without one or more published profiles or commentaries appearing in national newspapers.

of my weaknesses are my lack of patience and haste. This whole big wad comes with a loaded sense of humor."

Based on what I've seen, that's true. But what about Ted Nugent the person and the bowhunter?

"I'm a utilitarian. I work hard and play hard. I come from a middle-class, all-American family. My folks told me I chose the bow and arrow as my favorite toy in my first year. I thrive on the simple life of family values and getting the job done.

"My passion for life is very intense. I take no bullshit and give no bullshit. I believe in law and order. All these beliefs run strong in my bowhunting lifestyle. 'Sport' isn't even in the top 10 reasons why I hunt. It is a deep, pure connection I feel with the earth, its creatures and my fellow man.

"Hunting is sustenance for my body and soul. I first bowhunted at my father's heel in the early 1950s and never quit. Bowhunting is my life, from the flight of the arrow to the connection with the critters and once in a while with a fresh, tender backstrap."

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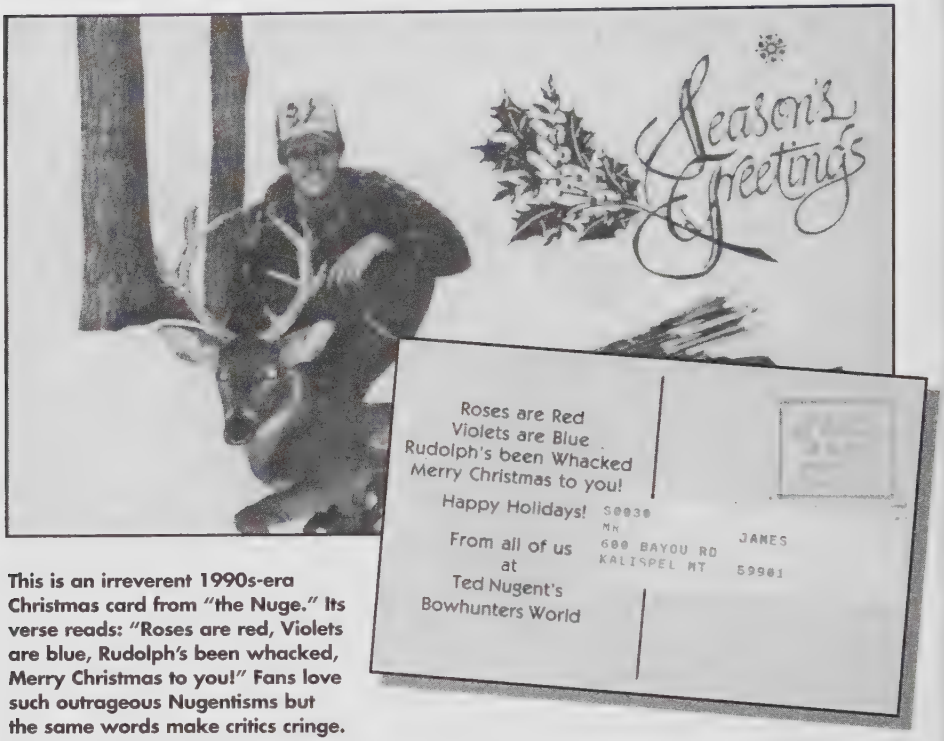
"I stand firm on my feelings about my detractors. They are out of touch ... Sure,



This is an irreverent 1990s-era Christmas card from "the Nuge." Its verse reads: "Roses are red, Violets are blue, Rudolph's been whacked, Merry Christmas to you!" Fans love such outrageous Nugentisms but the same words make critics cringe.

my ego is substantial, but it does not hold a candle to my enthusiasm or energy."
—Ted Nugent

THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE VOICE on the other end of the line. "M. R., I'm here in Montana and there's a Damn Yankees show tonight. Can you drive down?"

"Where are you, Ted?" I asked, thinking that he was most likely in Missoula, some 125 miles south of my Flathead County home.

"I'm in Billings," he said.

"Billings?" I snorted, laughing. "Get a map, Ted. This ain't Michigan. You're nearly 500 miles away! I wouldn't drive that far to see you unless you played Grand Ole Opry country music instead of that 'Cat Scratch Fever' stuff. But you're welcome to call again anytime you're closer to Kalispell."

And sure enough, a short year or two later following a weekend concert in Great Falls, Montana, Ted called again. This time he was asking for directions. We'd talked earlier at the 1999 Archery Trade Association rendezvous in Indy, where Janet and I had invited him up to our Wolftail Pines log home overlooking Whitefish Lake. Ted had a few days off before a Florida gig and gladly took

Here's a birthday photo I clicked of Ted, wife Shemane and son Rocco during their visit to our home in northwestern Montana. The special cake and candles denote Rocco's ninth birthday.

me up on an offer to kick back, unwind, see the local tourist sights and – naturally – talk about bowhunting. Wife Shemane and youngest son, Rocco, he said, were traveling with him. I gave driving directions to Whitefish and waited for his next call from the locked gate at the bottom of Lion Mountain.

Waiting, I turned my thoughts to very real concerns I had had with Ted over the years. The graphic kill scenes and wisecracking commentary in his "Down To Earth" videotape. The 1991 profanity-laced interview with Sara Wilson, Editor of *Lone Star Bowhunter*. And later, a well-publicized botched rhino bowhunt in South Africa, which ended in a wounded and unrecovered animal. While I would never question Ted's musical genius, I couldn't help but have nagging doubts about some of his actions. Thankfully, Ted has

always been open and candid with me. Once he said that the thing he liked most about talking to me was that I never made him guess where I stood on any issue. I always told him exactly what I thought, not what I believed he'd want me to say.

"This letter is written not as an industry associate but as a friend," Ted wrote in a July 16, 1990 letter mailed after returning from a concert tour of Japan. *"I appreciate the time and input from you as I enter my second year as a 'public' bowhunter. Because I am compelled to take my bowhunting lifestyle from a personal, private function into the public arena in an effort to help the sport, I appreciate your honesty when we communicate. We can and should learn something each day. I do. And though we all make mistakes, I like to think that I am moving steadily forward in bringing the truth about our sport to the forefront.*

"My goal is simple: Do all I can to spread the positive word of our sport, get the kids the hell out of the malls and streets, grasp the beauty and soul-cleansing magnitude of the great outdoors in a responsible way and go bowhunting. Let's continue to communicate openly, as you and I always have, to deliver the truth."

As I anticipated, the handful of days spent with Ted that week in Montana gave me an incisive behind-the-scenes look at the most hailed and hated man in bowhunting. What I saw and heard that week gave me a much better appreciation for what it's like to be Ted Nugent. What I saw was ...

Radio and print media interviews, including one each with the *Whitefish Pilot* and KGEZ in Kalispell. Dozens of daily telephone calls, too. This man-on-a-mission exudes boundless energy, routinely conducting more business before breakfast than most people do nine-to-five. And when the day's issues were resolved, dealings transacted and responsibilities satisfied, Ted somehow flipped an internal switch to instantly become a husband, father and friend that seemed little different than your next door neighbor. Except for the long ponytail, impish eye-twinkle and ready grin.

"You'd have to hang out with me for a week or two to believe the number of people I sway our way," he said. "I truly feel I am on a crusade and the pace I maintain is ridiculous. Media interviews, TV talk shows, more than 200 tour stops and backstage meetings with people from every walk of life. Add to that the thousands upon thousands of letters and e-mails I receive - hundreds each week which I personally answer - and I revel in the total confidence that I have truly changed many non-hunting folks to our side of the real conservation, pro-hunting facts of life. No question.

"I call many people throughout the year in response to anti-hunting mail. I calmly discuss the family lifestyle of the Nugents' hunting practices and how our hands-on existence with the earth and its creatures sustains us and benefits the wildlife. I also mention the wonderful recipes. My message is simple. Conservation works, thanks to the dedicated efforts and cash of hunters who

Look out! Ted's about to get his ear nibbled by one of my pet bears standing in the trophy room of my Lion Mountain home near Whitefish. Spending a few days together gave each of us a better appreciation of what the other does to promote bowhunting.

cherish a pure, responsible connection to the earth and all its living things. The American Indian was one with the animals. We can be, too. And that means respecting and eating them."

*****

"Ted loves 'our' sport as much as you and I do. He is doing more than any other individual to discredit the animal rights movement and ensure that there will be a future for hunting. You can rest assured that he is doing it from his heart. Sure, there are thousands of celebrities who hunt. But how many of them have given even an ounce of their energy or risked their celebrity status to defend our sport?"

— Bob Easterbrook
SCI World Bowhunters

MAKE NO MISTAKE, Ted is an intelligent, confident and articulate man who exudes sincerity and passion while espousing a common sense philosophy. I believe his greatest asset is the ability to reach people that we in the hunter-friendly media cannot.

"You preach to the choir," he once told me. "The people you reach don't need to be converted. I can pick up the phone and call Rush (Limbaugh) or Sean (Hannity) and instantly reach hundreds of radio channels and millions of listeners."

True, I conceded, but that can prove to be a double-edged sword. I reminded Ted of a radio interview I heard where he'd presented a woman critic with perhaps the best pro-hunting argument I'd ever heard. "But after an eloquent and convincing argument, you had to go and spoil everything by telling the woman she'd understand hunting and conservation better if she'd 'get off her fat ass and get out in the woods.'

"Can't you learn to bite your tongue before going too far?" I asked.

"M. R., I already bite my tongue until it's bloody," Ted said. "I've gotta be me."

Being *that* particular Ted Nugent, I'm convinced, can be a very real and ongoing problem for Ted and the hunters he represents. Dropping f-bombs and doing outrageous things may be OK on stage in front of admiring and appreciative fans. But it's not OK when presented publicly, especially if it riles or turns off voters who one day may help decide the fate of hunting. We want everyone we can convince to be on our side in the ongoing war against the anti-hunting activists. And I told him as much. How many converts does Ted feel he gains for those he offends and turns off?

"It's rather apparent that my critics do not care to acknowledge the truth about me," Ted responded. "They just don't like me or my music or the fun I have with life and joy of hunting. They are elitist, holier-than-thou moaners who criticize my hunting but have never hunted with me. They condemn my musical presentations but never attend any concerts. They criticize my life in general but have never met me and do not know anything beyond rumor or gossip. These people are punks. They can join the list of Nugent-haters like animal-rights freaks, anti-hunters, anti-gun groups, child molesters, dope fiends, drunken slobs and criminal scum - because I defy everything these curs represent. They can drop dead.

"Surely no one really believes that we should just shut up and cower! Again, I am very happy and wonderfully confident that my - *our* - message is getting through and accomplishing great positive understanding by the non-hunting public ... The number of converts that grasp the conservation truth and come to our side is many, many times those that buy into the militant animal-rights malarkey."

Sure that he's on the right track, Ted cites a 1987 talk he had with Fred Bear, a man he calls his friend, hero and hunting companion. "One hand clutching his oxygen apparatus, the other on my shoulder, propelling my enthusiasm, Fred Bear, on what would be his last hunt in life, left me with these immortal words: 'I really think what you're doing, Ted, is great. Just ignore the petty crit-

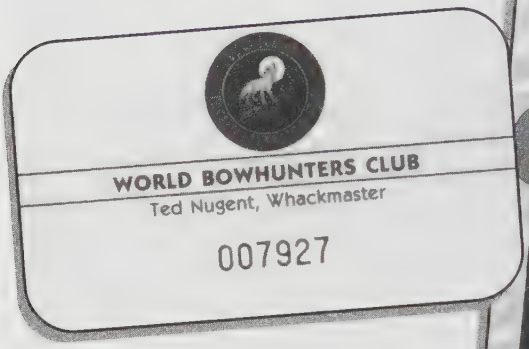
PART I

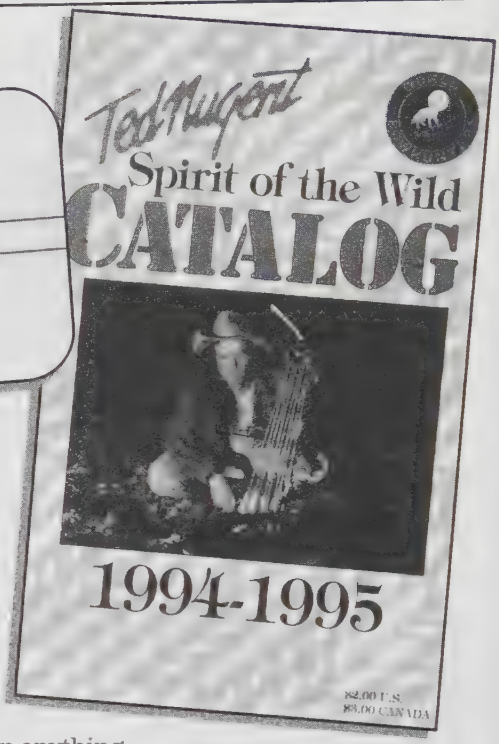
Ted Nugent

His many admirers claim he's our sport's hottest Top Gu
His many detractors claim he's a Loose Cannon. Love him or h
one thing is certain...he's in bowhunting to stay
And he's going to speak his mind.

By M.R. James
Illustrations By Lefty Wilson

Here's the lead-in to my 1992 in-depth interview article for *Bowhunter* magazine. The two-part piece generated a landslide of mail from Ted's supporters and detractors alike. So what else is new?





Ted offered supporters memberships in his World Bowhunters Club and equipment catalogs packed with bowhunting merchandise of all kinds.

icisms and keep doing everything you're doing. Everywhere you enthusiastically promote bowhunting, you do it in such a way that gets more young people into our sport than anything I've ever witnessed. You make me proud. Just tell 'em that if you're not doing something to help save bowhunting, you are definitely helping to destroy it.'"

*****

"Let's get on with it. If you ain't making waves, you ain't paddling. We do it right or we take up golf. Me, I'm going huntin' and nobody is going to stop me. Ever."

—Ted Nugent

EQUALLY IMPASSIONED IS TED'S anti-drug, pro-family message that's aimed directly at youngsters. He admits that he has poured his heart and soul into his own Kamp for Kids, and he delights in talking to groups of Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and kids' school Drug Abuse Resistance Education (DARE) programs. Not really surprising for a former "Father of the Year."

"My son Toby and daughter Sasha lost their mother in a traffic accident in 1982. My Number One responsibility in life is my paternal duty. Upon her death I cancelled all recording and tours for over a year to be sure to properly parent my kids in this terrible time. I had always been very involved in their school activities even being room father two to three days each week in their

elementary grades. The school gave me a 'Father of the Year' award and it was cool. But quite honestly I'm 'Father of the Year' every year to my kids."

Incidentally, son Rocco celebrated his birthday with us in Montana during Ted and Shemane's summer visit in '99. The special day wrapped up with gifts and a birthday cake that came to the table crowned with nine blazing candles. Snapping photos and catching the look of pride glowing on mom and dad's faces left me with no doubt that the Nugents consider their parenting role one duty they're only too glad to fulfill. And part of being a good dad, Ted sincerely believes, involves introducing sons and daughters to firearms, bows, arrows and wildlife.

"Bowhunting is my life," Ted reiterated. "And as I reflect upon my life, I come to realize that it is more important to me now than ever before. I want to live the flight of the arrow, the thrill of those close encounters with the beautiful, fascinating wildlife and sacred ground we share. My main goal is to share the hunting/conservation truth with all who will listen, especially the young, as they are our future."

Love or hate the messenger, few folks can argue with his message.

TED NUGENT

- Allegedly born middle finger first in Detroit, Michigan, on December 13, 1948; began bowhunting during the 1950s
- Rock-n-Roll superstar with more than 30 million records and albums sold worldwide; tireless but controversial spokesman for hunting rights
- Serious bowhunter with hundreds of North American and African big game kills; founder of Ted Nugent Kamp for Kids and Ted Nugent Bowhunting School
- Author of "Blood Trails: The Truth About Bowhunting" (1991); "God, Guns, and Rock and Roll" (2001); "Blood Trails II" (2004); "Kill It and Grill It: Ted and Shemane Nugent's Guide to Preparing & Cooking Wild Game & Fish" (2005)

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

FOR WANT OF AN ARROW...

The Ben Pearson Story

CROUCHING ON ONE KNEE *with my bow extended and ready, I suddenly found myself staring at the deer face to face. The buck's big ears came forward like two bird dogs on point, and for a frozen instant neither of us moved.*

Sage and an inconvenient fence post kept me from shooting. The deer, instantly alert but not spooked into flight by the sight of a camouflaged hunter, was apparently trying to figure out just what I was. A closer inspection, the muley decided shortly, was unnecessary, and it lurched into an ungraceful, almost comical run as it paralleled the fence away from me.

I remember being a bit surprised as I raised up for the shot. Perhaps this is the same surprise many veteran whitetail hunters express after their initial encounter with the slower, less graceful mule deer. I had hunted eastern bucks too many times not to expect the springing, flag-waving departure I've so often seen. But I discarded my surprise and swung the tip of the Bear Razorhead past the shoulder of the quartering muley. The 40-pound Pearson Knight uncoiled, flashing the Micro-Flite 6 in a slicing arc at the alarmed deer...

"The 14-Year Itch"

Archery Magazine, July 1966

I'LL ALWAYS REGRET that I never shared a bowhunting camp with Ben Pearson, who died shortly after the first issues of *Bowhunter* magazine appeared in the summer of 1971. But as I wrote in the opening paragraphs reprinted above, I used a Pearson bow to tag my first Colorado mule deer in 1965. Five years later a heavier-pulling Pearson Knight recurve accounted for a stock-killing Utah cougar I shot one snowy January morning. Even earlier, during the years that I shot competitively in National Field Archery Association weekend tournaments in the early '60s, my favorite competition bows all bore the Pearson signature.

For those who may not know archery and bowhunting history, Ben Pearson made his first bow and arrows in 1927 by following directions published in a Boy Scouts of America magazine. He launched his archery business in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, in 1931, producing hand-crafted bows and arrows and making archery tackle readily available to the American public. And each time I hear

This small-racked Colorado mule deer fell to an arrow released from my Pearson Knight recurve in 1965. The 3x3 buck was my first muley.

mention of Ben Pearson, I can't help but recall the story that Roy Hoff once shared about how Pearson's company was born. Roy, the longtime editor of *Archery Magazine*, swore that Ben himself told him the details.

*****

SEEMS A WEALTHY TEXAN by the name of Carl Hahn bought his grandson a bow and arrow set for Christmas. After the young archer lost or broke the shafts that came with the set, Grandpa Hahn searched in vain for replacement arrows. When none could be found locally, Hahn fired up his private plane and flew over to Pine Bluff, where the equipment manufacturer reportedly operated a small production facility in a backyard garage.

After tracking down and chatting with Ben Pearson himself, Hahn placed an order for more arrows and plunked down enough cash to cover the cost of making and shipping the new shafts. Satisfied, he winged his way back to the Lone Star State.

One week passed. Then two. And then three. Still no arrows.

Hahn again headed to Pine Bluff where the chagrined bowyer admitted that he'd used Hahn's money to pay off part of an overdue bill to a supplier. He'd hoped to get more credit - and materials. Unfortunately, young Ben was promptly informed that his account had to be paid in full before any more supplies would be shipped. That left him not only broke but lacking the arrow-making materials necessary to fill Hahn's order.

Fearing the worst from an irate customer, Ben was surprised - "shocked" might be a better word - when Hahn offered to put up the money necessary to start an archery manufacturing business. Apparently Hahn recognized Ben's talent and the potential for success that both men could experience as partners, not just as customer and tackle-maker.

The deal was quickly struck. An abandoned Arkansas sorghum mill eventually became the headquarters of Ben Pearson Archery. And over the next half century some 6 million Pearson bows and 200 million Pearson arrows were made and sold.

Not bad for a business that started with an unfilled order.

*****

A SERIOUS BOWHUNTER who shot everything from fast-flying mallards to menacing polar and grizzly bears, Ben Pearson shared hunting camps with many of the other top archers of his day - from Arthur Young and Bob Swinehart to Howard Hill and Jim Dougherty, among many others. Another Roy Hoff remembrance includes the following anecdote from a shared Catalina goat hunt.

As Roy recalled it, he spotted a black billy standing on an opposite ridge while stalking across the island's rugged, mostly vertical terrain. The goat was at least 60 yards away and staring directly at Roy. It was one of those

Ben Pearson was a serious bowhunter and legendary manufacturer. He's holding an arrow tipped with one of his famous Deadhead broadheads. The grizzly and polar bears sharing the photo fell to his well-placed arrows.

A longtime friend, employee and hunting companion was a young Californian named Jim Dougherty, pictured here with Ben holding one of his recurve hunting bows.

now-or-never moments that all veteran bowhunters know.

Roy drew, held and released a shaft that flew perfectly toward the distant billy. There was an audible *crack*, like steel meeting ribs, and the goat bounded quickly out of sight. Roy hurried to where the goat had posed on the ridgeline.

An evident blood trail led in the direction taken by the black billy. *Lucky shot*, Roy thought, and set out to claim his trophy. Moments later he found the feral goat piled up among the rocks. Laying his bow aside, he reached for his skinning knife.

About this time Jim Dougherty and Ben Pearson arrived and thanked Roy for locating Jim's billy. Sure enough, an examination of the wound and blood trail provided positive proof that one of Dougherty's arrows had downed the goat. Roy's long shot had missed cleanly.

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MY OL' PAL JIM DOUGHERTY said that he first met Ben Pearson on a Mexican hunt and that during the mid-1960s he worked for the sporting goods conglomerate that purchased Pearson Archery. Jim shot Pearson bows and got to know Ben well, openly admiring him for his mechanical genius and instinctive shooting ability. Ben was especially accurate at hitting moving targets.

Jim recalls one shared Colorado hunt when Ben missed two shots at stand-

ing mule deer bucks, then center-punched another muley buck that was bouncing past him at 40 yards. Jim said that Ben matter-of-factly suggested that he should "scare them first" before shooting next time around.

Jim remembers Ben as a quiet and unassuming man with a quick, dry wit. He smiles while recalling one spring bear hunt in Canada where Ben caught a guide thumbing through a girlie magazine. As the embarrassed man tried to hide the graphic periodical, Ben said, "That's OK, son. We Baptists like women, too."

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IN 1965 I ARROWED an Illinois whitetail buck with a two-blade Pearson Deadhead, a personal favorite of Ben's that he'd used during prototype testing to drop a huge polar bear. Deadheads featured an eleven-thirty-seconds of an inch ferrule and were available in 1⅜-inch and 1⅝-inch widths. While some shooters complained that these big broadheads wind-planed and whistled, strict quality control standards employed during production resulted in amazing product uniformity. I used them on big and small game for several years until Deadhead production ended in the early 1970s, shortly after Ben's death.

In retrospect, archery historians generally view Ben Pearson as one of the true giants of our industry. He combined an innate talent with a solid work ethic, imaginative product design and mass marketing to create a company known for its wide range of products offered at reasonable prices. Nationwide retail outlets and catalog sales provided archers and bowhunters ample opportunity to buy and use Pearson-brand tackle.

BEN PEARSON

- Born in Arkansas in 1899; founder of one of archery's best known product brands
- Pioneer since 1931 in marketing archery tackle nationwide by distributing Pearson equipment in sporting goods stores and catalogs
- Offered customers a wide, constantly improved selection of various bow, arrow and broadhead designs
- One of seven original inductees elected to the first Archery Hall of Fame class in 1972

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

ONE MOTHER'S UNDYING LOVE

Jan Perry Bowhunts To Honor Her Late Son

"The pain I felt at losing Carlo was unbearable. My life was in a downward spiral. I wanted to die, too, and end the agony. I just didn't care anymore. Then one day standing there in Carlo's room, trying to explain to him why I couldn't go on without him, I reached down and picked up his bow. Swept up in a sudden flood of tears and memories, I felt his presence ..."

HARDLY YOUR TYPICAL letter to the editor of a hunting magazine, huh? And considering the thousands of letters I received and read during 35 years behind the *Bowhunter* magazine editor's desk, I know none was as compelling - or as touching - as that lengthy typewritten note Jan Perry mailed to me on Nov. 5, 1997.

Jan later told me it was a thank you note, really. She shared the potent psychological devastation she had felt after her only son, Carlo, died in a 1986 automobile crash, just two short months after cancer claimed her father. "Car," as Jan still calls him, was only 16 years old that terrible November day. Like most teenagers, he embraced life eagerly, bubbling with boyish excitement over whatever happened to snag his attention from day to day, month to month.

And in 1985 at the age of 15, Carlo discovered bowhunting. "He asked for a bow and said he wanted to go deer hunting. I was shocked," Jan confessed, "considering he had no previous 'hunter association.' A bow? This was a new one on me, and to this day I have no idea where the thought came from."

After visiting a local archery store where mother and son got help from "a very patient and helpful" shop owner, Carlo was duly outfitted with the necessary gear. He practiced daily and was instantly hooked on archery. His stated dream was to become proficient enough to take a California blacktail the next year during his first archery season. Carlo's dream almost came true in 1986

Jan Perry took up bowhunting after her teenage son, Carlo, was killed in a California auto accident. This is the blacktail that she dubbed "Car's buck" in memory of her son's love for bowhunting. It was her first deer ... and the beginning of a successful hunting career.

The diminutive California bowhunter has made up for her late start in archery by amassing an impressive collection of big game trophies. This 2004 Oregon elk was her first bull.

when the A Zone archery season opened in July.

"On his first hunt Car got within bow range of a small buck," Jan said, "but he passed up the shot, hoping for a chance at a bigger deer. His enthusiasm about bowhunting was contagious, and he soon asked me to get a bow so we could hunt together. Back to the archery shop we went, but everything was put on hold when cancer took my much-loved Dad. That family tragedy made us forget about hunting. Then, barely two months after he'd lost his grandfather, Car was gone, too.

"My world crashed down around me," Jan admitted. "I became despondent and suicidal, wanting only to die rather than face life without my 'buddy.'

This Colorado muley was killed with one shot from 30 yards during a December bowhunt in 1997.

When I finally hit bottom, I walked into Car's room with full intention of committing the unforgivable. I picked up his bow and started to explain why I couldn't stay here. Sobbing and gripping my son's bow, all at once it seemed as if Car was standing there at my side. I even imagined him saying: 'Remember that buck I wanted? Go get him for me, Mom.'"

There was no disbelief, no hesitation on Jan's part. A strange calm settled over her. And she promised her son she'd do exactly what he had asked.

*****

I LATER LEARNED JAN PERRY was born in Tennessee and raised in Florida. She moved to California in 1967. Her daughter, Lori, was born there a year later. Son Carlo completed the family in 1970.

"Actually, I had wanted to hunt as a young girl," she recalled, "but my dad was too busy to teach me. I can still hear him saying, 'Hunting isn't for girls, Janie.' So eventually I gave up on the idea. And at the time I made my promise to Car, I'd never hunted anything. Then reality set in. I honestly worried whether I'd ever be able to fulfill my pledge. "

*****

"Unable to force myself to buy or use a bow, I bought a rifle in 1987 with but one goal ... to get a buck for my son. I drove myself to learn everything I could about deer and deer hunting. I practiced handling firearms safely and shooting my rifle accurately. And when deer season opened I hunted relentlessly.

"Being a total novice, I wasn't very good. My rifle hunt outings were simply walks in the woods. I never got a shot at a deer, but I found myself enjoying the sights, sound, and feel of nature. I also began to find additional inner peace. My soul was slowly healing. It seemed as if Carlo was always nearby, watching me. In time I came to accept his death and understand his love of life and hunting.

"I also came to learn one undeniable fact. The rifle wasn't for me. I wanted a bow, like Car."

"I STARTED READING *BOWHUNTER*," Jan explained to me. "I relied on the advice and expertise of your staff writers when it came to making equipment decisions. The articles on sights, rests, broadheads, etc., were my main source of information. I also learned a lot from experienced hunters I bumped into along the way. One particular bowhunter, Will, my guru, took me under his wing and taught me more in one season than I could ever have learned on my own. The legacy Carlo left me was nourished through Will's vast knowledge and good heart.

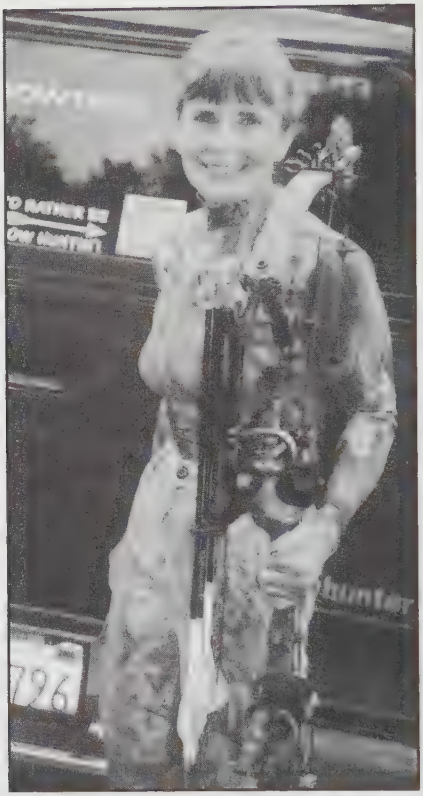
"Will, by the way, was completely unaware of my 'promise' or the drive in me to get a buck for my son. Between Will and another very close friend, Lou, I learned to maintain my own equipment, make my own arrows and be a good hunter."

After buying her bow and taking lessons, Jan learned to shoot quite well. But in the woods those California blacktail bucks continued to elude her just as they'd done during her rifle hunts. In that first long letter to me Jan confessed that bowhunting proved to be "heart wrenching and frustrating."

"All too often I found myself sitting on some log, crying, wondering why I was in the woods with a bow instead of my boy."

Try as she might, the growing pressure became too much to endure. Physically *and* emotionally. Although Jan's promise to Carlo haunted her, she finally asked for her son's understanding, admitted defeat and surrendered at

A serious turkey hunter, Jan has arrowed plenty of big longbeards.



The "Lady Bowhunter" writes a regular bowhunting column and drives a pickup that leaves no doubt about her love of bowhunting. She's also introduced her three grandchildren to the bow and arrow.

season's end. She hung up her new bow and busied herself picking up the broken pieces of a tragedy-shattered life.

Deer seasons came and passed. Years slipped away. Daughter Lori eventually married and gave Jan grandchildren to dote on. Yet each time Jan glimpsed her hunting bow hanging idle in the empty house, a mocking reminder of her unfulfilled pledge, Jan's heart ached anew with thoughts of her son. Finally in the fall of 1996, Jan mustered the necessary strength to try bowhunting again. And one November day, exactly 10 years after Carlo's death, her chance finally came.

"... I seemed to know the buck was there even before I heard the crunching of leaves behind my stand. I stood motionless, release on the string, ready to raise my bow ... About 40 minutes later the buck fed into range, moving into a shooting lane. Calmly I raised my bow, but I couldn't pull it back!

"My arms had gone numb from holding the bow for so long. All I could think was Draw! Once more I raised my bow, willed the bowstring back, picked a spot on the buck's side and released. As the arrow sped away, I was thinking: This one's for you, Car.

"The young buck fell within sight ... My heart soared ... As I stroked the buck's side and admired his antlers, I knew this was the biggest trophy I'd ever get. It's not because of the buck's big antlers, but because the deer represents a son I loved in life and continue to cherish even now, a son who taught me to live without him."

*****

FOR THE RECORD, JAN PERRY is not some larger than life Amazon. She stands somewhere south of 5 feet tall and tops 100 pounds only when she steps on her bathroom scale wearing boots, camo and holding her favorite hunting bow. She wears her long brown hair mostly straight but tucks it up under a camo hat when bowhunting. And these days Jan often flashes a

This Wisconsin whitetail proved to be no match for a determined California blacktail bowhunter.

Jan has good reason to smile. This is her first blacktail to qualify for the Pope & Young Club record book.

wide smile that's the perfect complement to the I-love-my-life twinkle in her eyes. Believe me, no one shaking her hand for the first time today could ever guess the heartbreak and subsequent triumphs that have marked her adult life.

I first crossed trails with Jan at an Archery Trade Association show at Indy back in 2001. We'd been pen pals of sorts since I responded to her first letter. "Write about it," I'd suggested. And she did. I shared Jan's soul-stirring story, entitled "A Buck for Car," with *Bowhunter* magazine readers in 1999. Little did either of us realize at that point what overall impact bowhunting would have on Jan's life. Talk about gritty determination and sweet success.

After finally arrowing her first blacktail in 1996, diminutive and gutsy Jan Perry moved on to tag more than 125 North American big game animals. She's also

arrowed her fair share of predators and small game critters along the way. And it's not all about personal accomplishments, either. Jan's now a qualified shooting instructor, California hunting guide, bowhunter education instructor and treasurer of her local bowhunting club, the Sonoma County Bowmen. Oh, yes. Jan also regularly pens a column for Doug Walker's *Western* and *National Bowhunter* bimonthly publications. And she's a proud pro staff member for BowTech, Beman, Truglo, G5 Outdoors and several other archery companies. The mounts displayed in her Santa Rosa "Memory Room" put most smaller wildlife museums to shame.

With these facts in mind, who's surprised to learn that there's lettering on the back of Jan's bright red pickup truck that says it all: LADY BOWHUNTER.

"I'm a bowhunter and I can't think of a better way to spend my life," Jan added. "Bowhunting has provided me with a healthy and happy lifestyle that at one time I never expected to know again."

Yes, 21st century life is good for Jan Perry. She's busier - and happier - than anytime since losing Car. Jan brags that all three of her grandchildren - including teenage granddaughter Amanda - shoot bows. The eldest, Anthony Carlo, arrowed his first California hog at age 12, while the youngest, 3-year-old Jimmy, has been shooting a bow for half his short life and can't wait to bowhunt turkeys with his "Mimi."

"I'm living an unbelievable adventure," Jan confided, smiling. "I'll be forever grateful to my precious son. He's the real reason I'm a bowhunter. Car gave me back my life."

JAN PERRY

- Took up deer hunting in California after the death of her 16-year-old son, Carlo, in 1986; she vowed to take a buck in his memory
- Arrowed first blacktail buck in 1996, launching an unbelievable bowhunting career that continues to the present day
- Has collected more than 125 North American big game animals, including trophy class deer, elk, bears, bison and several other species
- Qualified archery shooting instructor, hunting guide, bowhunter education instructor and pro staff member of various archery/bowhunting companies

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

AMERICA'S BEST DEER HUNTER—OR CHEATER?

Check These Facts about Roger Rothhaar

"... Roger Rothhaar unquestionably casts a giant shadow across his native Ohio and, in fact, the entire country. There are many people in our sport who believe that this man is the best bowhunter alive, bar none."

— "Roger Rothhaar"
M. R. James *Bowhunter* Article, December/January Issue 1983

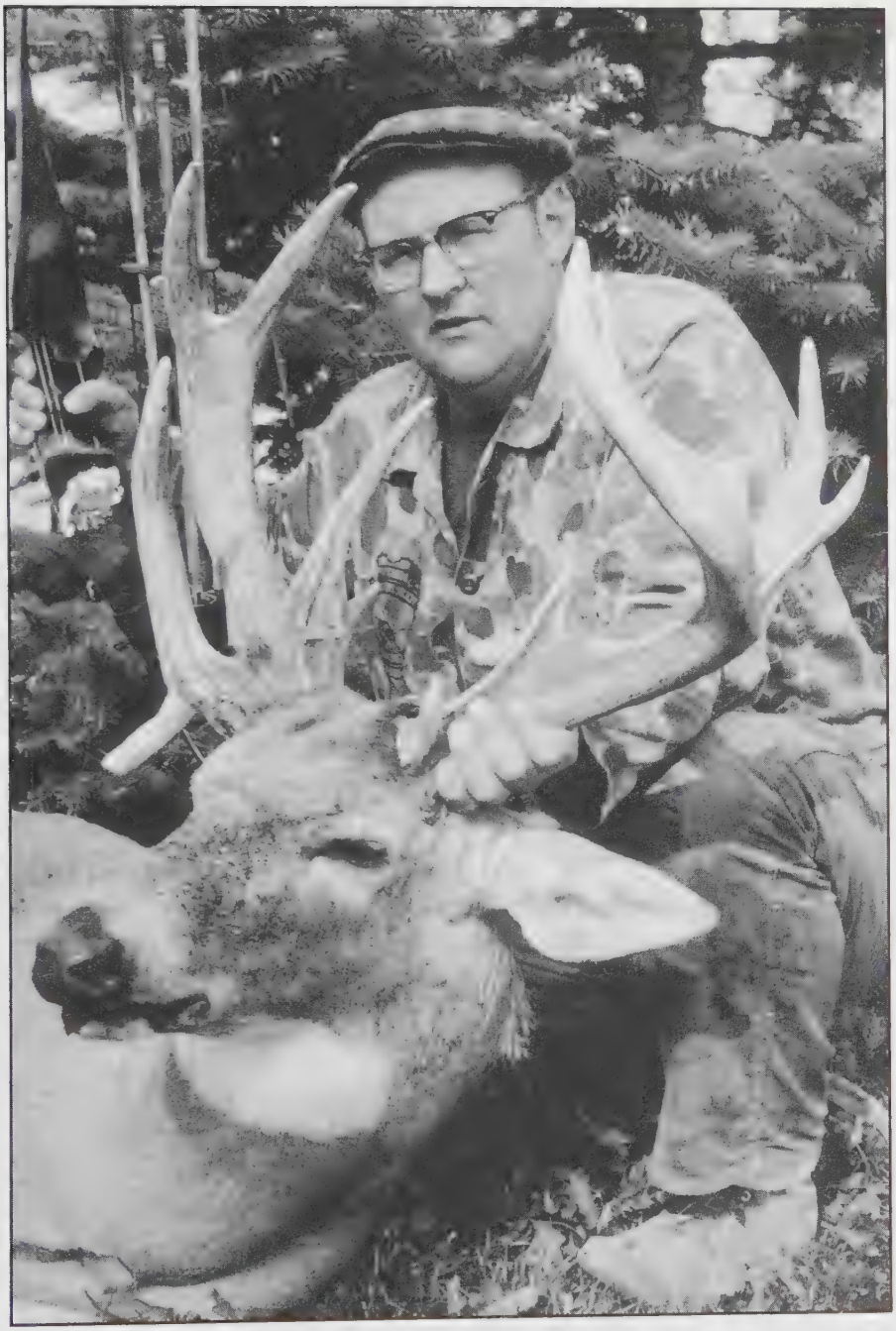
"On Tuesday, November 20, 1984, Roger Rothhaar shot and killed an Ohio whitetail buck while hunting on a relative's land in Seneca County. The time was approximately 9:45 a.m.

"Shortly after midnight - 14½ hours later - Roger was arrested by Ohio game wardens and charged with 'failure to immediately attach temporary tag to dead deer at spot where it fell.' On December 11, without being represented by counsel, he pleaded guilty in the Tiffin Municipal Court, and Judge Thomas Spellerburg sentenced him to 60 days in jail, a $500 fine and a three-year suspension of Ohio hunting rights. The 60-day jail sentence was suspended along with half the cash fine, but the three-year hunting license suspension was upheld."

— "The Editor Comments"
Bowhunter Magazine, August/September Issue 1985

I WENT ON TO EXPLAIN: "Those are the facts in this case. But there's more to the story." What an understatement. My personal Rothhaar case file is several inches thick. And now, by presenting the pertinent facts complemented by a healthy dose of personal opinion, I believe readers will be able to decide for themselves whether justice was served and whether the punishment fit his crime.

But first of all, a brief introduction and candid acknowledgement seem to



In the 1970s and early 1980s, Roger Rothhaar gained a reputation as one of the nation's top trophy whitetail hunters. This is one of his the big Ohio bucks he arrowed prior to his 1984 arrest for failure to immediately tag a deer.

Designer of the deadly Snuffer three-blade broadhead now made by Magnus, Roger became a familiar sight at bowhunting shows throughout the Midwest. I snapped this photo of Roger at the Anderson Archery International Bowhunters Clinic in 1983.

be appropriate. I'll begin with the latter.

I've known Roger Rothhaar since the mid-1960s after we first joined the Professional Bowhunters Society back when its total membership numbered a few dozen diehard arrow-flingers. Roger sent me prototype Snuffers he'd designed and crafted in the late '60s, then showed me how to put a shaving edge on the big three-blade broadheads. We shared our first hunting camp in western Nebraska in 1971 and over the years we hunted together more times than I can recall. We've also appeared together on seminar panels at various bowhunting conventions and outdoor shows across the Midwest. I've always considered him a friend. I still do.

Insofar as an introduction is concerned, I'll be the first to admit that Roger isn't the easiest person to get to know. Or like. For one thing, he doesn't look the part of a whitetail hunting superstar writer like a Dick Idol or David Morris. Of course, neither do Gene and Barry Wensel. And like America's most famous deer hunting twins, Roger's balding and broad-beamed. Bespectacled, too. He speaks rapid-fire in a boyish voice an octave higher than you'd expect coming from a man of his breadth and years. On that old "What's My Line?" television show, Roger would have come across more like some farmer or truck driver or tool and die maker - which he was - than one of the continent's most knowledgeable, successful and pre-eminent whitetail bowhunters. And few folks

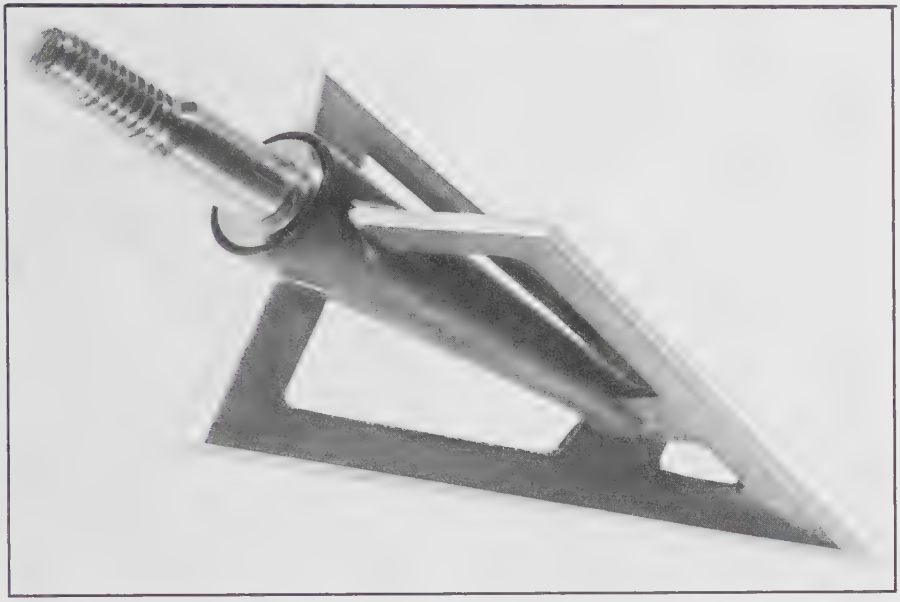


Photo of Snuffer broadhead.

would ever guess this was the man who authored the classic "In Pursuit of Trophy Whitetails," the first definitive look at successful scouting, scrape analysis and hunting techniques for big whitetail bucks.

Moreover, Roger is what I call "outspoken and painfully honest." He's often as subtle as a kick to the gonads. In short, don't expect him to ever win any awards for tact or diplomacy. As I once explained in *Bowhunter* magazine, "He calls 'em as he sees 'em and understandably has ruffled the feathers of some peers and manufacturers ... The man oozes confidence."

Want a sampling? Try a few classic Roger Rothhaar quotes:

- *"Too many 'name writers' do nothing but promote themselves. They play games with readers. A lot of what they write is garbage. My writing reflects my own beliefs as best I can express them."*
- *"I can count on one hand the number of big game animals I've missed at under 30 yards."*
- *"Too many bowhunters overestimate their own ability. They take long, risky shots when they shouldn't. I believe you shouldn't try any shot beyond 35 to 40 yards on deer - and the closer the better. Not one in 10 bowhunters I know can pick up a bow and cold turkey put their first arrow in a pie plate at any unknown distance beyond 40 yards."*
- *"I do not condone the use of modern compound shooting instruments or cross-*

Roger is a master taxidermist. He learned the trade because he didn't trust others to properly mount his big whitetail bucks.

bows ... I laminate and build my own bows, arrows, bowstrings and of course the broadhead which I developed because I saw the need for a more humane and efficient hunting head."

- *"To me the only advantage the compound bow offers is the ability to allow a person to shoot a heavier bow than he thinks he can shoot. The most detrimental thing about compounds and the promotion of them is the idea that it's easy to become a bowhunter. It's not and we have some people trying our sport who shouldn't be."*
- *"I always thought that the whitetail was meant to be hunted one-on-one and bowhunting gives me that opportunity better than firearms ever could. Personally, I see no challenge in hunting a whitetail with a gun ..."*
- *"Look at the dinks who trespass and shoot up roadside signs. Look at the groups of gang-bangers who surround a herd of deer in some woods and slaughter them with shotguns or rifles."*

Any wonder why some folks – including fellow hunters and wildlife management professionals – take an instant dislike to someone unafraid to say exactly what he thinks? Here's one heavyset man who's stomped on plenty

of sensitive toes with his lug-soled boots.

So it was no surprise to me when Roger's detractors took delight in his arrest and conviction. Almost before echoes of the judge's gavel faded, mail and phone calls swamped my editor's desk. "The fat boy" had been nailed, some chortled. Strip him of his duties as a *Bowhunter* magazine contributor! Publicly humiliate the cocky bastard!

Other people were far more supportive. Roger got a bad rap, some friends and fans claimed. He'll be vindicated, they predicted, once the truth comes out. He should appeal a bad sentence based more on who he is than what he did.

I used my editorial column to clearly explain the official *Bowhunter* magazine position regarding Roger Rothhaar:

" ... it's important to note that the first telephone call we received on this matter came from Roger himself. He explained his version of what happened, admitted to a technical violation of the law, offered to resign and encouraged *Bowhunter* magazine to conduct its own investigation. He later indicated he planned to fight what he felt was a grossly unfair sentence ...

"For months now *Bowhunter* magazine has been conducting an ongoing investigation. During that time we've talked to people on both sides of the issue and at this writing our investigation continues. It is no simple matter. The complexity of the case - and certain unanswered questions raised by our in-depth inquiry - make it impractical for us to disclose our findings or to take any action at this time ..."

But here, finally, are the indisputable facts.

- On Sunday, Nov. 11, 1984, Jane Rothhaar's uncle introduced Roger to Bill Stockmaster, a 20-year-old Attica, Ohio, resident who ran a trapline on his uncle and aunt's Seneca County farm. Bill reported he'd seen a good buck there and thought Roger might want to try for it before shotgun season opened later in the month.

- On Monday, November 12, Roger left his Oceola home and picked up Bill Stockmaster. They drove to Bill's uncle's farm and scouted the property. "Tracks and pretty good sign" were found. Roger hung a treestand. At this point Roger learned Bill had not yet obtained permission for him to hunt the farm. He instructed Bill to speak to his relatives about securing permission.

- Several days later, Roger learned Bill's aunt didn't really want him to hunt deer on her farm. Roger drove to scout an adjoining property, owned by a Rothhaar relative, where he did have permission to hunt.

- On Saturday, November 17, Roger returned and hung a treestand near the property line dividing the two farms. He hunted the stand for the

first time that evening but saw no deer.

- On Tuesday, November 20, Bill Stockmaster dropped Roger off at daylight. Roger told Bill to wait until 9:30 a.m. before checking his traps along the creek bottom on the neighboring property. He believed any deer bumped from their beds along the creek might move past his stand and offer a shot. Around 9:30 a.m. a buck emerged from the creek bottom and ran directly to Roger's stand. He killed it at about 9:45 a.m.

- Some 15 minutes later Bill walked up carrying the treestand Roger had hung on the neighboring farm but refused to use without permission of the landowner.

- As Roger started to field dress the buck, Bill left to retrieve his truck which was parked about three-quarters of a mile away. Roger dragged his gutted deer about 50 yards to the edge of the woods, where he discovered Bill's truck had mired down about half way across a muddy farm field.

"My intent was to tag the deer at that spot," Roger said, "but immediately I went over to where Bill's truck was stuck. For an hour or more we tried to get it out by pushing it and placing boards under the wheels. Nothing worked. The truck wasn't going anywhere."

That bit of bad luck with the bogged down pickup was only a precursor to what would become a nightmare day for Roger Rothhaar.

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TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, it's important to know that Roger routinely takes great pains to always keep his hunting areas a secret. Writer Charles J. Alsheimer explained it well in a Rothhaar profile he penned for *Deer & Deer Hunting* magazine. "In the area where Roger lives, local hunters, too, have become aware of his talents. He no longer parks his vehicle where he hunts because the locals figure if he's hunting an area, there must be a trophy buck around. Now, when he takes to the fields, his wife Jane [or a friend] drives him to where he hunts and then returns to get him at a predetermined time. This enables him to work a buck without others interfering."

"It's not that I'm anti-social," Roger told me. "I just need to be alone when hunting the big bucks. I'd say that 60 percent of my time each season goes to avoiding other hunters and 40 percent to hunting."

Bill Stockmaster's truck was mired off a farm lane smack dab between two busy corn picking operations some 200 yards to the east and south. Roger's plan had been to drive close to the buck, tag and load it, then drive home. The

A dedicated recurve shooter, Roger is known for his strong opinions and bowhunting success. This is a photo I took in Roger's trophy room at his Oceola, Ohio, home.

After his retirement from Timken Roller Bearing Company, Roger moved to an Iowa farm where he continues to pursue big-antlered whitetails with a passion that time and his bitter experience with Ohio's legal system haven't dulled. He arrowed these two whopper whitetails on his own property during the 2002 (right) and 2003 (above) November rut.

only other option would have been dragging the deer three-quarters of a mile across open, muddy fields to the road marking the section's north side. When Bill buried his truck, everything changed.

Eventually Bill walked down the rural road to get help. By the time a farm tractor freed his truck, it was after 1 p.m. At this point Roger said he had less than two hours to hurry home, change clothes and drive to his tool-making job at the Timken Roller Bearing Company in Bucyrus.

"When it comes to hunting big bucks, I prefer morning hunting over evenings," Roger explained. "When the rut is on, the bucks move up until noon or so before bedding. By electing to work the evening shift, 3 until 11:30 p.m., I'm able to hunt nearly every day of the Ohio bow season."

At this point Roger made the fateful decision that would change his life.

"I elected to leave my deer and return after work and recover it once the corn picking operations were over. Bill and I moved my deer out along a fence line closer to the farm lane and laid it by a fallen limb in the sparse cover. I didn't believe anyone would stumble across it there, but I thought maybe coon hunters might happen across it back in the woods."

Again, Roger failed to take time to tag the buck. It was his second bad decision of the day.

"Immediately after work I stopped by the Stockmaster place, and again we took Bill's truck to the farm. People were used to seeing this truck at his uncle's farm, and I hoped the field would be frozen enough that we could drive right up to the deer. We found the ground was too soft, so we dragged the deer to the parked truck and loaded it."

At that point a voice called from the darkness: "State Game Protectors!" Three armed game wardens immediately closed in. Roger Rothhaar and Bill Stockmaster were arrested. The untagged buck was confiscated and held as evidence.

The time was 12:15 a.m., Nov. 21, 1984.

*****

"The seed was planted when I first was granted the vision of two mature whitetail bucks sparring in an unfarmed weed field when I was 15 years old; the first whitetails I had ever seen. That scene captured my heart, my breath and my imagination all at the same time. Since that time, the intensity of the experience has never diminished but rather is reborn over and over each time I think about or come into contact with these amazing creatures."

— "In Pursuit of Trophy Whitetail," Roger Rothhaar

THE SIXTH OF SEVEN children born to Perry and Gladys Rothhaar, Roger grew up on a small farm not far from Oceola. "Back then farming was very tough, and we were very poor. And, with so many mouths to feed, we depended a great deal on hunting for food. There were no whitetails in these parts when I was growing up, so all of our hunting consisted of small game. Anything we boys could bring in was appreciated and put to the best use. So when small game season was in, we were out after them."

Roger began plinking arrows at Ohio cottontails before he was 10, but he didn't have a chance to hunt whitetails until the late 1950s. And it was 1965 before he filled his first tag. "It took me seven years to get my first deer," he said. "It was a spike buck, and I shot him in Pennsylvania."

Making up for his late start, Roger hunted hard in several states and started collecting whitetails with amazing consistency. Other game, too. Black bears. Pronghorns. Mule deer. Moose. Elk. By the early 1980s, he'd arrowed over 50 deer and other big game species commonly pursued by bowhunters. Regardless, at the time of his 1984 arrest, he'd killed only seven Ohio bucks in 30 years.

"I'm not strictly a trophy hunter," he stated. "It depends on the animal. I do compare the heads I get with the Pope & Young Club listings, but I don't enter any of the competitions myself ... I don't have anything to prove to myself or to others."

Not that quality doesn't matter to him, especially where whitetails are concerned. After he arrowed a 150-class 10-pointer in 1983, Roger proclaimed that his lifelong bowhunting dream was to tag a Boone & Crockett-class buck. That's

I first bowhunted with Roger in 1971 and know he's no phony. He's an amazing shot with his recurve bow, and he knows as much about big whitetails as any man I've ever met. Admire him or not, he's the real deal in the deer woods.

170 or more inches of trophy antlers. Roger also proclaimed that he didn't plan on killing any more whitetails taping less than 140 Pope & Young inches. That, in retrospect, was yet another mistake.

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Prosecutor Elaine Knutson: *"This is Case Number 84 CRB 660. It's alleged that Roger Rothhaar on November 20, 1984, at 9:30 a.m., Venice Township, Seneca County, Ohio, did unlawfully fail to immediately attach a temporary deer tag at place where it fell, in violation of 1531.02 of the Ohio Revised Code. This is a misdemeanor of the fourth degree, the maximum penalty is a fine of up to $250 and/or 30 days in jail or both. In addition, the Court may suspend your hunting privileges in regard to an illegal taking of a deer. Plus court costs."*

Judge Thomas R. Spellerberg: *"Mr. Rothhaar, do you need further explanation of your rights?"*

Roger Rothhaar: *"Nope."*

Judge Spellerberg: *"Do you understand the nature of the charge against you?"*

Roger Rothhaar: *"Yes, I do."*

Judge Spellerberg: *"Do you wish to enter a plea now or do you wish a continuance to see an attorney?"*

Roger Rothhaar: *"I will plead guilty."*

—Tiffin, Ohio, Municipal Court, Transcript of Proceedings, Dec. 4, 1984

"I did commit a very minor game violation," Roger explained later. "Failure to attach a temporary tag is a common violation in Ohio and the average fine is $45. I'm not trying to justify the violation. I knew it was a violation when I did it, but I gambled to protect the privacy of a hunting area.

"But after I pled guilty, warden Mike Taylor requested a 'pre-sentence investigation' where the court probation officer looked into my background for any other hunting violations. Since I never had any, I wasn't concerned when the court granted a continuance."

Yet when court reconvened on Dec. 11, 1984, Roger was told the fine would be $250, no jail time, but revocation of all Ohio hunting privileges for three years.

"My chin hit the floor," Roger said. "I asked the judge, 'Isn't that a little stiff for a first-time violation?'"

"Mr. Rothhaar is a professional hunter," argued Prosecutor Knutson, waving a copy of his book "In Pursuit of Trophy Whitetails." "I think that holds him to a higher standard than someone basically an amateur."

"It's as if the minister were fooling around with the choir leader," agreed Judge Spellerberg. "It's always worse when someone who is a role model is caught in the wrong."

This is the last trophy-class Buckeye buck Roger killed before his arrest and eventual move to an Iowa farm. He's killed bigger Hawkeye bucks since.

"Is there any way this can be appealed," Roger asked.

"Yes, there is a possibility of appealing it," Judge Spellerberg replied. "I don't know how successful you'd be. Get yourself a lawyer and tell him to come down and examine the file and tell him you want to file an appeal."

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"This whole ordeal has been very traumatic for me and my family. The stress put upon us by these people over such a trivial violation is unforgivable."

— Roger Rothhaar, April 24, 1985

LONG STORY SHORT, Roger eventually retained counsel and started legal proceedings. "This was the first time anyone ever lost hunting rights for a first-time field tagging violation in the history of the State of Ohio," he explained. But legal advice isn't cheap and building a convincing argument takes time - and money. Additionally, the more digging Roger did, the more a curious case grew even curiouser.

"Our investigation has uncovered intrigue and conspiracy that rivals some Hollywood spy movies," Roger announced. "More and more information has turned up involving a set-up plot implicating obvious enemies and pretended friends ..."

- **FACT:** An unidentified male called the Ohio Division of Wildlife's TIPS line on the afternoon of Nov. 20, 1984 to report the exact location of Roger Rothhaar's untagged buck. Subsequently, wildlife enforcement officers staked out the carcass and eventually arrested Roger and Bill Stockmaster. Roger named the likely caller as a friend of a feuding co-worker at Timken who had vowed to "get" Roger someday. I called and spoke with the man, who denied any involvement.

- **FACT:** Max Duckworth, chief of the Ohio Division of Wildlife, and Jerry Ladd, executive administrator of the Law Enforcement Section, said they felt a "different standard should apply to an experienced and veteran hunter such as Roger Rothhaar and that it was appropriate the penalty be different." When I asked trial judge Thomas Spellerberg if the prosecution's claim that Roger was a "professional hunter" had an effect on the stiff sentence he handed down, he said it was basically true. "He's a pro [who's] supposed to know the law, like a cop," the judge said.

- **FACT:** It is true, as some critics pointed out, that Roger had purchased a non-resident Michigan deer license. "I have a good friend with whom I traditionally hunt during the Michigan late season after our Ohio season is over." Roger

strongly denies that he planned to use the Michigan tag on his Ohio buck.

- **FACT:** It is also true that the buck Roger killed on Nov. 20, 1984 was not a huge record-class whitetail typical of Ohio deer he normally tags. To finger-pointers who say this is more proof Roger had no plans to use his Buckeye deer tag on a "small" buck, Roger explained it as a case of misjudgment and ground shrinkage.

- **FACT:** As the weeks, months and finally years slipped away, Roger gave up on taking any legal action. He retired, packed up his wife, Jane, and youngest son, Ryan, then moved to south-central Iowa where he purchased a large farm in the heart of Hawkeye big whitetail country. There he consistently collects trophy bucks with the regularity of a master whitetail hunter.

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DURING OUR TELEPHONE CALL immediately following his 1984 arrest, I pointed out an unfortunate fact of bowhunting life to Roger:

"One sad side effect of this whole mess is every success you've ever had - and every future success you'll ever enjoy - will be viewed with a degree of suspicion by some people. Right or wrong, innocent or guilty, it makes little difference. The damage has been done, and nothing you can do is going to change that reality."

ROGER ROTHHAAR

- Ohio native who started stalking small game with a bow at age 10; killed first whitetail in Pennsylvania in 1965

- Established national reputation as premier whitetail deer bowhunting authority; *Bowhunter* magazine contributor 1971-2006; author of "In Pursuit of Trophy Whitetails" (1982) and "Whitetail Magic" (1993)

- Professional machinist; inventor of the Snuffer broadhead (1970); talented bowyer; master taxidermist

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

THE BEEN-THERE, DONE-THAT SCRIBE

Meet Writer Dick Sage

"Actually, my memorable shots involve not only arrows that scored under unusual conditions, but also shots that came after a successful stalk, or under extremely difficult circumstances. Many shots have missed their mark entirely, yet the circumstances are worth recalling."

— Dick Sage, *Archery Magazine*, January 1973

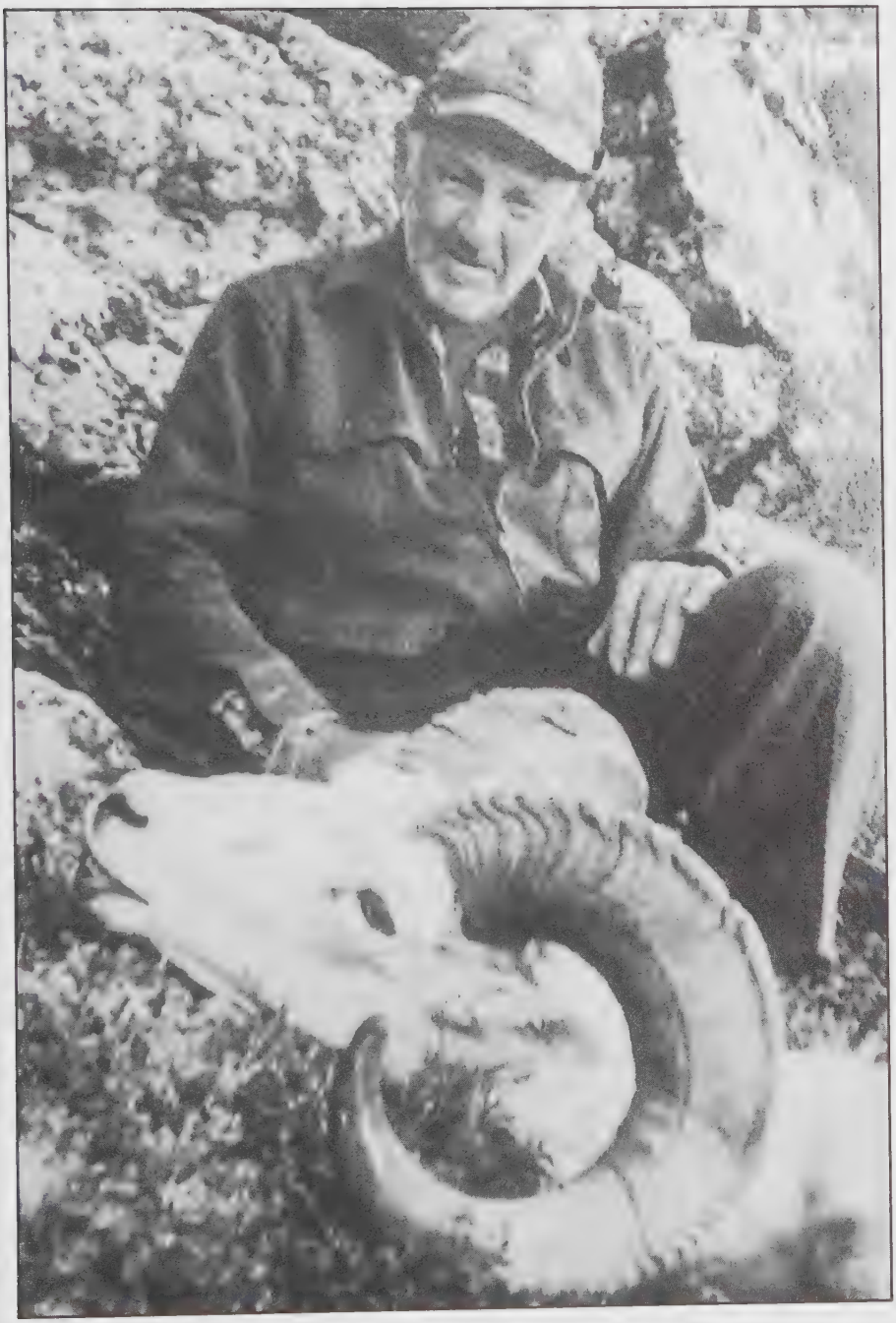
RECOLLECTIONS OF MEMORABLE bowhunts and special shots have been a Dick Sage staple in various archery/bowhunting magazines for more than half a century. I'd read and enjoyed Dick's columns and stories for many years before I began penning my own bow and arrow features back in the mid-1960s. And for all you modern day readers used to a comparatively bland diet of how-to-do-it and where-to-do-it bowhunting advice, you don't know what yummy published Sage-flavored tidbits you missed.

More about then-and-now writing differences in a moment.

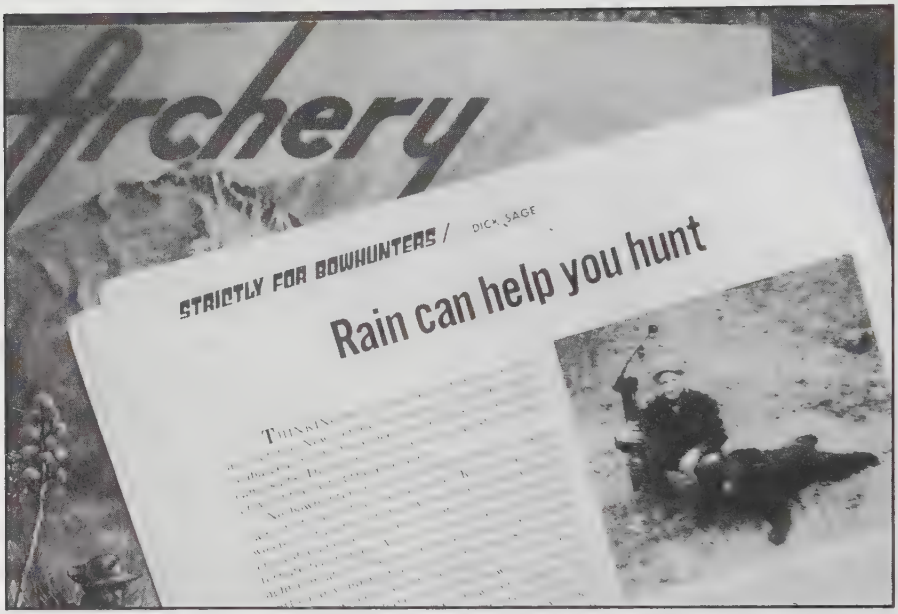
First, for the official record, Dick Sage got a handcrafted bow as a Christmas gift in 1930. And, according to one of Santa's elves, it was one special gift that the active 8-year-old would never forget. Or outgrow, really.

A much more mature Dick Sage started bowhunting in New Jersey in '47, and he arrowed his first whitetail deer in 1952. Dick's been involved in archery and bowhunting deer ever since, traveling to camps mostly across the United States and Canada (although he once took time from an overseas business trip to arrow a flying pheasant in England's Sherwood Forest). During his long career he's pursued a variety of big game, including black bears, mule deer, caribou, moose, mountain lion, pronghorn antelope and mountain sheep.

"Dall Sheep Diary," a story of Dick's successful Northwest Territories bowhunt



Dick was 64 years young in 1986 when he set out on a Northwest Territories sheep hunt and collected this fine Dall's ram. The sheep's official Pope & Young Club score is 144⅞ inches.



Dick was a longtime columnist in Roy Hoff's *Archery Magazine*, and his byline appeared in most all of the archery/bowhunting publications, including *Bowhunter* magazine.

for a record book thinhorn ram, appeared in *Bowhunter* magazine in 1987.

He was 64 years young at the time of that sheep hunting adventure.

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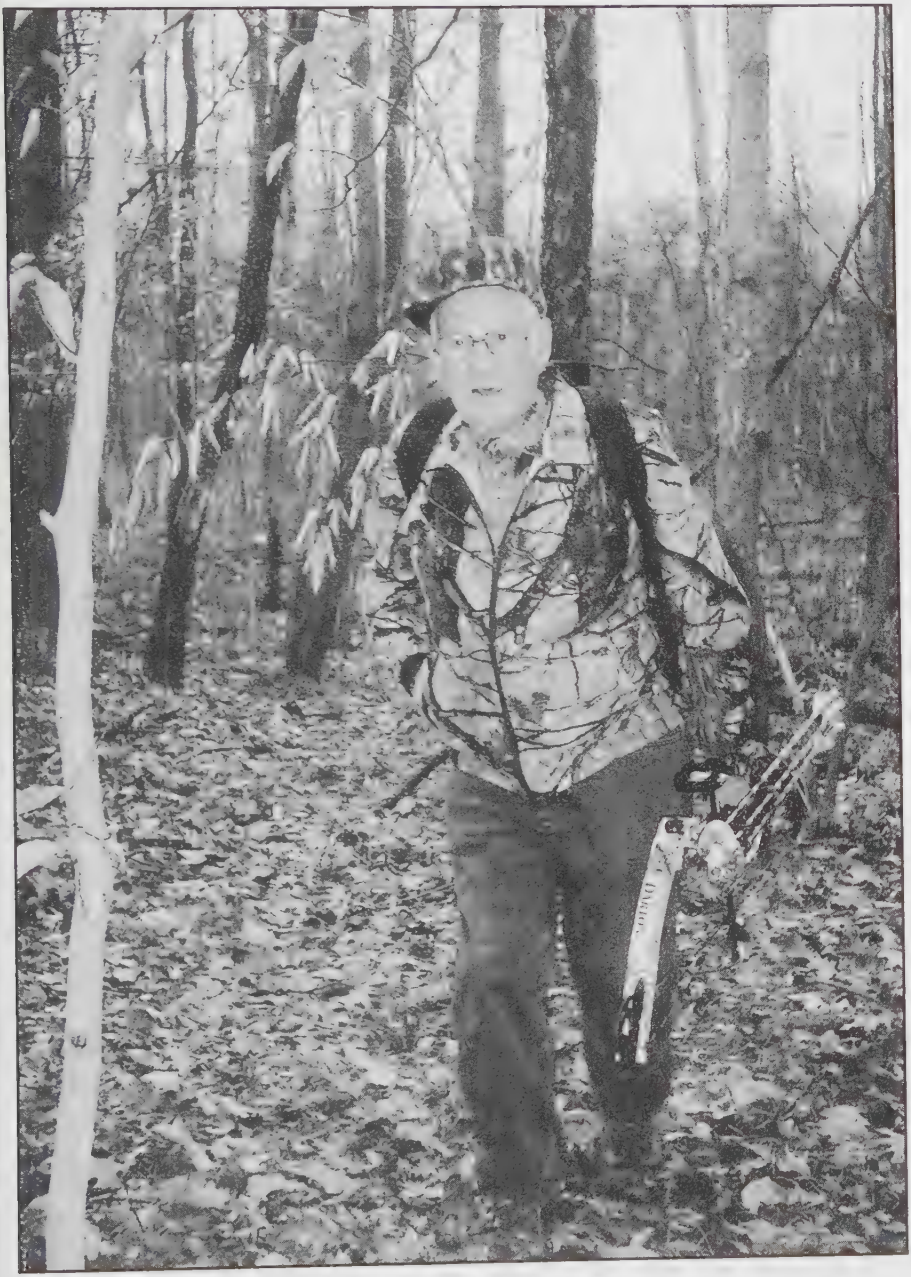
DICK AND I GOT ACQUAINTED and became friends through our membership in the Pope & Young Club. Honestly, it was a treat for me to personally meet this Sage bowhunting writer (pun intended) whose stories I'd enjoyed for so many years. Later, I was thrilled professionally to have Dick writing *Bowhunter* feature articles for me, beginning in the early '80s.

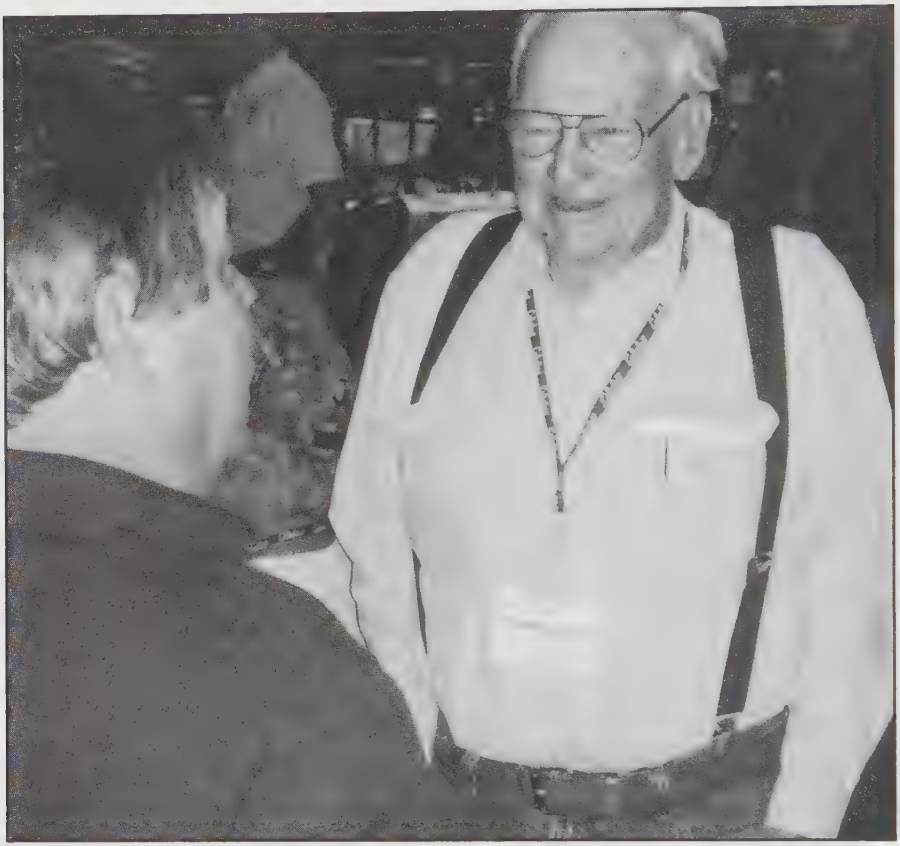
Possessing a trained engineer's analytical mind, complemented by God-given communicative skills, Dick repeatedly demonstrated to me the ability to present complex thoughts in lucid, non-technical prose, both oral and written. And over the years I've routinely contacted Dick for advice, counsel and objective opinions on myriad topics. If nothing else, he's always been a consistently reliable – and painfully honest – human sounding board and words-of-wisdom dispenser.

"*How,*" I wondered aloud one day, "*would vintage Dick Sage compare with the crop of modern archery/bowhunting scribes and the stories they generate?*

"*And what about the bow magazines themselves? How would the drab, no-frills publications of 40 to 50 years ago stack up against today's fat and fancy Technicolor magazine extravaganzas? Like* Bowhunter, *for one?*"



Advancing age may have slowed him a bit, but Dick still enjoys heading for the deer woods each fall. He's been a successful hunting archer for longer than most of today's bowhunters have been alive.



A senior member of the Pope & Young Club, Dick attended the 2007 biennial convention in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He's pictured here swapping hunting stories with a couple of fellow bowhunters.

"Recollections of my first archery/bowhunting magazines are still vivid," Dick told me. "They were the National Field Archery Association's publication, *Archery Magazine*, and Carl Hulbert's *National Bowhunter*. They offered 'how-to' information hard to come by elsewhere. Both covered the rapid change era when self bows were largely replaced by laminated recurves and Port Orford cedar arrow shafts by fiberglass and aluminum shafts.

"Clearly, the availability of 'space age' materials significantly changed the archery/bowhunting scene. New materials made existing bow designs more effective on the archery range and in the field. Recurve bows, then and now, are still essentially the ages-old 'Willcox design.' The improved performance of what we now call 'traditional equipment' rests principally with new materials and the dimensional improvements they permitted.

"For all its nostalgia, a bow is simply an engineering device that obeys the laws of physics," Dick explained. "When we look at available information today, it is hard to visualize that era when most archers knew so little about their equipment and its use."

*****

IF YOU BELIEVE THAT DICK SAGE harbors some nostalgic fondness for the magazines of the 1940s and 1950s, you are on target - smack dab in the kill zone.

"I usually read my copy of *Archery* or *National Bowhunter* the day it arrived," Dick confessed. "Here was eagerly sought information on shooting techniques, tackle selection and bowhunting ideas.

"Although the editors of the early publications usually had some journalistic experience, the same could not be said about most authors of the articles. They were clearly amateurs bubbling with the excitement of discovery about their new activity. In spite of their literary shortcomings, they managed to transmit that enthusiasm to their readers. It was that shared rapport between author and reader that made the material magic to many of us.

"It is hard to sense an equivalent enthusiasm in current publications," Dick opined. "Today's bowhunters have at their fingertips a wealth of information, perhaps too much so. Often, instead of learning from today's articles, we find ourselves second-guessing the author. The magic has diminished. There's so much well-presented information you almost wonder, 'Where's the beef?'

"From amateurs penning their first manuscripts, we've progressed to articles by much more professional writers. Without doubt, the actual writing has improved greatly, but somehow the fire and excitement of those amateurs has dimmed. Journalistically, it may be a leap forward, but today's stories lack the personality of the earlier prose. The current crop of really high-quality, professionally edited magazines can't match the spirit of those early publications.

"Today, I get five different bowhunting publications," Dick admitted. "I read parts of them when I get time. Almost never do I do a 'cover to cover' reading. It's not the magazine's fault, but it is rare to find an article that excites me. I'm primarily a whitetail hunter but seldom do I read any whitetail stories. Practically all hunts are from trees and a great many are simply, 'I went to this outfitter and the food was great and he put me in a treestand and I shot a huge whitetail.'

"Good reference material but personally unexciting. I hunt mostly from treestands, but I find the excitement in doing it, not reading about it."

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ANY MENTION OF WHITETAILS and writers reminds me of another bowhunting friend and occasional *Bowhunter* magazine contributor,

Mark Kayser. Mark's a talented scribe and photographer whose two decades in outdoors communication represents a mere fraction of Dick's. Or mine, for that matter. Mark is the "Whitetails" columnist for *North American Hunter* and *Bowhunt America*, just the man to provide a slightly different perspective on the role bowhunting publications have played in creating interest and growth.

"As a young bowhunter living in rural South Dakota, up-to-date and accurate archery information was as hard to find as a tree to place a treestand," Mark explained. "Fortunately, I was able to pick up magazines like *Bowhunter* at local stores and get the latest information on hunting strategies and equipment.

"The printed adventures fueled my bowhunting fever, and I wasn't alone. My friends and relatives did the same and these publications sparked the fire that ignited a rage in bowhunting that few sports have been able to duplicate. Today's number of archery pro shops have exploded and even in the most rural areas you can find a qualified dealer with a pro-shop technician. Plus, the current explosion of outdoors television shows has aided in passing along strategies and hunting tactics for beginners and experienced bowhunters alike.

"I sincerely believe," Mark concluded, "that had it not been for the existence of 'bowhunting-only' publications, we wouldn't be blessed with the equipment, strategies and educational opportunities that we enjoy today. And despite the surge in electronic mediums, it's still gratifying to flip through the pages of *Bowhunter* for entertainment and to glean important facts, figures and dependable information."

Perhaps it's true the more things change over the generations, the more they stay the same.

*****

ASK DICK SAGE ABOUT his favorite whitetail stories that he's ever read and he'll immediately mention Stuart Wilson's early 1950s accounts of his Adirondack bowhunting adventures published in Roy Hoff's *Archery Magazine*.

"The few animals taken weren't Pope & Young caliber but were taken still-hunting alone from a remote logging shack deep in the New York woods near Tupper Lake," Dick said. "It was the way I wanted to hunt at that time, and I could relate to almost everything he did and every word he wrote. I put those stories on a par with Saxton Pope's exciting descriptions in 'Hunting With the Bow and Arrow.'"

So how does Dick rate his own writing efforts?

"Over the years I've written articles and edited bowhunting columns for many publications," he admitted. "Looking over some of those early efforts brings a smile to my face. I was presumptuous enough to be trying to tell others how to do it. And I suppose some of my early columns in *Archery* probably did do some good, but only because the state of the art was so meager. I would

be embarrassed today to try to tell anyone how to do it. Perhaps that just comes with age, but I can remember when I thought I was pretty expert. I realize now I just happened to have more experience than the readers."

Any comments about bowhunting equipment?

"Recently there is a trend to segregate articles in a 'traditional' category," Dick observed. "Traditional bowhunting today usually means a hunt using equipment styled 'pre-compound.' But when I think 'traditional,' it's so much more than the style of the bow. It's a hunt on foot, quietly trying to spot 'em before they spot you. Then sneaking closer for a shot. Absent are the treestands, guides to pre-scout the area, fancy camo, hunting lodges with all the amenities, etc. It's just you with a bow against an animal with much keener senses. It's certainly not the way to hunt for 'book' animals, but I'll tell you this: An animal taken that way is a trophy earned.

"As for equipment, it's your choice. But when you do it on the ground, still-hunting, a compound is far more 'traditional' to me than a longbow from a treestand on a guided hunt!"

And any final comments about bowhunting publications?

"Bowhunting magazines have been and still are a major factor in getting the story of bowhunting told," Dick summarized. "Today's publications are a major help to most bowhunters, even if they're a bit dull to someone with nearly 60 years of bowhunting under his belt!"

DICK SAGE

- Took up bowhunting in New Jersey in 1947; arrowed first whitetail in 1952
- Helped initiate first bowhunter education courses in New Jersey in mid-1950s; with wife Rita active in New York and New Jersey field archery clubs for nearly five decades
- Life member of National Field Archery Association, United Bowhunters of New Jersey and New York Bowhunters; senior member of the Pope & Young Club
- Bowhunting/archery magazine writer and columnist since the 1950s

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

AN EDUCATOR'S WELL-SPENT LIFE

Dr. Dave Samuel: Bowhunting's Best Friend

"Writing for a magazine that quickly rose to the top of the bowhunting world created a venue for me to do volunteer work dedicated to preserving hunting. When Bowhunter *published its first issue in 1971, I already had been teaching at West Virginia University for three years. So all of my writing and volunteer work was done 'after hours' and on long weekends. There is no question that the volunteer work took away from my bowhunting time, but it was all well worth it."*

— Dr. David Samuel

I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER how many of today's bowhunters fully appreciate how indebted they are to a man known simply as "Dr. Dave." Here, in point of fact, is a bona fide scholar/educator/writer/lecturer who just happens to be a modern hunter's best friend and a rabid hunter hater's worst nightmare. Believe it!

And don't be fooled by Dave's bookish, bespectacled appearance and mild mannered demeanor. While he might resemble a nerdy Mr. Peepers or unimposing Clark Kent character from early day black-and-white television shows, Dave possesses the stamina of a long-distance runner - which he was as a prep and college athlete - complemented by the necessary brainpower and savvy to transform him instantly into an eloquent and effective bowhunting activist.

Admittedly, I'm a longtime friend and admirer of Dave. However, you don't have to accept my word for the critical role that Dave has played in shaping the course of 21st century bowhunting. Forget that he's served as my bowhunting magazine's conservation editor for more than three and one half decades. Ask around. Anyone who knows Dave will agree with my assessment, pointing to his tireless, decades-long work promoting principled hunting practices and

Dr. Dave started writing his *Bowhunter* magazine columns in 1971. He and his twin brother, Bill, first authored "Woodlands & Wildlife" and later Dave launched his own popular "Know Hunting" column. This 1970s-era photo shows him posing with a Colorado muley he killed not far from where I tagged my first Book Cliffs mule deer in 1965.

This is the Shiras moose that Dave arrowed on his Utah hunt in 2002. That's the same year Dwight Schuh, Dave Holt and I also drew Shiras tags. We each collected bulls to make it an unlikely four-for-four tally for the *Bowhunter* magazine editorial staff.

proven pro-conservation, pro-wildlife efforts.

The bottom line? There's no arguing the fact that Dave Samuel's lifetime body of work has proved beneficial to game animals and those hunters who pursue them.

From Dave's initial "Woodlands and Wildlife" *Bowhunter* magazine columns - co-authored with twin brother Bill, a Dave Samuel bowhunter/college professor clone - to his solo "Know Hunting" columns of today, Dr. Dave blazed a long and wide educational trail trod by hundreds of thousands. Besides building a loyal *Bowhunter* magazine reader base, he served on the National Bowhunter Education Foundation (NBEF) board between 1976 and 1994, assisting Bill Wadsworth - including one stint as NBEF president - with Bill's ever-expanding bowhunter education programs.

"I was there," Dave recalls, "when bowhunting buddy Fred Richter wrote the first ever pamphlet on treestand safety, when bowhunter education's 3-D deer and bear instructional animals were created, when the vital organ charts were published and when the NBEF program went international.

"Bill Wadsworth and I taught the first European training course in London in 1985. Then there was the course in Denmark in 1987, with students from nine countries in attendance. That led to legalized bowhunting in several coun-

I wonder how many readers know the critical role Dave played in opening up Africa to bowhunting. His educational efforts convinced Zimbabwe officials that bows and arrows were effective hunting tools.

Dave and I served together for years on the Pope & Young Club's board of directors. Here we're teaming up to measure a big Minnesota whitetail deer rack for bowhunter Rob Evans.

tries. At that same Denmark class, Dr. Jim Shubert led the formation of the World Bowhunting Union (WBU) to help convince the governments of various countries to accept bowhunting. I later served as a WBU officer, and the union worked. Bowhunting was spreading."

I also wonder how many readers know how important Dave Samuel was to opening up Africa to bowhunting. In 1988, accompanied by wife Cathy, Dr. Dave conducted three formal bowhunter education courses in Zimbabwe which convinced officials there to legalize bows and arrows for hunting in 1990.

"I really fell in love with Africa on that first trip," Dave says, "and I've returned seven times. For me, Africa is the ultimate bowhunting experience."

Dave later presented a bowhunting program to the South African Professional Hunters Association. That effort led to the legalization of bowhunting dangerous South African game starting in 1992.

During this same time frame, but far closer to home, Dave served as advisor to two graduate students conducting an in-depth bow wounding study at Camp Ripley in Minnesota. Dave explains:

"This was when the Humane Society of the United States (HSUS) was claiming that bow wounding losses were 80 percent of the total deer harvest. Our

Dave has a passion for bowhunting big deer and big bears, and he's collected his fair share of both species. Here he's seen posing with a trophy-class Iowa whitetail.

study showed it was really only 5 percent of animals not found by bowhunters. And not all of these wounded animals died. This finding pretty much eliminated that HSUS issue, especially with the state wildlife agencies."

Interestingly, one of Dr. Dave's grad students in that Camp Ripley deer wounding study was Jay McAninch. Years later, after leaving a successful career with the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources, Jay picked up the reins of the Archery Trade Association (ATA), serving as ATA president and CEO. Like his grad advisor, Jay remains an ardent and active bowhunter.

As readers might correctly guess, fully cataloging Dave's lifetime bowhunting involvements and accomplishments would prove a daunting undertaking for any biographer. Suffice it to say in this brief profile: *My longtime buddy Dave Samuel has pretty much done it all, from establishing the notable milestones already mentioned to writing hundreds of grants and magazine articles, while making time to author several books. Additionally, Dave's recognizable voice and visage became familiar to most* Bowhunter *magazine video or DVD buffs. Don't forget Sportsman Channel fans, too, thanks mainly to popular "Know Hunting with Dr. Dave" segments.*

Need more evidence? Consider this non-hyperbolic fact: *Dave Samuel has served on more committees, chaired more meetings and overseen more strategy ses-*

We both were active in National Bowhunter Education Foundation leadership roles from the late 1970s until the mid-1990s. Dave's seen standing between NBEF founder Bill Wadsworth and board member Len Cardinale in this photo snapped at a strategy session in Kentucky. That clean-shaven guy standing at the left end of the back row had only recently started *Bowhunter* magazine.

sions than many veteran politicians. Yet, he still accepted an appointment to head the Pope & Young Club's Conservation Committee from 1991 until 2002. As chairman, Dave boosted biennial Pope & Young Club-funded conservation project contributions from about $3,000 to more than $60,000. Such multi-tasking examples could go on and on.

Despite embracing these demanding and time-consuming activities, Dr. Dave somehow made time to travel from his Morgantown, West Virginia, home to bowhunting camps spread across much of North America and parts of his beloved Dark Continent. Honestly, Dave's lifetime collection of big game mounts could fill multiple wildlife museums. In fact, many of Dave's impressive animals are proudly displayed at the University of West Virginia where he spent 30 years as a professor of wildlife management. And should you ever be invited to drop by his nearby home, ask Dave or wife Cathy to give you a private tour of his home's impressive wildlife memory room.

Oh, one word of warning: *Come prepared when sharing a two-man camp tent or one-room hunting cabin with this natural born leader.* The reason? Dave's not just a world-class bowhunter , he's also a world-class snorer. Take it from someone who's heard Dr. Dave's wall-shaking, late-night moonlight "serenades." His solo vocal renditions perfectly capture the sounds of growling chain saws, roar-

Dave was involved in National Bowhunter Education Foundation leadership roles – including NBEF president – during the late 1970s and up to the mid-1990s. This photo shows Dave with NBEF founder Bill Wadsworth, Walt Kujawski, Max Greiner and Bob McBrayer.

ing leaf blowers and overloaded bush planes taking off from a wilderness campsite. No bowhunter I've met over the past 50 years does it louder ... or longer. You'll certainly want to keep your ears open around Dave during camp meals and fireside bull sessions. Just don't forget to pack plenty of quality earplugs for those too short nighttime hours between turning in and rolling out.

*****

LOOKING TO BOWHUNTING'S FUTURE from his vantage point early in the 21st century, Dave Samuel expects both good news and bad.

"We won't see the major equipment changes of the past 35 years, but there will be continuing improvements in bows, arrows, broadheads, clothing and hunting-related gear. State game agencies will call for higher doe kills and deer herds will slowly drop in many areas, causing hunter complaints. Also, continuing suburban sprawl with housing developments encroaching into wildlife habitat is bound to exacerbate urban deer problems, as well as increasing human encounters with bears and mountain lions.

"Anti-hunting attacks on bear hunting will continue, especially relative to bait and dog hunting. Even when bear numbers increase, getting new or extended seasons will be difficult.

"Costs of nonresident hunting will continue to climb. Guide fees, permits or licenses, lease fees, travel, etc. will all cost more. But for local, average bowhunters who hunt near home, the changes won't be as radical. License costs will inch up and access to private land will become more limited. But deer and turkeys will still be there for many and bowhunting will continue to be fun.

"With fewer and fewer Americans growing up in rural areas, acceptance of hunting will slowly decrease. The hunter population will continue to age faster

Dave earned the Safari Club International World Bowhunting Chapters Hall of Honor award in 2001. That's SCI president Gary Bogner (left), only the fifth bowhunter to complete the North American "Super Slam." Jay McAninch is Archery Trade Association executive director.

than the non-hunting population unless we start getting more kids into hunting. In fact, getting youngsters into hunting might be the biggest challenge of all for the future of bowhunting ... and all hunting."

*****

"Without really thinking, I brought my Parker bow to full draw and aimed at one small opening through the brush. My white-fletched arrows are easy to see, and I saw the arrow hit in front of his back leg. It penetrated through the moose's chest to the far shoulder. The bull traveled 60 yards and piled up."

— "Second Chance Moose," 2003 *Bowhunter* Magazine, Big Game Special

MERE MOMENTS BEFORE TAGGING his big Shiras bull during a late September bowhunt in the Utah backcountry, Dave Samuel had missed a shot at this same moose after a limb deflected the arrow. But not only did Dave's persistence pay off with a trophy-class animal, he unknowingly contributed to a most unusual grand slam of bull moose.

"We on the *Bowhunter* staff, being dreamers, apply for Shiras moose tags every year," explains Editor Dwight Schuh, "dreaming that someday one of us might draw a dream tag. Never would we dream that four of us would draw in the same year. But in 2002, it happened to me, Dave Samuel, Dave Holt and M. R. James. Talk about unlikely results!"

An even more unlikely outcome was tabulated at season's end. By then all four hunters had tagged bull moose in four different Western states - Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Montana. Three of the four bowhunts were unguided, do-it-yourself adventures. Two were videotaped for broadcast on *Bowhunter's* popular television program, and that moose hunting show appropriately earned a Golden Moose award - The Outdoor Channel's equivalent to Hollywood's Oscar - for Best Hunting Show of 2003.

So what?

My answer is simple. Creating a successful and popular magazine like *Bowhunter* takes teamwork, talent and more than a bit of luck. From the very outset of my personal magic carpet magazine ride, I was determined to find and surround myself with the best, most knowledgeable and experienced writers and bowhunters that I could find anywhere. The fact that Dave Samuel has been beside me for more than 35 years speaks well of both his professional credentials and personal endurance.

Summing it up, Dr. Dave was and is responsible for myriad contributions to the magazine's achievements and bowhunting's growth. On a very personal concluding note, I'll simply say, "Thanks, old friend, for everything that you've done for the magazine and bowhunting. Let's get together and share another huntin' camp again real soon."

DR. DAVID E. SAMUEL

- Elected to Archery Hall of Fame in 2007
- Earned doctorate in wildlife biology and spent 30 years as a wildlife educator; retired as Professor Emeritus from West Virginia University in 1998;
- *Bowhunter* magazine conservation editor and columnist since 1971
- Served on the Board of Directors of National Bowhunter Education Foundation (1976-1994), Bowhunters of America (1989-1993), Bowhunters Who Care (1981-1991) and Pope & Young Club (1991-2002)
- Author of more than 500 magazine articles and four published books, including "Know Hunting: Truth, Lies & Myths" (1999), a 300-page book hailed as the definitive work on hunting's past, present and future

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

REMEMBERING A BIG SKY LEGEND

Memories of Montana's Paul Schafer

"The lioness was maybe 60 yards away when Paul Schafer heard her warning growl and the swishing of tall yellowed grass as she charged ... There was no mistaking her intentions. The big cat targeted Paul like a tawny, radar-guided missile and everything unfolded like a slow-motion scene from some African adventure movie.

"Paul fully expected to hear a rifle's report at any second and see the lion fold, skidding to a dusty stop at his feet - just the way it would happen on the big screen. But this was no safari movie. No shot came from his Professional Hunter's .375, and when the lioness veered around a bush scant yards away, Paul drew, released and watched his arrow bury itself in the animal's ribs ..."

— "Brush with Tawny Death," *Bowhunter* Magazine 1993

PAUL SCHAFER SURVIVED his face-to-face encounter with that pissed off African lion without a scratch, but fickle destiny deemed that he wouldn't live to see the published account of his 1989 Dark Continent adventure. Two months before he died on an icy Montana mountainside, Paul and I sat side by side while he scanned my lion attack draft. A couple of days earlier I'd jotted notes as Paul modestly recounted his recollections of confronting that Zimbabwe lion. We'd met in Paul's rustic home in the Many Lakes area southeast of Kalispell, Montana. Surrounding us was an awesome display of animal mounts. Trophy-class bighorn and thinhorn sheep. Elk. Goat. Antelope. Bear. Whitetail deer. And African game, too. No visitor could ever doubt that a successful hunter lived here. A very successful hunter.

I remember feeling quite pleased at the time. Somehow I'd convinced the surprisingly shy, unpretentious archer that the lion incident would be the perfect sidebar to accompany his own "Cape Buffalo!" feature, an equally exciting adventure tale that he'd penned exclusively for *Bowhunter* magazine. Earlier this same morning I'd called Paul to ask him to check over the text, verify its accuracy and OK publication.

This is the African lioness that Paul shot when it charged and mauled his Professional Hunter. Talk about remaining cool in the face of danger!

Paul belly-crawled into a herd of Cape buffalo and arrowed this huge bull. A *Bowhunter* magazine article shared Paul's adventure with readers.

"That's the way it happened," Paul said finally, handing the manuscript back to me.

I took those few simple words as both approval and compliment, coming from the intensely private man who admittedly struggled putting words down on paper – or publicly sharing his bowhunting experiences with others. No one I know ever heard Paul brag about any hunt, shot or trophy he'd taken. And despite my persistent urgings throughout our decade-long friendship, Paul always deflected the less-than-subtle hints. "I'm no writer," was his typical response.

Maybe not, I'd conceded, but Paul Schafer was a helluva hunter – one of the best I've ever known. Already a legend in his home state, Paul was broad shoul-

dered and thick chested, exuding obvious strength and the fluid grace of a natural athlete. Armed with rugged good looks, tousled hair, twinkling eyes and an impish smile, Schaf was someone who immediately snagged the attention of men and women alike. I found him always soft-spoken yet direct. Ever modest but self-confident. And polite to a fault. Throughout the bulk of our business and personal time together, he insisted on calling me Mr. James. That was just Paul being Paul.

His friend Gene Wensel, a man not prone to hyperbolic praise, called Paul "... undoubtedly one of the greatest bowhunters to walk the face of the earth." Most other Montanans I knew readily agreed. With good reason. Season after season Paul added more astonishing accomplishments to his already impressive bowhunting resume. And, quite frankly, the magazine journalist in me couldn't sit back and take "thanks but no thanks" for an answer.

After all, back in the mid-1980s I'd convinced Paul to write "11th Hour Ram" shortly after he tagged a Mexican desert bighorn ram to complete the so-called Grand Slam of North American wild sheep. In truth, Paul probably was a bit short of cash after that costly ovine adventure. His sheep hunt's price tag topped $12,000, and quite likely he'd been tempted by the money I'd offered for first publication rights to his sheep story. Whatever his motivation, I remained elated.

Paul Schafer, for readers who might not already know of this Big Sky custom bowyer, was only the third bowhunter in archery history to complete the sheep slam: bighorn, desert bighorn, Dall's and Stone's sheep. Anchorage surgeon Dr. John "Jack" Frost was first, and Albany, New York, bowhunter Tom Hoffman was second. All three archers accomplished their rare feat in 1985, with Paul downing his final ram during an early November bowhunt in Old Mexico.

When the envelope and photos finally turned up on my desk, I noticed that Paul's sheep hunt manuscript had been painstakingly handwritten in ballpoint pen on yellow pages of blue-lined legal paper. No matter that it wasn't typed. I gladly did all necessary touch-up editing and rewriting chores. The finished feature appeared in our April/May 1986 *Bowhunter* magazine issue, concluding with a memorable last-day-of-the-bowhunt denouement:

"Quartering away, the ram stopped and looked back over his right shoulder. As he started to turn his head forward to go, I quickly pulled my 80-pound bow to full draw and let fly ... My arrow flew perfectly. I heard it click as it cut through the ribs and then a loud smack as the ram lunged out of sight. I knew I had him ..."

Now, half a dozen long years later, Paul had authored his second feature for me after arrowing the largest Cape buffalo ever tagged by any bowhunter. He'd also OK'd my short account of the African lion attack. But most important to me as *Bowhunter* editor, Paul had agreed to write more of his bow and arrow adventures expressly for our magazine's readers. I've always considered landing this agreement with Paul an editorial coup. Here's a mere taste.

"A molten African sun scalded my exposed skin, drenching my clothing with sweat as I inched across burning sands, pushing my bow ahead of me while belly-crawling toward the herd of Cape buffalo bedded less than 70 yards ahead ...

"Then he was on his feet, swinging his heavy head from side to side, facing directly away from me. I rose to my knees. As the buffalo started to turn broadside, I came to full draw. Then he was broadside and ... Smack! My arrow took him right behind the shoulder and disappeared to its fletching. Grunting, he thundered off, taking his herd with him ..."

When we shook hands that November day, neither of us had any inkling this mutually happy moment would mark one of our last times together. Nor the fact that Paul's promised stories would never be written, much less published.

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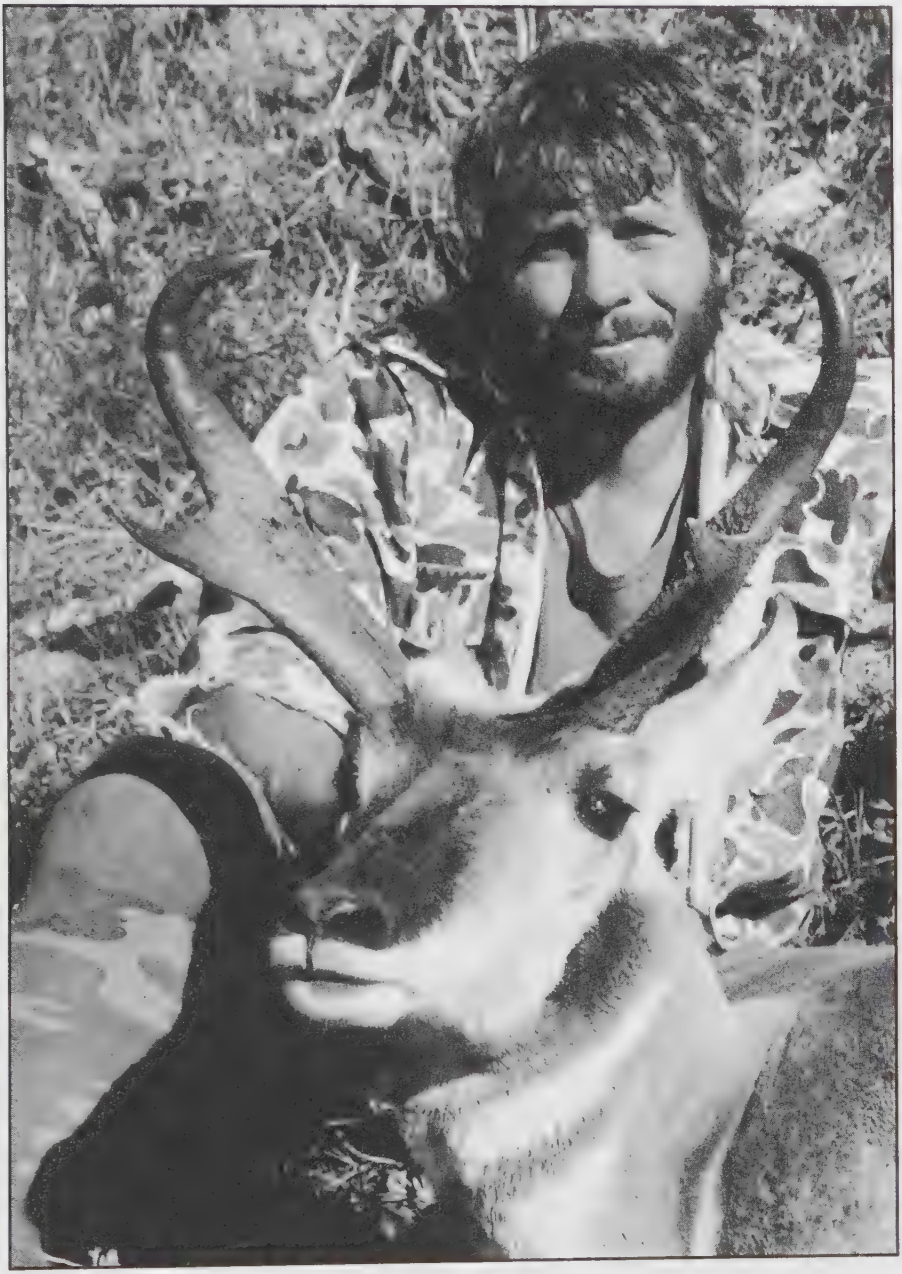
MY FLATHEAD COUNTY NEIGHBOR Barry Wensel - one of Schaf's best friends - originally introduced Paul to *Bowhunter* magazine readers with a candid in-depth interview published in our August/September 1985 issue. From Barry's opening anecdote to closing summary, the piece unveiled Paul's mind-boggling accomplishments and personal views. Appropriately, the interview with this exceptional yet self-conscious archer began with an account of Paul's '84 Big Sky pronghorn hunt. The anecdote is a mini-classic of resolute persistence.

Seems Paul stalked and shot at a giant buck that spun away just as his arrow arrived. The end result was a non-vital leg hit. Instantly the hunt-savvy antelope streaked across open prairie, heading for the distant horizon. Instead of conceding defeat and moving on in search of other game, Paul immediately began trotting after the antelope he'd nicked, determined to keep the slightly injured animal within sight.

After watching the big pronghorn finally bed as late summer darkness fell, Paul backed off and returned to his parked truck. But he was back at first light to resume his dogged pursuit. As Barry explained it, "Although Paul couldn't get close enough for a second shot, he sensed that sooner or later he'd be able to work within bow range again." And after that wary buck bedded on the second evening, Paul once again slipped out of the hunting area, returning at dawn. Later on the third afternoon, Paul at last eased through shimmering heat waves and inched close enough to slip a finishing arrow through the wounded buck's chest.

Unbelievably, it turned out Paul's antelope was recovered at the end of a *cross-prairie chase that covered 30-some miles!*

That big pronghorn scored 76 ⅛ Pope & Young Club inches and was one of the largest Montana prairie goats tagged in 1984. "The antelope incident," Barry Wensel says, "not only exemplifies but is typical of Paul's persistence and dedication to the sport of bowhunting."



Paul was as persistent as any bowhunter who ever lived. He once trailed a wounded Montana pronghorn for several days – and more than 30 miles across the Big Sky prairie – before stalking close enough to make the killing shot.

"Bowhunting has always been self-rewarding and personal to me," Paul explained simply. "Success can mean a lot of things to different people. To some, it's the number of kills under your belt. To me it's hunting hard ..."

By that time in the mid-1980s, Paul had amassed nearly a decade and half of solid bowhunting experience. He matter-of-factly reported he'd tagged 34 animals that were eligible for entry in the Pope & Young Club records, with 10 of those large enough to rank in the top 20 and half a dozen others in bowhunting's all-time top 10. His bow kills included whitetail and mule deer, black and grizzly bears, elk, moose, caribou, mountain goat, cougar and three of the four wild sheep species.

All of his animals were taken with a recurve bow. Not bad for someone few folks outside Montana ever heard of.

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"The reason I picked up and stayed with a recurve was not because it is the thing to do nowadays. Nor was it the aesthetic value, the beauty and grace of a recurve. It was because I found it to be a superior weapon in the field ... It is simple, with little to go wrong. It allows me to get off a fast shot when game is close ... to use and develop my God-given senses."

AN OX-STRONG BUT AGILE ATHLETE at 5 feet 10 inches, farm-raised Paul Schafer was a Big Sky sports legend by the time he got serious about bowhunting. Early on, team sports consumed young Paul's life. All-state high school wrestler and running back. Track star. Most valuable gridiron player in the 1966 East-West Shrine Game. Great Falls C. M. Russell High School Hall of Famer. Never pinned in eight seasons as a varsity high school and collegiate wrestler. Two-time All-Big Sky Conference running back at Montana State University. Holder of the MSU record for most carries in a single game (58).

Incidentally, Paul was a sophomore when he set that staggering one-game grid mark for carries. The scene was the 1968 season showdown between the Montana State Bobcats and University of Montana Grizzlies. Paul piled up 234 rushing yards and scored the game-winning touchdown in the contest's waning seconds. As the game ended, a crowd of nearly 12,000 rose as one to salute the gritty performance. Paul simply stood there in the end zone, clutching the game ball, bloodied, weeping but with a big smile spread across his boyish face.

Later it was revealed that Schaf had played the game's second half with a detached collarbone, sprained knee and twisted ankle.

MSU quarterback Dennis Erickson, a teammate who would go on to become a nationally known college and NFL coach, said, "Paul Schafer was the toughest man I've ever met on or off the football field."

Upon learning of Paul's untimely death in '93, retired MSU football coach

Paul loved sheep hunting and was only the third bowhunter in archery history to collect the Grand Slam of North American wild sheep. He killed this huge Montana bighorn ram in 1983, 10 years before dying in a skiing accident on another Big Sky mountain.

I snapped this sheep mount display in Paul's trophy room near Kalispell, Montana. After Paul's death, a display of numerous Paul Schafer trophies was placed in the Great Falls Airport not far from his boyhood home.

Jim Sweeney said, "I think he might have been the toughest human being that I ever knew ... His teammates loved him. They loved his courage."

And his fellow bowhunters always have loved spinning tales of unforgettable moments they shared with Paul Schafer. Like the time ...

... Paul grabbed the leg of an arrowed bighorn as the ram was sliding off a rocky ledge above a yawning Montana canyon. Clasping a convenient tree in one hand and the 250 pound sheep in the other, Schaf gradually pulled the dead ram back onto the mountain ledge.

... when a backcountry flat tire and broken jack threatened to strand Paul

Paul was good friends with the Wensel brothers. Here he and Barry Wensel pose with a couple of Montana whitetails.

and hunting pal Scott Koelzer a long way from nowhere, Schaf solved their problem by lifting the car while Scott changed tires.

... Paul sprinted upslope to get ahead of three big Dall rams and turn the running sheep toward a bowhunter hidden nearby.

... he calmly stepped close and arrowed a wounded African lion as it mauled Professional Hunter Con Van Wyk.

... Schaf accepted a $10 bet that he couldn't hit the 35mm camera he'd left on a stump 90 yards away. Paul won the bet but his arrow ruined a $400 camera.

... he playfully picked up Gene Wensel by the ankles, extended his arms, and shook his hefty buddy to free the loose change from Gene's pockets.

... Paul routinely checked the nocking point of his 85-pound recurve by clipping an arrow to the string, drawing the bow, then turning it sideways and extending his bow straight out so he could examine the angle of the nocked shaft.

And on and on and on and ...

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"Confidence and concentration enable me to shoot bows instinctively. A solid bow arm is the single most important factor in developing accuracy. And knowledge of your hunting equipment builds shooting confidence.

"I shoot heavy bows with elevated rests, and aluminum arrows mounted with five-inch four-fletched vanes. My broadhead choice is the Zwickey Black Diamond Eskimo four-blade. It's the best combination for me.

"Practicing at longer ranges - 50 yards and more - gives me time to visualize and learn the arrow's flight. It also magnifies any mistakes and helps me concentrate on form ... Then when I move in to where I will and should be shooting at game, I feel so close to it that I can't miss. If there's one 'secret' to my consistent success shooting at game animals, that's it."

— Paul Schafer

"Paul was one of the best bow shots Gene and I have ever seen. I know he had missed game because he told me he had. But I personally never saw him miss any animal he drew down on."

— Barry Wensel

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RECORD BOOK SCORES MEANT LITTLE to Paul Schafer. He entered few of his eligible animals in the Pope & Young Club listings and did so mostly as a favor to some guide or outfitter.

Pope & Young Club official measurer Barry Wensel once taped the horns of a big Montana billy that Paul had arrowed, one of half a dozen or more trophy mountain goats his good friend had stalked and tagged.

"I put a tape to those horns and checked my figures twice," Barry recalls. "The goat would be not only a new state record but would rank second in the world. When I told Paul the news, I'll never forget his reaction. He simply said, 'Huh? Good for him.'

"Good for who?" I asked.

"Good for the goat," Paul said. "He's the one that grew the horns, not me."

On another visit not long after Schaf had killed his desert bighorn ram, Barry noticed the sheep's massive horns were laying on the fireplace hearth. "I commented that it wasn't exactly the best place to set horns if a person is concerned about shrinkage. Paul simply said, "I'm not."

During one of my own visits to Paul's home, I saw several trophy-class Sitka blacktail racks displayed on that same fireplace hearth in Paul's trophy room. I knew he'd just returned from an Alaskan bowhunt, and one glance told me all of the antlers on display would easily qualify for the Pope & Young Club record book. But Paul never bothered to check their official scores. It simply wasn't important. Each of the deer had made his "book" and that was all that really mattered.

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"Schaf had more than guts and skill - he had heart. He made a few enemies by standing up for what he believed in. He lost a couple of close friendships for the same reason. And while he didn't start many fights, he finished them all."

— Gene Wensel

Paul was a Big Sky legend during his own lifetime, collecting an unbelievable record of big game trophies with Shafer Silvertip recurve bows, which he handcrafted.

ON OCT. 9, 1990, Paul Brunner - a longtime close friend and hunting companion - wrote a letter to Dan Martin of Martin Archery offering to testify against his pal in a court case between Schaf and the Washington-based archery company. As I recall, Martin had been manufacturing the Schafer Silver Ghost and there had been a spate of production problems.

"The man is too stubborn to place the blame for his problems where it really lies," Brunner wrote. "In his own lap! He is a poor businessman who is building bows with a flawed design."

While most - including Paul Schafer himself - agreed that Schaf's business skills left something to be desired, a majority felt his handcrafted recurve bows were superior hunting tools.

"The quality of his work speaks for itself," noted Dr. Bob Windauer, a retired Kalispell dentist who was one of Paul's closest friends and is writing a book about Paul's remarkable life. "There is excellence in every aspect of his bows, from their functional capabilities to their inherent beauty. Paul, unlike most modern manufacturers of hunting equipment, did almost every aspect of the building of his bows with his own hands. Powerful, sensitive, caring hands that knew when the job was finished and the bow was complete."

Regardless, Gene and Barry Wensel, among others, acknowledged Schaf's organizational weakness. "Too often he let paperwork pile up, bills go unpaid or mail and telephone calls go unanswered, most often because he was up to his elbows in sawdust. We supposed he could have used a secretary."

In his own last will and testament, Paul himself made a passing reference to his obvious lack of organization. Paul wrote, "As usual, things are a mess I leave you with, but that's kinda the way my life has been ..."

The genesis of the friendship fallout between the two Pauls - Brunner and Schafer - has long puzzled me; however, I tend to believe it centered on Schaf's high principles and ethical standards. After all, Paul Brunner had frequently lauded Schaf and his bows in his Screaming Eagle archery catalogs. But I well recall that Paul Schafer had lodged an official complaint against Brunner for what he viewed as unethical and illegal activities in "The Secret Art" hunting video, which featured Paul Brunner and was taped largely on his Buffalo Trail Ranch near Ovando, Montana. Accompanied by his friends Barry Wensel and Matt Riley, Schaf stopped by my Flathead River home to formally request a Pope & Young Club investigation of Brunner. I was the Club's first vice president at the time, and Paul Brunner was a longtime Pope & Young Club senior member.

I later interviewed Brunner at his attorney's office in Polson, explored all charges and found absolutely no evidence of game law violations in connection with the video's production. I reported my findings to Schaf and said the mat-

ter was settled. Paul accepted the news stoically but there seemed to be a palpable tension remaining between Schaf and Brunner.

By the way, that personal feud ended abruptly with Paul's tragic death. Brunner's 1995 Screaming Eagle catalog included a full-page ad for Schafer Silvertip recurves with a tribute which in part stated: "Paul Schafer was, without question, the greatest bowhunter who ever lived ... Although Paul is gone, his bows live on, built by Dave Windauer, who was Paul's protégé. The bows are as they were when Paul was alive. If you want the world's finest recurve, this is it."

My own Silvertip, a 64-inch 60-pound bow custom made for me by Paul shortly after I moved to Montana in the late 1980s, remains one of my favorite recurves. Its maker signed it simply, "For M. R. James, Best of Hunting. Paul." I can't look at it hanging in its place of honor without thinking of a man who well may have been "the best of hunters."

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A TELEPHONE CALL FROM DANNY MOORE at Big Sky Archery brought me the ominous news that mid-January afternoon in 1993. Word was circulating around Kalispell that there'd been a skiing accident up on Big Mountain. Rumor had it Paul Schafer was somehow involved.

Not long afterward, my phone rang again. It was Barry Wensel. A member of the Whitefish ambulance crew had just called with the numbing truth. Paul was dead.

The facts slowly came together over the next 24 hours. Paul and two friends - noted Flathead Valley wildlife artist Tom Sander and former Miami Dolphin defensive end Doug Betters of Whitefish - were blurring down an icy expert ski run high on Big Mountain. Paul lost control, slammed into the hard-packed slope and skidded headfirst down the mountain.

"[Paul] was to my side and a bit behind," Betters later told a Great Falls reporter. "When he slid past me, I hollered to him to get turned around and get his feet downhill, but he never did."

Limp, perhaps unconscious, Paul slid about 100 yards - ironically, the length of a football field - and smashed into a tree. The jarring collision broke his neck in two places and ruptured his aorta. Paul died instantly. He was scarcely two months short of his 45th birthday.

Like many of Paul's friends, I attended the Schafer memorial service at Epworth United Methodist Church in Kalispell on Jan. 22, 1993. Lee Kline, a Colorado bowhunting friend and noted wildlife photographer, joined me at the packed service to pay our final respects to Paul.

Appropriately, the funeral memorial card bore a photo of Paul, smiling while posing with a big-antlered bull elk and his self-crafted Schafer Silvertip recurve. The card's "When I Must Leave You" verse concluded with a comfort-

This is my favorite photo of Paul. He obviously adored his son, Hunter, and at times dropped by my Montana ranch with the youngster. He also backpacked Hunter into the mountains during elk season, always relishing their times together.

ing promise: Paul would be waiting "in the sky" for family and friends.

That same card's final quotation was written by Paul himself. "Life is good, but hard."

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IN YET ANOTHER CRUEL TWIST of fate, only five years after Paul's untimely death, skiing companion Doug Betters also fell during a ski outing on Big Mountain. The 6-foot 8-inch 10-year National Football League veteran survived his tumble, but the accident left Betters partially paralyzed and unable to walk.

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MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH OF PAUL is not a field photo of him posing with a large buck, bear, bull, ram or billy. Instead, it shows him seated in the cab of his truck holding his young son, Hunter. He is smiling that

same proud, fatherly smile I'd seen him flash each time he dropped by my house with his infant son. Gene Wensel explained it well:

"He told me that he wanted a son more than anything in the world. God granted him that wish with Hunter. The precious little time he spent with his only son was probably more important to Paul than anything else."

Fact is, Paul loved youngsters, period. Ask any of his friends and you'll likely hear one or more stories of Paul's supportive role in the life of their children. Even the children of total strangers.

One perfect example involves a Flathead Valley woman who stopped by Paul's Montana bow shop just before Christmas one year. She wanted a bow for her young son, but said she had only about $35 to spend on the gift.

"Oh, I'm sure I can build him a really fine bow, ma'am," Schaf said, never mentioning that his recurves typically carried a $600 price tag.

And then, for the agreed-to price of $35, he built that boy a really fine bow.

PAUL SCHAFER

- Born March 11, 1948, in Great Falls, Montana; gained recognition as one of the greatest prep and collegiate athlete in Big Sky history
- Shot bows as youngster but didn't begin bowhunting until after college; learned basics from friend Melvin "Pat" Wolf
- Amassed amazing numbers of trophy-class big game animals, all taken with recurve bows; third bowhunter to complete the wild sheep Grand Slam
- Talented bowyer, designed and handcrafted Schafer Silvertip bows; earned national recognition as one of best bowhunters of all time
- Killed January 18, 1993 in skiing accident on Big Mountain near Whitefish, Montana

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

AN OUTDOORSMAN'S WAY WITH WORDS – AND ARROWS

Dwight Schuh Writes and Hunts His Way

"Some outdoor writers write well enough, but tend to rely on hyperbole and embellishment – rather than shooting skill and hard-earned success – to turn out salable manuscripts ... They've learned a long time ago it's much easier to hit a big game animal with a typewriter key than a well-placed bullet or broadhead. Read their articles and you may be convinced they're knowledgeable, efficient hunters. Meet them, talk to them, or hunt with them, and you may come away disappointed and disillusioned.

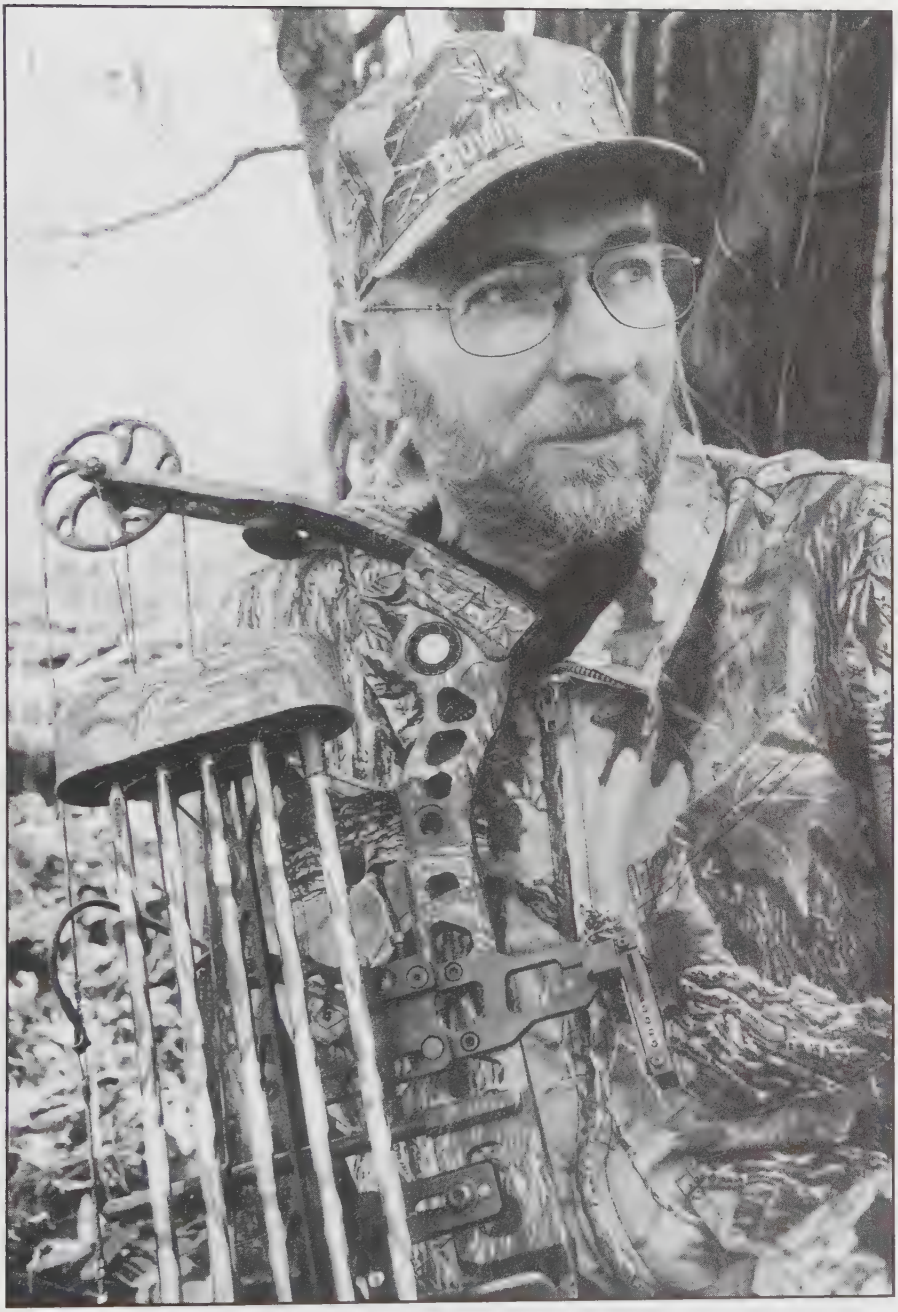
"Other writers have talents which are not limited to telling tales and attempting to impress their readers with glowing accounts of their accomplishments. These people are good writers and good hunters. Their articles entertain and inform. They tell it as it is. Share a hunting camp with them and you'll generally walk away impressed.

"Dwight Schuh is one such writer-hunter."

— M. R. James, August 1985

Foreword to Dwight Schuh's Book "Bowhunting for Mule Deer"

THE FIRST TIME I SAW a Dwight Schuh bowhunting seminar, the wiry, bespectacled Oregon-based bowhunter was wearing woolen knickers. Talk about gutsy! Or maybe simply *nutsy*? I'd just spoken to this same collection of hairy-chested Montana hunters, and there was no way that I'd ever step onto a stage clad in such "sissified" attire. After all, these guys were all serious bowhunters who didn't suffer fools, or foolishness, lightly. Unless maybe it



Dwight Schuh is the man I tapped to take my place as *Bowhunter* magazine editor. He's one of the best bowhunters, writers and editors I've ever met and was the perfect candidate to step in when I stepped down. I snapped this photo of Dwight during a Mississippi deer hunt.

Dwight and I tagged these two Saskatchewan black bears within hours of each other. Both bruins qualified for the Pope & Young Club record book.

involved the seminar clowning of their home state's best known whitetail hunting twins, the Wensel brothers, Gene and Barry.

But, amazingly, knickers-clad Dwight somehow pulled it off. The man's sincerity and woods-savvy shone through. Self confidence and hunting know-how trumped his questionable taste in appropriate Big Sky attire. Those assembled in that Butte, Montana, conference room quickly forgot what their seminar speaker was wearing. Like me, they focused in on what Dwight was saying. And even the most skeptical of listeners soon realized that this skinny guy holding the microphone had plenty of solid bowhunting information to share.

Looks can be deceiving. Here, I knew, stood a Vietnam veteran who'd earned degrees in English and journalism. A man equally comfortable typing a magazine manuscript as he was singing while tickling the ivories of a piano keyboard for family or friends. Dwight Schuh might look as if he'd prefer bridge to bowhunting, but he already was known widely for his stalking, still-hunting and elk calling successes. Need more proof of his tenacity and toughness? Remember that here was a man who since 1971 had supported his wife, Laura, and their two young daughters by making his living as a freelance outdoor writer and photographer. That's a risky profession with almost as many casualties as a squadron of kamikaze pilots. And about the same life expectancy.

Actually, I'd known Dwight since he sold his first story to *Bowhunter* magazine in 1975. Reading through that initial manuscript submission, "Five Steps to Success," I quickly realized two important things. First, Dwight Schuh was a

Taping hunts for "Bowhunter TV" is always a challenging endeavor, since none of the animals we're hunting have read the script. This photo shows Dwight, Dave Holt, Larry D. Jones, me and cameraman Steve Jones taking a break during an eastern Colorado whitetail hunt.

better than average writer. Second, his main interest was hunting solo, testing his personal hunting skills against acute senses of wary wildlife.

"When you do it yourself, you're responsible for your own destiny," Dwight explains. "You have no one else to blame for your failures, and you get all the satisfaction when you do it right. That suits me just fine."

I wrote Dwight a personal letter when I offered to buy that first *Bowhunter* article. I invited him to send me more stories, but I also encouraged him to contact the big outdoor magazines, too. At that time, *Bowhunter* was still in its infancy and manuscript money was tight. Selling his articles to *Sports Afield* or *Outdoor Life* or *Field & Stream* would generate more cash and reach a wider audience. Just don't forget about *Bowhunter* or me, I concluded.

Thankfully, Dwight did neither. Even as I watched the Schuh byline crop up with increasing regularity in big name hunting publications, Dwight passed along enough of his well-written stories that I finally added his name to the *Bowhunter* masthead in 1984. Officially, he was listed as a contributor. More important to me than our mutually beneficial business relationship, we were becoming friends.

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"I began reading outdoor magazines in the first grade and decided in high school to be an outdoor writer."

— Dwight Schuh

DWIGHT'S NOT ONLY A GOOD WRITER, he's a heckuva editor, too. Combine that double-barreled professional threat with his personal bowhunting abilities and you might understand why I quickly grew to admire and respect the man. Here's a serious bowhunter who prefers to personally plan each adventure, and whenever possible, pack his llamas with grub and camping gear and take off to hunt on his own. Ideally, with both of his size 13 camo sneakers planted firmly on the ground! Although he uses elevated stands, ground hunting is his first love.

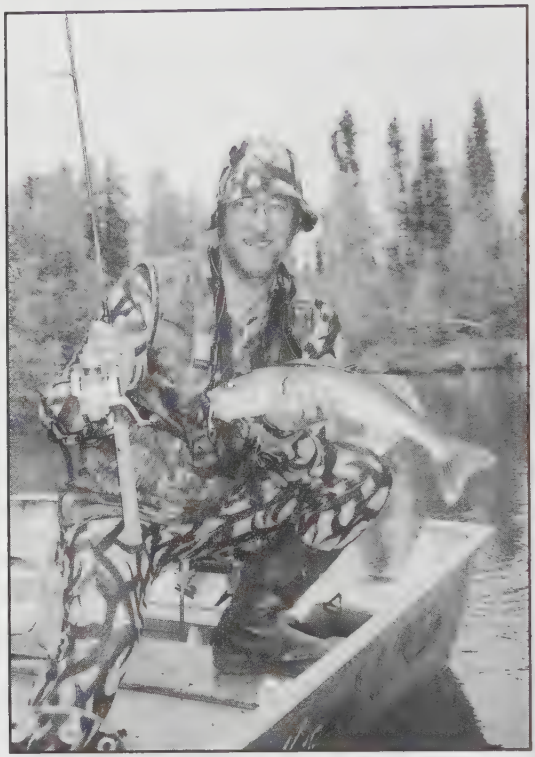
"Once treestands became popular," Dwight points out, "hunters pretty much began losing whatever stalking skills they'd developed. That's too bad, because hunting from the ground is tremendously exciting. It's also exacting. This is an essential skill for most Western hunting, and it can even help the treestand hunter. There's no law which says you have to remain in the stand when a deer moves past out of range. If you know where the animal is going, you can get down, get in position ahead of it and tag it. That's been done more than once or twice. There are lots of tips and tricks you need to know to move right on the ground."

In hundreds of magazine articles and several books - especially "Bugling for Elk" (1983) and "Hunting Open-Country Mule Deer" (1984) - Dwight has offered readers savvy, time-tested, how-to bowhunting advice that works. Ditto for the popular Larry D. Jones videos he's appeared in with his favorite huntin' pal. And besides his printed and visual on-target hunting tips, Dwight's a techno-savvy tinkerer, too. Speaking as a writer, I'm still in awe when I see a copy of his detailed, voluminous and comprehensive "Bowhunter's Encyclopedia" (1986). And speaking strictly as a reader, I'm impressed with the essential basic information - and ease of presentation - obvious within the pages of "The Bowhunter's Guide" (2004).

And speaking personally, I'm pleased to have co-authored "Bowhunting Equipment & Skills" with Dwight and our mutual friends, G. Fred Asbell and Dave Holt. We've also worked together creating video segments featured in the "*Bowhunter* Magazine Video Journals" and shared other televised hunts on "*Bowhunter* Magazine TV," airing seasonally on The Outdoor Channel. Incidentally, Dwight now oversees production and is co-host of the magazine's television programs. And he does one heckuva job.

Not bad for a kid who started hunting at age 9 and by his early 60s had bowhunted for more than half his lifetime, specializing in backcountry adventures. Deer and elk are his favorite big game animals, hands down. He's tagged whitetails, muleys and blacktails in a dozen states and elk in seven. Of the 28 North American big game species recognized by the Pope & Young Club, Dwight has taken 23. And he's ventured to Africa, too, arrowing 10 different species of plains game.

Dwight enjoys the variety of game that Africa offers bowhunters. This is a waterbuck he killed during one of his Dark Continent adventures with Larry D. Jones.



One good thing about having a hunting partner who's always hungry is he'll never pass up a chance to add tasty grub to the camp menu. I clicked this picture of Dwight with a pan-sized walleye he hooked during one of our Canadian black bear adventures.

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"Two 700-pound animals in full flight were an awesome sight. And a chilling one as well, because they were headed straight at me and did not know I was there ... Muskoxen are noted for being aggressive, and preoccupied with their rut-crazy race, they might just trample me and not even notice - or care.

"At 10 yards the lead bull veered around me, his massive hooves throwing tundra moss nearly into my lap. His potent, musky aroma filled the air.

"Suddenly the bulls slammed to a halt. By now I had got an arrow nocked and had the mouth tab clenched in my teeth. The bull behind me was closer, but I was sitting flat on the soggy tundra and could not turn. Besides, the one out front was clearly the boss and was probably bigger. So I guessed him at 30 yards, pushed the bow straight out with my right arm to hit full draw, and released ..."

— "Tundra Thunder"
Dwight Schuh Feature Article, *Bowhunter* May/June 2003 Issue

TALK ABOUT A DETERMINED and dedicated bowhunter. Using a mouth tab? Shooting with his off-hand? Not exactly your routine shootin' form or your average bowhunt, either. Then again, Dwight ain't exactly your average archer. Take his 2002 season, for example.

Early on, things went just fine and dandy, thank you. Dwight arrowed a couple of Nebraska gobblers on a spring turkey hunt, then tagged his biggest-to-date record book black bear on a northern Saskatchewan trip that we shared. His run of good luck held during the annual license lottery, too. Dwight drew a resident Idaho moose tag and nonresident Montana elk license. And he'd

A master of spot-and-stalk bowhunting, Dwight arrowed this central barren ground caribou on a bowhunt in the Northwest Territories.

already booked an August muskox bowhunt in the Northwest Territories. This had the makings of a dream season.

Then came the persistent pain in his left shoulder that led him to a Boise-area doctor's office. The medico's matter-of-fact diagnosis hit Dwight like a kick to the gonads. His rotator cuff was torn completely in two. Immediate corrective surgery was mandated to repair and reattach the torn shoulder tissue. Frankly, any delay might mean not only a missed bow season but the end of Dwight's 30-year bowhunting career.

Think about it. What would you have done? Well, here's what Dwight did.

First, he promptly scheduled and underwent the surgery, then busied himself with post-op rehab. Next, still aching but refusing to write off the entire summer and fall bow seasons, Dwight contacted one-armed Kansas bowhunter Drew McCartney to inquire about shooting a bow with a mouth tab. Third, he phoned his old friend Randy Walk, president of Hoyt USA, to order a left-hand-

Some of my all-time favorite hunts involved sharing a camp with Dwight and sidekick Larry D. Jones.

ed hunting bow. Last, when the mouth tabs and bow arrived, Dwight set up his new bow and headed outside to try the unusual setup. Surprisingly, in only a few short weeks his arrows were consistently smacking the kill area of McKenzie 3-D animal targets at distances out to 30 yards.

"I was really surprised how quickly I picked up the technique," Dwight admits. "Soon I was shooting almost as well with one hand as I ever had with two."

The results? Well, let's just say that Dwight salvaged his hunting season. And he did it by holding his bow with his right hand, pulling arrows to full draw with his clenched teeth, sighting with his left eye rather than his dominant eye and then releasing broadhead-tipped arrows by opening his mouth. The bottom line was he killed a Pope & Young Club-class muskox and a nice Idaho bull moose that was captured on videotape by hunting pal Larry D. Jones.

Such is Dwight Schuh's personal obsession with bowhunting. No one I know would have blamed him for writing off the last half of the 2002 bow season. Instead, Dwight found a means to continue to bowhunt and tag game animals with well-placed arrows by using conventional archery tackle in an unconventional manner.

Can anyone reading these words wonder why I consider my friend Dwight Schuh an unforgettable bowhunter, and truly one of North America's best?

*****

FRANKLY, FAMILY RANKS SECOND ONLY TO GOD in Dwight Schuh's mind, and archery finishes third. He dedicated his '85 book "Bowhunting for Mule Deer" to his dad. There's a photo of Joe Schuh and a friend admiring a big mule deer Dwight's dad killed in Nevada in 1954.

"Sights like this stirred my heart and imagination as a young boy and planted the seed for mule deer hunting," Dwight wrote.

Dwight also wrote a personal note to me on the book's title page when the publishing company incorrectly credited the book's Foreword to M. D. James, *Bowhunter* Publisher.

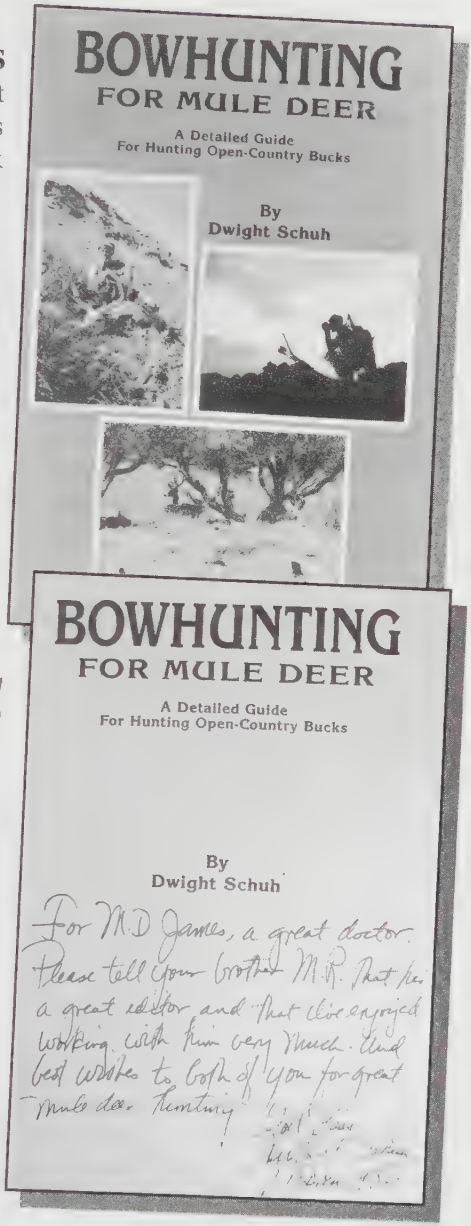
"For M. D. James, a great doctor. Please tell your brother M. R. that he's a great editor and that I've enjoyed working with him very much. And best wishes to both of you for great mule deer hunting.

– God bless, Dwight Schuh 1986

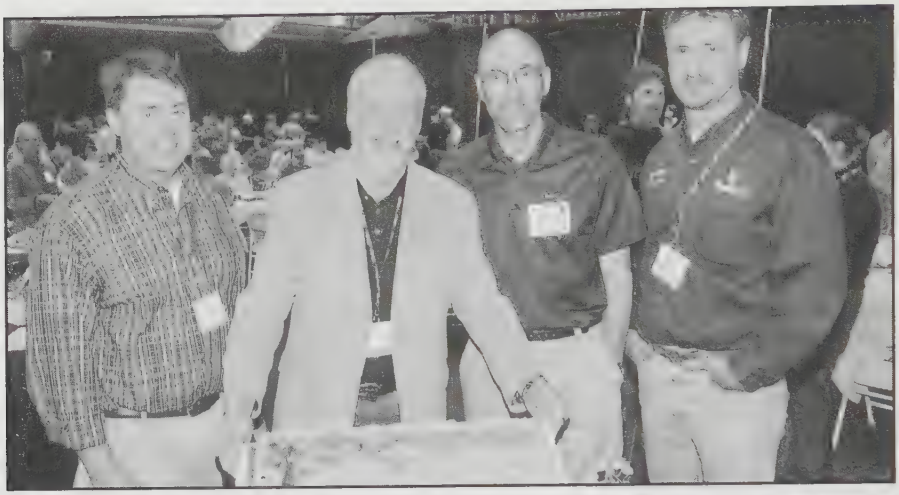
Typically creative. Indicative of a man who regards his family, friends and God with open, heartfelt affection tinged with a trace of humor. In other words, vintage Dwight Schuh.

*****

WHEN THOUGHTS OF RETIREMENT first began flitting around my mind like some curious hummingbird checking out an arrow's bright fletching, I immediately thought of Dwight. Finding a good editor to assume my routine *Bowhunter* magazine desk duties was not the problem; there certainly are lots of technically competent folks out



I wrote the Foreword for Dwight's 1985 book, "Bowhunting for Mule Deer," and a typo listed me as M. D. James. Dwight acknowledged the error with a bit of creative writing typical of a talented wordsmith.



Dwight and *Bowhunter* magazine publisher Jeff Waring (left) threw a retirement party for me during the 2007 Pope & Young Club convention in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Sales manager, Jeff Millar (right) aided and abetted the celebration marking my 35 years as *Bowhunter* editor.

there. My personal dilemma was finding just the right editor for the magazine I'd created, nourished and shaped for the past 30 years.

Again and again, Dwight Schuh came to mind. I was well aware of his considerable writing/editing talents. And over the years I'd come to equally admire his integrity, ethics, faith in God and devotion to wife Laura, daughters Emily and Margie and grandchildren Dieter and Margie Ann. Here was a successful but unaffected man who unconsciously sets a good example for others in every aspect of an active, adventure-filled life. He exudes an unashamed love and passion for hunting, wild things and wild places. My kind of guy. And here's how Dwight recalls what happened next:

"In 1995, M. R. and I ended up together on a deer hunt in Mississippi and, fortuitously, bunked in the same cabin. During the three-day hunt we talked shop and chatted about our respective futures. The experience was pleasant but seemingly inconsequential.

"However, a couple of months later M.R. wrote to ask if I would like to work for *Bowhunter* full-time. He had reached a stage in life where he wanted to back off from work a little. In his letter he said I was his first and only choice to replace him. Twenty years earlier I had done back flips over selling my first story to *Bowhunter*, so this was heady stuff.

"For more than 25 years I'd enjoyed the good life as a freelance writer and photographer. Why give it up to take a 'real job' editing *Bowhunter* magazine? For starters, *Bowhunter* is the number one bowhunting magazine. Why not go for the top? Besides, I'd always felt a part of the *Bowhunter* family with many of my arti-

cles appearing in the magazine since 1975. Maybe most important, the magazine is published by and for hard-core bowhunters, my people. Family. Joining the *Bowhunter* staff full-time is more like a family reunion than a job. What a deal.

"So it was a proud moment for me when on Jan. 1, 1996, I came on board as senior editor, working under M. R. Apparently, my work was adequate, because on July 1, 1997, M. R. promoted me to the position of editor – his position. The fact that I had his job, the perfect job that paid me for doing three of my favorite things – writing, editing and bowhunting – was hard to comprehend.

"Still, that paled in comparison with the fact that M. R. James would entrust me with his magazine, his baby. In life, we're all looking for validation. We want to know that we have value, that our efforts – our lives – count for something. M. R.'s trust not only opened up many opportunities for me to fulfill dreams and goals, but it justified, in my own mind at least, all my efforts in bowhunting and writing over the years.

"In short, M. R. James has played a major role in my life of bowhunting, writing and editing. For all the support and opportunities he has given me personally, I can only say, 'Thanks, M. R.'"

And thanks to you, Dwight. The pleasure's been mine. Oh, by the way, whatever happened to those woolen knickers?

DWIGHT SCHUH

- Grew up in Oregon; self-taught archer; first bow was inexpensive Bear wooden youth recurve
- Began seriously bowhunting in 1970s; launched successful freelance outdoor writing career, first specializing in fishing and bird hunting and later focusing solely on bowhunting and archery tackle
- Relocated family to Idaho; author of nine books and hundreds of magazine articles; served as *Sports Afield* Bows & Arrows editor
- Named senior editor of *Bowhunter* magazine in 1996 and editor in 1997
- Specialist in backcountry hunting, prefers calling, stalking or still-hunting game; has tagged 10 species of African game and 23 of the 28 North American big game species recognized by the Pope & Young Club

CHAPTER FORTY

PRIDE, PREJUDICE, AND PERFECTION

Meet PSE's Pete Shepley

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO TRUTH to the suggestion that PSE stands for "Pete Shepley's Ego." But it could, claim certain archery industry critics who dislike the driven, focused, perfection-obsessed head man of Precision Shooting Equipment, Inc. And having known PSE's prideful owner for over three decades now, I personally understand the snide insinuation. After all, it was under Pete's "my-way-or-the-highway" leadership that his Midwest-born archery company grew from relative obscurity into a world renowned success story. Also, quite frankly, Pete's sense of self-importance can be a bit overpowering at times.

But is it really egomaniacal braggadocio if you can back it all up with a long list of lifetime accomplishments? I think not.

What I do think is this: Pete Shepley is an easy man for critics to dislike, yet at the same time he's someone who's easy to admire. In other words, abhor the person, love his achievements. No question about it, Pete constantly promotes archery and cares deeply about the sport. But he also can be confrontational by nature and wants to succeed at everything he does, individual feelings be damned. Not surprisingly, this attitude grates on some folks. And while there's no denying Pete's a gifted engineer who creates quality products, I wonder if he has many benevolent bones in his body. Everything seemingly centers on him and his company's ability to turn a nice profit for PSE's sole owner, a guy named Pete Shepley. That's my personal take on Pete, anyway.

To be fair, I'll admit that Pete Shepley and I have much in common. We're both from Illinois, we're both now in our 60s, we're both self-confessed bowhunting nuts, and we're both soft-spoken but sometimes use our words as bludgeons. By pure happenstance, we each worked for The Magnavox Company's Government and Industrial Division – he as a project engineer in Urbana,

Target archery was a big part of Pete's life during the 1950s and after college he began peddling vanes, plungers and release aids at weekend tournaments. When Magnavox laid Pete off, he used his severance pay to start PSE. The rest, as they say, is history.

Pete was an engineer at The Magnavox Company's Urbana, Illinois, plant when he started his Precision Shooting Equipment company in 1971. That's the same year I started *Bowhunter* magazine while working at Magnavox headquarters as a communications manager in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Consequently, we share common roots if not the same managerial philosophy.

Illinois, and I as a communications manager in Fort Wayne, Indiana – when we launched our respective businesses in 1971. Lastly, through a combination of good timing, luck, hard work, and the assistance of many talented people, we steered PSE and *Bowhunter* to unimagined and unprecedented success.

No brag here, just fact.

But over the years Pete and I have had – and still have – our major differences. I'll enumerate 'em after setting the stage with a few appropriate background details about the man friends simply call "Pete" and enemies sarcastically refer to as "Peter the Great."

*****

"I demand a lot, but I try to explain that if I jump on someone who works for me, they shouldn't take it personally. I'm just trying to give constructive criticism about how they're doing their job.

"I always try to explain to people – some think I'm some kind of superman because I have a multi-million dollar company – I'm just like anyone else."

— From Pete Shepley Interview with M. R. James in *Bowhunter* (1978)

PETE SHEPLEY GREW UP near Joliet, Illinois, in the 1940s and '50s. He first stalked cottontails on a grandpa's farm near Rockford, using hand-whittled Osage orange bows and store-bought arrows he earned doing chores. "I started carp shooting in 1952," Pete recalls, "and I began going to archery tournaments."

As they say, the die was cast.

Pete's passion for target archery continued throughout high school and

smoldered on even while he earned a chemical engineering degree from Southern Illinois University, landed a job at Magnavox, and took post-grad classes at the University of Illinois. In spare moments Pete tinkered at making cushion plungers, release aids, bow slings and durable urethane vanes. He began peddling these accessories to interested archers attending weekend archery tournaments. And when Pete's sideline business got in the way of his full-time day job, Pete was shown the nearest Magnavox exit.

But he confidently opened another door. As *Bowhunter* magazine Equipment Editor Curt Wells reported in a late 2006 interview article, Pete considered getting laid off "a great favor." Using his severance pay, he officially launched PSE. "I plugged the holes in an old hog house in my backyard and poured a floor. That first year I did $1.2 million in sales making vanes, release aids and such."

Like many archers of the early '70s, Pete laid his favorite recurve aside and took up the compound. He tagged his first Pope & Young animal - a Prairie State whitetail - in 1972. Pete favored shooting a Jennings bow over those first target models produced by Allen, but he started experimenting with bow designs of his own after Tom Jennings ignored his suggestions on ways to improve compound quality. To Pete, solid aluminum seemed a more suitable, stronger riser material than those wood-laminated handless found on existing compounds. So Pete ground out his first metal bows - three in all - using a belt sander and drill press. And after Pete and a couple of pals made a good showing at yet another weekend archery tourney, orders for Pete's bows began pouring in. Ready or not, Precision Shooting Equipment found itself in the bow-making business. PSE quickly obtained licensing for making compounds under the Allen Patent, eventually securing 20 bow design patents of its own. As the years passed, Pete's company was second only to Bear Archery in the manufacture of quality bows, arrows and archery accessories.

Today PSE is based in Tucson, Arizona, where several hundred people are employed in a sprawling 160,000-square foot manufacturing facility that cranks out over 125,000 bows each year. "We're leaner and more efficient," Pete explains.

And make no mistake, Pete's back in total control. He did step aside briefly after the dawning of the new century, hoping to bowhunt more and pursue his other twin passions - competitive team calf roping and piloting his plane in aerial acrobatic competitions. But that didn't last long.

"I didn't like the way things were going with competition," he explains, "the problems dealing with the big stores and other issues. Our volumes were still good, but margins were eroding.

"We want to be at the forefront again. We're number one in terms of bow units produced, but we let the high-end bow part of the market slip a

little and we're concentrating on getting that back. We'll be keying on accessories as well."

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"I've known Pete for 30-plus years and represented PSE from 1976 until 2006. Pete's driven to pursue success and obviously is a very good businessman. He has a knack for improving products. For example, Bill Willets of Saginaw, Michigan, invented the string loop with a pin that attached to the bowstring below the nocking point. Pete took Bill's idea and improved on it. Likewise, Pete didn't invent the compound bow, but he came up with many improvements. When he has a vision, he definitely takes it as far as it can go."

— Don Castrup, Newburgh, Indiana

AN ADMITTED TROPHY HUNTER AND ELKAHOLIC, Pete favors using heavy tackle for his own bowhunting adventures. Always has. Still does. During our '78 interview he advocated shooting the heaviest draw weight that can be shot accurately. And nearly two decades later he told *Bowhunter's* Curt Wells, "I still believe that, not because of power, but rather the flat trajectory of a high-poundage bow. For most game ... I shoot an 80-pound bow. For dangerous game, I shoot 100 pounds and have for years.

"I can probably get a lot of flack from this, but I believe that a person should handle as big a bow as he can possibly shoot weight-wise and still handle very accurately."

Advice?

"My advice would be to become a good bowhunter, be a good shooter," he offers. "You have to learn to shoot accurately. I think it's important for the beginner to go to a pro shop or archery club where he can get individual attention and learn to shoot a bow correctly. Once he can shoot accurately and knows his equipment - with the help of club members or a shop pro - he can learn bowhunting by going out and doing it, especially if he goes with someone who knows something about bowhunting...

"I want to see the beginner buy the best equipment he can afford, get it set up correctly and learn to shoot it properly... I also think a bowhunter should belong to some kind of an organization which will help him protect his right to hunt, help him learn about wildlife and good conservation practices."

Future hunting goals?

"I'd like to finish taking the 10 or 12 animals I need to complete the Super Slam," Pete admits. "I went after Dall sheep last fall but missed a huge ram. I've passed on many brown bears, waiting for a big one, and that doesn't help you get the Slam. The polar bear will be difficult because of the current problems with global warming and its effects."

Pete has entered a number of record-class animals in the Pope & Young Club records, including a one-time world record Utah bison; however, he's a vocal critic of the Club's leaders who he claims impose foolish equipment restrictions on bowhunting. He's called Fred Asbell a "mortal enemy."

Now, about that so-called feud between PSE and *Bowhunter* magazine. Here's what happened.

*****

"It is an accepted fact that your magazine has the largest circulation of any archery publication. This alone is a good reason to advertise bowhunting products in Bowhunter *magazine. Unfortunately, that's not enough of a reason for PSE to continue with your publication...*

"We believe you are not presenting a fair picture to all your readers. You are not presenting all sides of bowhunting and you advocate only one side, traditional equipment. It is your attitude of elitist and selfishness that will eventually erode bowhunting to a sport enjoyed by only a chosen few, who can afford it...

"The obvious issue is the crossbow, but a little closer look will expose the real issue, a condemnation of any advanced archery equipment. As business people, we can understand that there are often two sides to each issue and no clear cut right or wrong. We cannot, however, permit the unprofessional handling and presentation of proposed facts and figures to support one side or the other...

"Precision Shooting Equipment will no longer support your publication with advertising dollars. We plan to initiate a public statement to explain to our dealers and customers why we will not be found in your publication..."

— Letter from Gerry Koehlke, Manager
PSE Marketing/Communications, April 6, 1987

THIS FACTUALLY INCORRECT '87 PSE LETTER launched a decade-and-a-half-long war of words between PSE and *Bowhunter*. And since I knew that no PSE company rep ever opened his mouth in public without Pete Shepley playing the role of ventriloquist, I realized just how royally pissed Pete was with me and my magazine. The appropriate question was, "Why?"

From my perspective, the two most obvious answers boiled down to (1) crossbows and (2) the Pope & Young Club. You need to understand that I'd just been elected to my first term on the P&Y Board, and *Bowhunter* magazine, then in its 15th year, had more subscribers than *Bow & Arrow* and *Archery World* combined. Besides these facts, *Bowhunter* Hunting Editor G. Fred Asbell was P&Y President.

In mid-1986, during a time frame when Pete and PSE were busily seeking to introduce crossbows into state archery seasons, I penned an editorial that spelled out exactly why there'd be no crossbow ads ever appearing within the pages of *Bowhunter* magazine. I detailed the real and perceived differences between crossbows and conventional bows. I wrote that while I wasn't against crossbows or crossbow hunting per se, I was convinced they didn't belong in existing bow seasons. I also pointed out that the Pope & Young Club didn't

accept trophy animals taken with crossbows, and I concluded that widespread crossbow use could shorten hard-won archery-only seasons.

Regardless, I also pledged to fairly present additional pro/con viewpoints so readers could make up their own minds about this emotional and controversial topic. And I kept my word. Only two issues after my editorial appeared, a Rich Walton pro-crossbow article was published. Rich, incidentally, was Marketing Director for Barnett crossbows - and a former PSE employee. More published crossbow reports soon followed. And a quick review of *Bowhunter* feature material published during the past four years established the fact that a modest 17 percent of our stories featured traditional hunting tackle. So much for Koehlke's charge that we advocated only one side of the bowhunting equipment issue.

After I promptly pointed out the facts to Pete, he suggested we sit down face to face and talk things through. He even invited me to visit the PSE facility in Tucson, and I agreed. Yet even as I hung up the phone, I sensed ours was at best an uneasy and temporary truce. Trouble simmered just beneath the surface. I was convinced the source of Pete's pique could be traced to the Pope & Young Club and my role on the P&Y Board. And in time my hunch proved to be on target.

Seems Pete, associate P&Y member, had attended his first Pope & Young Club's convention, the 1987 biennial gathering in Tulsa on March 26-28, only *one week* before PSE pulled its advertising support from *Bowhunter*. Coincidence? Or did it have something to do with the somewhat chilly reception Pete received in Oklahoma? It was apparent to me that more than a few P&Y members - especially those battling pro-crossbow legislation back in their home states - didn't appreciate Pete and PSE fighting their efforts.

As one longtime member told me, "I guess that maybe Old Pete got the message that it was difficult to be civil to a person and company up to their ears pushing the crossbow into bow seasons."

And as time passed it only got worse for Pete Shepley. When he applied for Pope & Young Club Regular Membership, he set a record for the number of negative votes cast by voting members. In a May 13, 1988, letter from Harv Ebers, P&Y Membership Chairman, the bad news was formally delivered:

"By action of the regular membership of the Pope & Young Club, your application for Regular Membership was denied."

*****

PETE'S REPORTED RESPONSE WAS PREDICTABLE. He blamed the P&Y Board for undermining his application. He publicly labeled Fred Asbell a "mortal enemy." He called the Club's Minnesota headquarters and told executive secretary Glenn Hisey that he had "deep pockets" and his lawyers would be contacting the Club. He also announced plans to run for the P&Y second vice president in the 1988 election, representing the Associate

Attending Midwestern bowhunting shows was a part of PSE life in the late 1970s and into the 1980s. Pete was an annual fixture at the Anderson Archery International Bowhunters Clinics in Grand Ledge, Michigan. This photo of Pete, Rich Walton and Don Castrup was taken at a Clinton, Indiana, bowhunting rendezvous.

Membership. Nothing would come of Pete's pronouncements.

However, he did continue to withhold all PSE ads from *Bowhunter*, and I received occasional reports from industry sources that Pete continued to label the magazine "pro-traditionalist" reportedly warning fellow manufacturers against placing ads with us. In January of 1990 I wrote a lengthy letter stating that I hoped these reports were unfounded. I said I'd welcome his personal comments on the matter. I also volunteered what I saw as the reason he was unwelcome in the Pope & Young Club.

"It's my opinion your rejection was largely based on the crossbow issue and the way a lot of people perceive you: as a money mad, egotistical SOB who would damn well do as he pleased regardless of what peers thought...

"It's trite but true to say that money cannot buy respect. And whether it's deserved or not, I'm convinced a lot of bowhunters will neither forgive nor forget you for the crossbow issue and what is perceived as an attitude of uncaring arrogance."

I received no return letter or phone call from Pete, but I heard a rumor he posted a copy of my letter on a PSE plant bulletin board.

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NONETHELESS, PETE AND I HAVE MANAGED TO MAINTAIN some semblance of civility over the past decade and a half. In 1993, while on a speaking trip to Tucson with my Montana neighbor Dick Idol, I called Pete and

he gave a personal tour of the PSE manufacturing plant. And, honestly, our time together proved to be an enjoyable if uneventful visit.

About the same time I handed over editorial control to Dwight Schuh, PSE ads began popping up in *Bowhunter* again. I'd once heard that Pete swore not to advertise in *Bowhunter* until I'd retired. Maybe so, huh? And as far as the Pope & Young Club is concerned, Pete has never been shy about criticizing the organization "that done him wrong." He's been quoted in print as saying P&Y wants to keep bowhunting small by imposing restrictive equipment standards on bowhunting gear, and that the Club's leadership - not its members - is to blame. Hmmmmm.

Pete and I usually cross trails at the annual Archery Trade Association gatherings every January, but we mostly ignore each other. The last time we spoke, I'd stopped by the big PSE tractor trailer booth to chat and stood waiting by the truck's cab while Pete talked with some clients. Finally, walking over to me, he smiled and asked, "What're you doin,' M. R., pissin' on my tires?"

As I said earlier, disliking Pete comes easy for some even when they may respect the guy for his many accomplishments. Obviously, some things in bowhunting will never change. And Pete Shepley is definitely something.

PETE SHEPLEY

- Grew up in northern Illinois in the 1940s and 1950s; first bowhunted rabbits on his grandfather's farm with hand-carved Osage orange bows
- Discovered bowfishing, bowhunting, and tournament archery as a teen; earned engineering degree and worked for a Magnavox government contract division in Urbana, Illinois, until launching Precision Shooting Equipment in 1971; tagged first P&Y record book animal in 1972
- Manufactured arrows, archery accessories, and compound bows, growing his business into an industry giant recognized worldwide for quality products; purchased Browning Archery in 2001
- Elk hunting addict; has bowhunted across North America, Mexico, Africa and the Soviet Union; killed P&Y World Record bison in Utah's Henry Mountains in 1991

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

A MODERN DAY MOUNTAIN MAN

"Toad" Smith Lived a Unique Life

"To my way of thinking, 'Bear' would have been a more appropriate nickname. After all, 'Toad' Smith stands 6 feet or more and goes somewhere between 260 and 300 pounds on the hoof ..."

I WROTE THAT INTRODUCTION for a *Bowhunter* magazine feature published in 1989, nearly two decades after I first met the hulking, unforgettable bowhunter on a northwest Nebraska deer and pronghorn hunt. Although he favored wearing faded denim and plaid flannel, I could easily picture Toad Smith clad in fringed buckskin. A mountain man's garb would be the perfect complement to that thick ursine beard, the shock of dark unruly hair and his flinty-eyed gaze.

So why "Toad?"

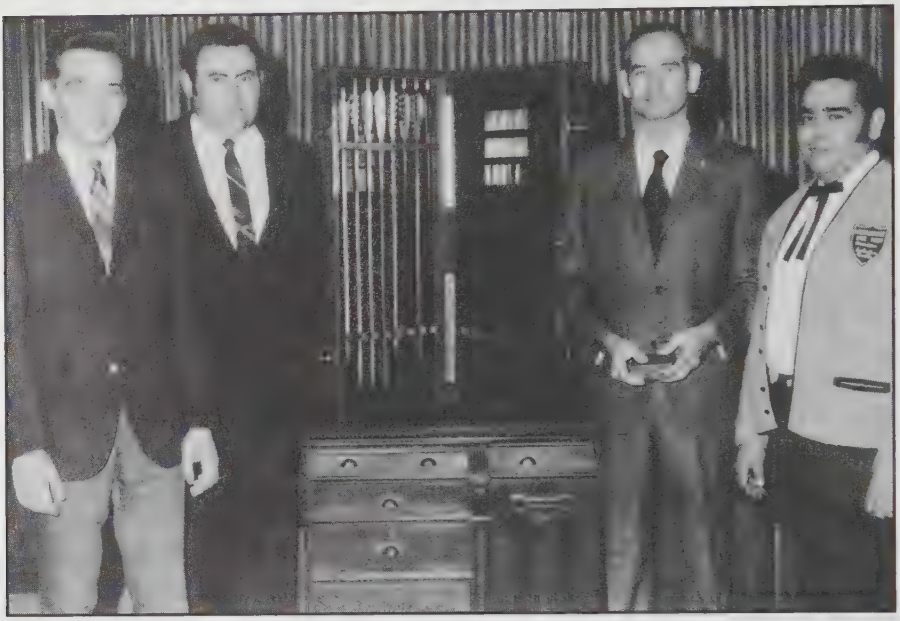
"I've been called that for so long it's hard to remember how the nickname came about," he explained. "Many people who know me really well don't know my real name is Otis. I think that moniker goes back to my football days when some guy on the offensive line told me I looked like a mean ol' toad crouched there in front of him. He started calling me 'Toad' and it stuck.

"Or," he added innocently, flashing his gap-toothed grin, "it could have something to do with me eating a toad or two during a fishin' trip."

*****

THAT WAS THE TOADSTER. Always the kidder. But quite a bowhunter and fisherman, too. And he spent his life mostly doing one or the other, hooking more fish and arrowing more game than average folks could collect in half a dozen lifetimes. By some estimates Toad tagged 200-plus white-

While black bears are rare in Iowa, Toad traveled north to Canada many times to arrow bruins and to fish. Next to bows and arrows, rods and reels played a big part in the Toadster's life.



Here's a rare photo of a very uncomfortable-looking Toad Smith – clean shaven and wearing a tie – posing with fellow Iowa bowhunters Laverne Woock (left) and Kiko Tovar (far right) after winning the 1970 National Bowhunt in Douglas, Wyoming. That's Iowa governor Robert Ray looking as if he's the only one present who's used to wearing a suit and tie.

tails and countless gobblers. Record-class elk, pronghorns and black bears, too. Even a South Dakota bull bison.

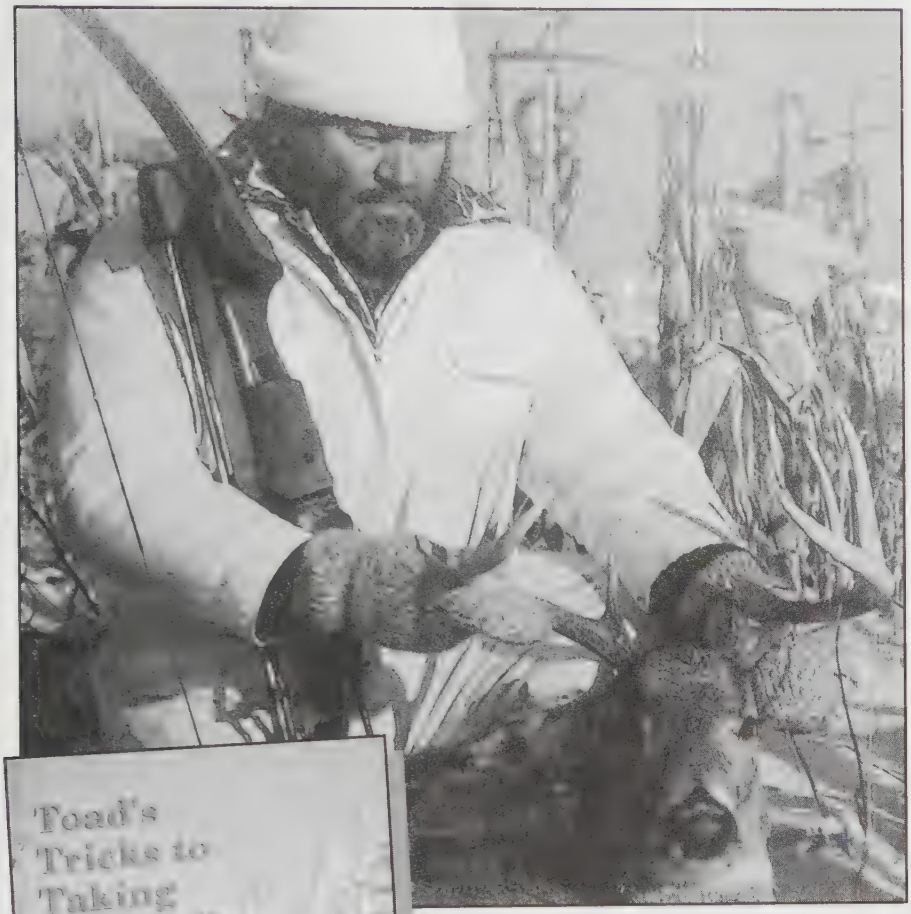
Inspired by reading Howard Hill's bowhunting adventures, the young and impressionable Otis Smith took up archery while a high school sophomore. After graduating, he spent 14 years working in law enforcement, toiled on the Alaskan pipeline (when not off somewhere fishing for salmon) and seasonally guided Montana elk hunters. But when we first met, he readily admitted being short on funds. "I'll never have any money," Toad admitted. "Every time I get a buck, I spend it on hunting or fishing."

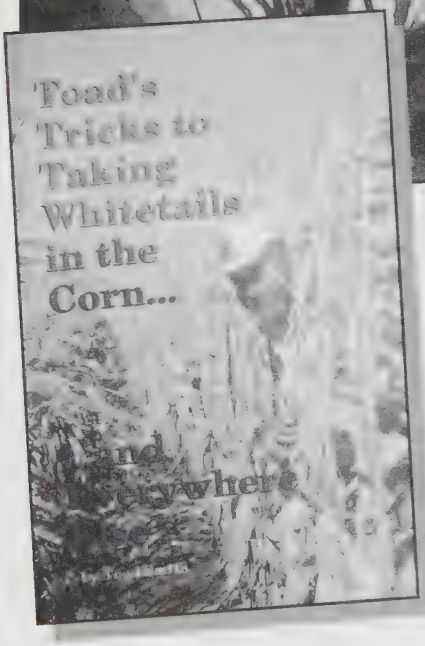
A friend piped up and asked "So what?" He noted that Otis "Toad" Smith had hunted and fished more than most millionaires.

"I guess that's true," Toad replied with a thoughtful smile, "so I can't complain."

*****

TOAD SMITH'S FIRST *Bowhunter* magazine article, published in 1974, spotlighted his secrets for successfully still-hunting whitetail deer in fields of unpicked corn. Its publication pushed open the door for Toad's lengthy career as an outdoor writer, even though he was an editor's nightmare.





Toad authored a popular how-to book detailing how to stalk whitetail bucks in fields of standing corn. Here's evidence that his technique pays off.

"My spelling is bad and I really have to scratch my head – and my ass – to get the right words to express the ideas I have," he wrote candidly in a 1970s-era note to me. "Its (sic) a good thing deer don't know how dumb I am. If they did I would never kill one."

Bad spelling or not, Toad had a folksy candor readers liked, a wealth of in-the-field knowledge and the natural ability

to deliver a message. I always enjoyed his letters, which often included graphic word pictures such as this example from a wintertime missive: "Its (sic) 15 degrees below zero here. The only difference between northwest Iowa and the North Slope of Alaska is 5,000 miles. Everything else is the same - barren as hell, windy as hell, cold as hell."

Frankly, I never minded cleaning up Toad's manuscripts and readying feature articles for publication. His bowhunting ability and knowledge certainly made that minor inconvenience worthwhile. His friend Doug Stange, then editor of *In-Fisherman* magazine in Brainerd, Minnesota, apparently felt exactly the same way I did. Doug edited and used a number of Toad's angling articles. In an Aug. 9, 1988 letter to me, the ol' Toadster wrote: "I am amazed that I get into about every other issue of *In-Fisherman* ... The only reason is that they are starting to do alot (sic) of catfish articles and I am King of Catfishing in the Midwest."

Another letter from Toad dated March 10, 1989, contained more honest admissions about how he viewed his writing career. "It amazes me that I am finding a market for the bunch of mistakes I type. At any rate I really enjoy this writting (sic) and seminars and such. Never thought I would.

"I want to thank you so much for using my stuff," he added. "To me *Bowhunter* is the top of the line and when you take the time to straighten out my scribbles its (sic) quite an honor."

Honestly, it was my pleasure. Otis "Toad" Smith was one of a kind.

*****

I MEAN THAT. How many guys do you know who used a piece of their own heart muscle as catfish bait? Then again, how many Toad Smith's have you met? I thought not. Anyway, after suffering a devastating cardiac attack that nearly killed him on Jan. 2, 1985, Toad underwent what he described in a letter to me as "... open heart surgury (sic) that left me with half a heart." Here's his heart/bait story, told by the big man himself:

"During that operation," Toad explained, "the damaged muscle was cut away and my heart sewn back together. They did a couple of bypasses, too. Well, being the oddball that I am, I asked them to save that hunk of heart they cut out of me. I just couldn't stand the thought of part of me being flushed down a toilet somewhere.

"After I got to feeling better, I started to think it would be unique to catch a catfish with a piece of my own heart. So one day while fishing on the Big Sioux along the South Dakota/Iowa border, I baited up a piece of my heart. After spraying some Fish Formula on it, I cast it into the river and said, 'Eat hearty.'

"As luck would have it, I landed a 6-pound channel cat."

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Here's a photo of a younger version of Toad and a hefty Iowa 10-pointer that walked into one of his arrows. He obviously got an early start in the deer woods and learned well.

A dedicated traditional archer, Toad poses with ample proof that a recurve in his hands was as every bit as effective as a firearm in the hands of a better than average deer hunter.

WHILE TOAD SURVIVED his heart attack and subsequent surgery, he figured he was as good as dead after one of his doctors pronounced that his bowhunting days were over. "My cardiologist told me I was done bowhunting and could only fish on a limited basis," Toad said. "I promptly went into a deep depression. I wanted to die."

Enter a longtime Iowa pal who understood the big man's passion for bows and arrows. "My good friend Francis 'Kiko' Tovar - who kidded me about being heartless - got me a lightweight recurve. I worked with it daily, but it took me a month before I could get it back to full draw. Then came the big day when I actually shot it. I was exhausted after only three arrows - and my chest was so sore that it was another 10 days before I could draw that bow again."

But shoot it again he did. In fact, Toad proved that heart doctor's pessimistic prediction dead wrong. Over time the bullheaded Hawkeye bowhunter traveled to and hunted in several states and provinces. His career over? Ha! Tell that to the three bruins and 15 to 20 whitetails he tagged.

*****

"I FAVOR RECURVE BOWS," Toad once told me, "preferably take-down models. My favorite bow is a 60-inch Cascade bow with greybark finish, pulling 66 pounds at 30 inches. It was handcrafted by Steve Gorr of Arlington, Washington, and is an instinctive shooter's delight.

"Easton Aluminum XX75s are hard to beat although I still use wood arrows from time to time. All shafts are fletched with four feathers. As for broadheads, give me the Rothhaar Snuffer, a Zwickey or the new two-bladed heads made by Laverne Woock of Delta Industries. My idea is to keep things simple. I've never been one to cave in to modern times, ideas and equipment."

Those of us who knew him agree. As his editor pal and Doug Stange once observed, "Here's a man who was born at least 100 years too late."

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A SECOND HEART ATTACK killed the inimitable Toad Smith in November of 1991. At the time he was on his way to yet another deer hunting adventure. Toad had taken a short detour to shoot a pheasant or two for the camp pot when time finally ran out. It was an appropriate exit to a remarkable life.

OTIS "TOAD" SMITH

- A successful bowhunter for more than three decades, he collected over 200 big game animals with his recurve bows
- Author of the book "Toad's Tricks to Taking Whitetails in the Corn"
- Active in Professional Bowhunters Society and Iowa Bowhunters Association
- One-of-a-kind outdoor writer, guide, seminar speaker and television personality

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

COMPILING BOWHUNTING'S BIG GAME RECORDS

Glenn St. Charles Fathered the Pope & Young Club

"... to Glenn St. Charles, traditional archery and traditional values are one and the same."

– Billy Ellis III, Foreword, "Bows on the Little Delta"

"The advent of the compound bow was to change the course of bowhunting and the archery industry. Under the heading of progress and the quest for money, this high-tech industry has swept traditional values aside and all but eliminated a primitive sport."

– Glenn St. Charles, Preface, *"Bows on the Little Delta"*

IT WAS AN UNLIKELY time machine. Yet the white 1968 Chrysler New Yorker puttering south down Interstate 5 carried its driver and passengers directly toward Seattle's – and bowhunting's – distant past.

Cars blurred by. The buffeting wake from a passing semi caused the big Chrysler to shudder. But even as its uneasy riders exchanged apprehensive glances, the elderly driver remained oblivious to the blurred vehicles hurtling past – and oblivious to the freeway's posted minimum speed. His big, blue-veined hands gripped the big steering wheel in a reassuring ten and two o'clock position. And he stared straight ahead, peering just over the large, antiquated dashboard, reminding me of a youngster who'd been given permission to take the family automobile on a cautious spin around town, had gotten lost and somehow ended up in the midst of a NASCAR-style dash for a checkered flag.

The year was 1989, some 21 years after driver Glenn St. Charles had paid $6,000 for his bulky Chrysler land boat. Sharing that memorable automobile ride with me were several other Pope & Young Club officers. G.

Here's Glenn with a Washington State blacktail arrowed in the late 1940s.

Fred Asbell. Jim Dougherty. Dr. C. Randall Byers. Scott Showalter. And Harv Ebers. We'd just spent the long day reviewing Club business as part of our annual board of directors' meeting. And after sharing a filling evening meal, we'd piled into Glenn's big Chrysler for a ride around "the old neighborhood." None of us was unhappy when our 77-year-old host finally spotted a familiar road sign and safely negotiated across two congested traffic lanes toward a welcoming exit ramp. Minutes later we were easing along suburban South Seattle streets, sharing an old man's return visit to his boyhood neighborhood. And listening to unfolding memories about the youthful adventures that marked the beginnings of Glenn St. Charles' lifelong passion for bows and arrows.

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WAY BACK IN AUGUST of 1926, the gravel beaches of Puget Sound quickly attracted flocks of wheeling, screeching seagulls each time some shoreline resident emerged to dump household garbage into the blue-green waters lapping at a cement seawall. Patrolling the waterside beneath the squawking birds was a handful of teenagers armed with barbed spears and crude archery tackle. Their prey? Scavenging sand sharks darting through clear saltwater shallows.

Hazelnut tree branch bows occasionally launched willow arrows tipped with sharpened nails. "Not very effective weaponry," the Chrysler driver recalled with a laugh, "but both inexpensive and easily replaceable." Just the thing for Glenn St. Charles and other woodcraft-creative youngsters searching for exciting summertime adventures. It was in 1927, Glenn remembered, when as a member of Boy Scout Troop 291 he first paged through a borrowed library book authored by James Duff. The illustrated volume provided necessary directions for building bows and arrows, and soon rough-hewn bows made of green limbs emerged. Each was duly tested at a nearby sandpit shooting range. But "real" bows required seasoned wood, of course. Although yew trees were abundant in the Cascade and Olympic Mountains near Puget Sound, anxious youthful archers were far too impatient to wait the required two or three years for yew wood to season. A monetary investment seemed necessary, so Glenn pored through mail- order magazine ads and eventually purchased a partially worked stave of Tennessee cedar. Upon its arrival, after borrowing a spoke shave and rasp to quickly fashion a bow, Glenn earned a Boy Scout archery merit badge - and unknowingly launched a lifelong career as a bowyer. Soon he was teaching other troop members how to make and shoot handcrafted archery tackle. Arrows were dried creek bottom reeds. Their fletching was turkey feathers tied or glued to each shaft. Twisted linen bowstrings completed the project. Nothing fancy. But the Scouts' bows and arrows worked well enough, and the boys took pride in their crude creations. Especially Glenn St. Charles.

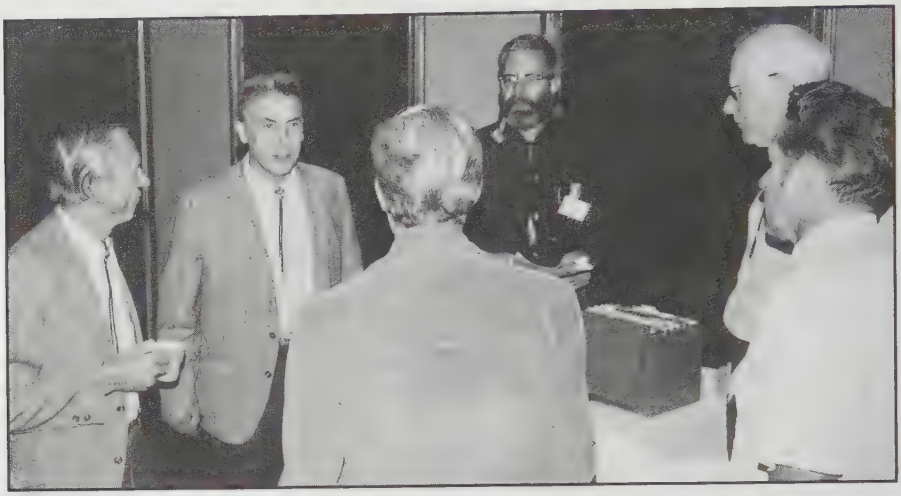
Here's a photograph from January 1961 that shows the first Pope & Young Club board of directors. The site was Club founder Glenn St. Charles' trophy room in Seattle, Washington. Members pictured from left include Rosalyn Remick, Bill Brown, Glenn, Wayne Hathaway, Jesse Rust and G. H. Malinoski.

"Nobody ever taught me to shoot," Glenn admitted. "I'd walk the sandy beaches, flinging arrows at pieces of bark or driftwood."

The Great Depression of 1929, high school studies and an after-school job combined to slow the development of Glenn's expanding archery talents; however, he still found occasional moments to practice shooting his handmade bow and arrows. Some things are simply meant to be. As if to underscore that fateful fact, Glenn told his Chrysler passengers of once visiting a fortune teller's booth at the county fair. "I see sticks," the soothsayer had said. "Piles of sticks. Some day you will spend much of your life being involved with sticks."

And so it was.

Within the next decade Glenn had crafted his first yew self bow, joined the newly formed National Field Archery Association and competed in tournaments hosted by the Seattle Bowmen. He later assisted Kore Duryee and Bert Wallis in forming the Washington State Archery Association. He also started making and marketing St. Charles yew bows. But, really, this was only the beginning.



Here's a photo taken at my first Pope & Young Club convention in 1972. That's Glenn who's the center of attention standing second from left. Listening are Fred Bear, Doug Walker (back to camera), George Moerlein, Carl Hulbert and Norm Goodwin.

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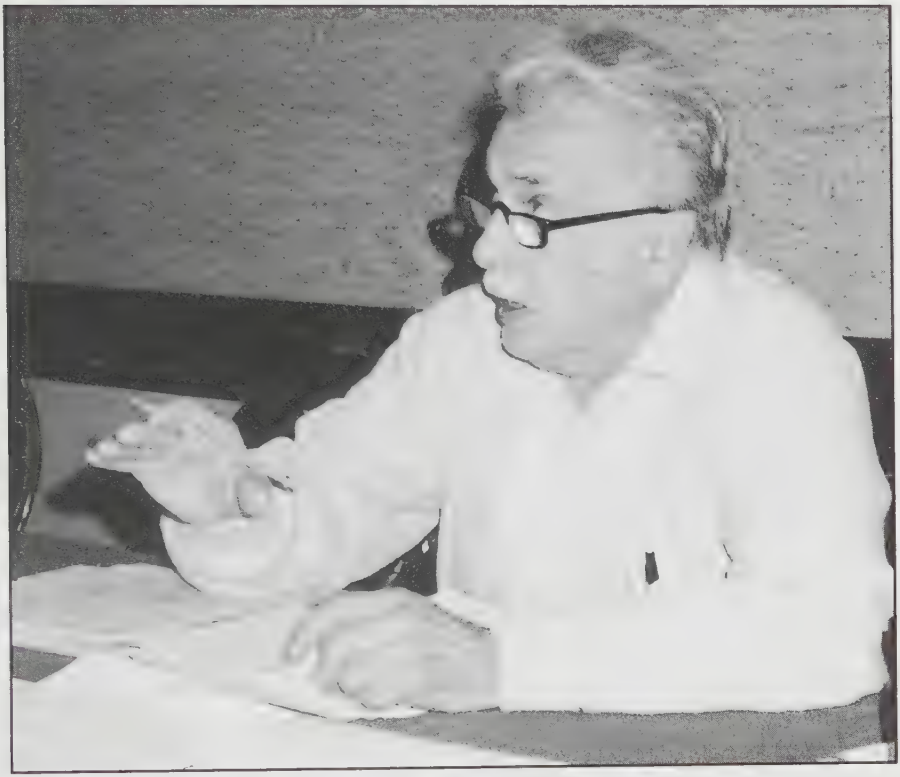
FLASH FORWARD TO late March of 1990. Wheeling, West Virginia, is the site of the Professional Bowhunters Society's (PBS) third biennial gathering. As that event's guest speaker, I am standing in the banquet hall with my wife, Janet, and *Bowhunter* magazine partners Don Clark, Fred Wallace and their own spouses, Pat and Barb. We begin moving slowly through the milling throng of PBS bowhunters and guests, greeting friends and shaking hands. I suddenly spot a diminutive gray-haired couple standing off to one side of the spacious room: Glenn and Margaret St. Charles.

For a brief instant I am struck by the irony of this particular moment. Here perhaps is North America's most notable living bowhunter, yet Glenn is largely unrecognized - perhaps in some cases totally unknown - by a majority of his peers. In truth, quite likely only Pacific Northwest bowhunters and members of the Pope & Young Club fully recognized and appreciated the venerable man's myriad contributions to archery history. After all, at this time Fred Bear has been dead only two years, and Glenn St. Charles still stood in Papa Bear's lengthy shadow, as he always had throughout Fred's long lifetime. True, the men were good friends and frequent hunting companions, but one was known worldwide while the other had never really sought the national limelight. Only recently had Glenn began to attend archery gatherings, show his historic slides and talk about the early days of North American bowhunting.

Don, Fred and I approach Glenn and Margaret, insisting they join us at our table. Relieved to see several familiar faces, they gratefully accept our invita-



I clicked this photo of Glenn at the Tulsa, Oklahoma, board meeting in 1986. He frequently sat in and offered his opinions on a wide range of business matters. No one doubted that it was still his Club.

tion, and we enjoy the evening's banquet activities together. And a scant month later I was sitting with Glenn once again, this time joined by several Pope & Young Club friends. His old Chrysler moves slowly through a maze of suburban streets while its rapt passengers listen reverently to a bowhunting legend pointing out his boyhood haunts.

A short year later I am back in Seattle at the SeaTac Red Lion Inn watching Glenn enter the Archery Hall of Fame (AHF). Don Clark, AHF executive director, recites a partial list of Glenn's more significant archery accomplishments. They underscore the lifetime impact Glenn St. Charles has had. No one in that large April 12, 1991 audience would question whether the honor was well earned and well deserved.

- *Glenn marketed yew bows with whalebone (baleen) backing during the early 1940s; he arrowed first deer in 1942.*

Here's a 1989 photo of Glenn sandwiched between me and Club attorney Nathan Andersohn during the Boise, Idaho, convention. Members often stood in line to have their pictures taken with "the Old Man."

- *Was elected president and big game chairman of Washington State Archery Association.*
- *Designed, handcrafted, and sold Thunderbolt broadheads in 1945.*
- *Opened Northwest Archery following World War II; became Bear dealer.*
- *Elected National Field Archery Association vice president in 1950*
- *Began production of Thunderbird fiberglass and wood laminated recurves in 1952; made Mickey Finn broadheads in 1953; began manufacturing St. Charles Back Quivers.*
- *Appointed NFAA bowhunting activities chairman by president Karl Palmatier in 1956; initiated the Boone & Crockett Club scoring system into NFAA hunting program in 1958 and earned NFAA Compton Medal of Honor that same year.*
- *In 1960 argued successfully for separation of trophy records from NFAA; founded Pope & Young Club on Jan. 21, 1961; served as Pope & Young chairman until the Club was incorporated in 1967; elected first Pope & Young Club president that same year, stepping aside in 1972.*
- *To preserve the art of making self yew and osage bows for posterity, made and marketed an hour-long documentary video, "Billets to Bows"; released in book form the written version of the same bow-making video in 1996.*

Throughout the 1940s and continuing into the 1980s, Glenn bowhunted across the Western United States and Canada. His well-aimed arrows account-

Here's the official board of directors photo taken in Glenn's suburban Seattle trophy room at Northwest Archery. Later we piled into Glenn's old Chrysler and a second car for a tour of area boyhood haunts. Pictured in the back row from left are Glenn Hisey, G. Fred Asbell, Don Morgan, Ron Sherer, Jim Dougherty and me. Up front are Glenn, Scott Showalter, George Moerlein, Naomi Torrey-Simmons, Harv Ebers and Randy Byers. Talk about a memorable drive!

ed for mule deer and blacktails, mountain goats, three species of caribou, cougars, pronghorn antelope, Roosevelt's and American elk and Canada moose. Seven of Glenn's trophy animals qualified for Pope & Young Club recognition. His Washington State muley, killed along Nason Creek in 1959, stood as the world record archery buck for several years.

*****

I FIRST MET GLENN at the 1972 Pope & Young Convention in Denver, Colorado, and my first chance to work with him arose a couple of years later when I was named editor of the first Pope & Young Club record book. As mentioned earlier in my recollections of Larry Bamford, this editing project was a memorable although largely unpleasant experience. The book committee was comprised of strong-willed, opinionated men. None, I quickly discovered, was more outspoken than Glenn St. Charles.

Although one of Glenn's biggest admirers then and now, I have on occasion been one of his biggest critics. And in each instance when we've locked philosophical horns, the root cause of our differences can be directly traced to some controversial statement Glenn made in person or in print.

I believe that publicly calling the compound bow "the Thing," for exam-

Here's a favorite candid photo of mine, snapped by fellow bowhunter Deano Farkas. It was 1990 and Glenn had just been inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame. We were recalling the early days of bowhunting that led Glenn to this unforgettable Seattle evening. That's his Hall of Fame plaque on the table in front of Glenn.

ple, is fodder for critics of modern archery equipment to use in dividing bowhunters. And I'll wager that a majority of traditional separationists who quote Glenn St. Charles in their anti-compound rants know that this venerable traditional bowyer once designed a wood-handled compound, the "Buckskin," a model produced by Martin Archery. Yet because Glenn has bemoaned "progress" and pointed to the compound bow as evidence of bowhunters trying to "reinvent the gun," his criticism is gospel in some hunting camps.

I also remain convinced that his published personal criticism of archery "gadgets," treestands, hunting from elevated stands and legal hunting methods (such as baiting and hunting with hounds) has been divisive and damning. I find it ironic that both his beloved Pope & Young Club and the Boone & Crockett Club (Glenn's a regular member of Boone & Crockett and served on its records committee) each gladly accept trophy-class game animals taken from treestands, over bait and with the help of trained hunting dogs.

The May-July 1996 issue of *Bugle* magazine, as I recall, caused considerable consternation to the Pope & Young Board of Directors and many Club members. Glenn wrote a short opinion piece ominously titled "Selling Gadgets - and Selling Hunting Short." Among other things, he said:

"What we have done is redefine the word hunting to compromise our sport by

Glenn always draws a crowd of admirers wherever he goes. Here he's seen signing books during a Professional Bowhunters Society meeting in Seattle in 1998.

accommodating all of the new stuff on the market. Not because we need it, but because an industry says we do."

Glenn noted that archery hunting has evolved from "a walk in the woods" into a lie-in-wait ambush-type of endeavor where unsuspecting animals fall prey to paramilitary-clad individuals. He fretted that the voting public and wildlife professionals are looking with less and less favor on modern bowhunting.

"Sitting on your butt in a treestand over a bear with his head stuck in a barrel full of pastries does not exactly look like fair chase or good sportsmanship."

The article's bottom line? We need to focus on hunting, not killing. To survive we need non-hunting allies who will support us, not become increasingly disgusted by our non-sporting practices and face-painted commando appearance. We need to turn back the clock to a time when hunting was a low profile pastime and our equipment simple.

Noble sentiments, all. But probably unrealistic and mere wishful thinking in our modern world. Even worse, this sort of heartfelt rhetoric delights the hunter-haters and elitists among us. Such folks cannot or will not accept two simple facts: *modern tackle is here to stay* and *we can never truly return to our bowhunting roots*, no matter how much we wish we could. I've told Glenn as much, more than once, and each time we agreed to disagree about which archery family issues needed to be debated privately and which family linen could be hung safely on the clothes line for the whole world to see.

*****

I KNOW FOR A FACT that Glenn, like most great historical figures, is a proud and self-confident individual who seldom takes kindly to personal criticism, even the constructive kind. Over the many years that I served as editor of some P&Y record book and the Club's newsletter, I occasionally toned down Glenn's harshness or deleted certain disapproving comments or criticisms he'd

DR. SAXTON POPE AND ARTHUR YOUNG

PERHAPS MORE THAN ANY OTHER early day bowmen, Saxton Pope and Art Young captured the imagination of an entire generation of individuals destined to leave their own lasting mark on bowhunting. Over time these two archery pioneers came to epitomize quality and excellence. Consequently, it is appropriate that Pope & Young were selected as the namesakes of Glenn St. Charles' new record-keeping organization. Here, in brief, is their story.

Saxton Pope was born at Fort Stockton, Texas, on Sept. 4, 1875. He was the third of four children born into the family of Benjamin Franklin Pope, a surgeon and U.S. Army officer. Obviously influenced by his father, Saxton also became a surgeon after graduating with honors from the University of California where he became an assistant professor of clinical surgery. Always the communicator, he published 32 scientific papers relating to medicine. Today he's remembered as a doctor, dedicated archer and the author of several bowhunting books. Growing up at an Army garrison, young Saxton enjoyed early exposure to the Indians, half-breeds, soldiers and cowboys - all prerequisites for generating interest in frontier life and outdoor skills. He developed an intimate knowledge of camping, survival techniques, hunting and most notably, shooting the bow and arrow. Later, as a surgeon, he was well qualified to study the lethal effectiveness of broadheads.

Pope's interest in archery was enhanced when he met, examined and befriended a primitive California Yana Indian named Ishi, the last of a dying tribe. Watching Ishi, he learned firsthand how to hunt with the bow and arrow. Perhaps more importantly, Ishi taught Pope how to make and use archery tackle. Pope documented these skills in his 1923 book, "Hunting With the Bow & Arrow." About this same time Pope was cementing a lifelong friendship with Arthur Young.

Nearly eight years Pope's junior, Art Young was born in Kelseyville, California, in August of 1883, the son of a Union Army veteran named William Gaylord Young. Young's father had headed West in 1881 to settle in

penned for a book chapter or newsletter column. My blue pencil editing efforts be damned, he rarely appreciated me when I changed anything he wrote.

Consequently, I was not surprised when Glenn promptly rebuffed my offer to assist him with the editing of his popular 1997 book, "Bows on the Little Delta." In fact, Glenn makes it clear in the book's Preface that he selected and wrote every word. No ghost writers or PR types to assist or advise him, thank

the shadow of Mount Konocti, a game-rich area said to be the home of Indian gods.

As a youngster, Art mastered outdoor sports and developed into an expert shot. Starting with air guns, he advanced to both rifles and pistols and later competed in Olympic matches shooting both weapons. His interests also included music and swimming. An aquatic champion, he competed regularly in the 220, 440 and 880 swimming events and reportedly never was beaten.

Young's interest in archery began when he met Will "Chief" Compton. The "Chief" had learned to hunt with the bow and arrow during a boyhood spent with the Sioux Indians. He passed his knowledge on to Young, and later, after Young met and befriended Saxton Pope, Compton was a frequent hunting companion of both men and often joined in on local bowhunts for deer and bears.

About this same time Pope was caring for Ishi who was living in quarters within the University of California Museum. The four men - Pope, Young, Compton and Ishi - regularly bowhunted the wilder reaches of Humboldt County. Ishi showed his newfound friends how to lure game within bow range by imitating the sounds of various animals. Armed with this knowledge, Pope & Young expanded their hunting exploits and continued bowhunting after Ishi's death from tuberculosis in 1916. Their bowhunting adventures across Western North America and Africa are well documented in periodicals and Pope's 1926 book, "The Adventurous Bowmen."

Saxton Pope died of pneumonia in 1926, soon after returning from an African safari. Art Young lived nearly a decade longer, dying of peritonitis from a ruptured appendix in 1935.

As appropriately noted in the First Edition of the Pope & Young Club's record book, "We who today follow the trails of bowhunting adventure walk in the footprints left by these pioneer sportsmen."

Thanks to a generous donation from Glenn and the St. Charles family, the Pope & Young Club obtained the collection of archery artifacts that comprise the heart of the museum in Chatfield, Minnesota. Here Club president G. Fred Asbell inks the 1997 agreement with Glenn and Margaret St. Charles as son Joe looks on.

you. And no political correctness, either, simply a detailed recollection of the way it was in archery and bowhunting before high-tech gadgetry, before questionable add-on accessories and hunting practices and before so much emphasis was placed on "trophy" hunting quantity, not quality.

So what you'll read in his "Little Delta" memoir is what you get in person, traditional Glenn St. Charles. The good and bad, real and perceived. Complemented by unvarnished viewpoints and the candid opinions from a pioneer archer who left his indelible mark on bowhunting.

And that, in this particular case, is a good thing. His many fans will not mind Glenn's outspoken state-of-the-bowhunting-world examination. They expect blunt, no nonsense commentary from a crusty individualist affectionately known as "The Old Man" to legions of admirers. Frankly, his critical comments fit better in a book than in a magazine read by a variety of folks, some of whom have never heard of Glenn St. Charles and are left wondering why a hunter is saying bad things about fellow hunters.

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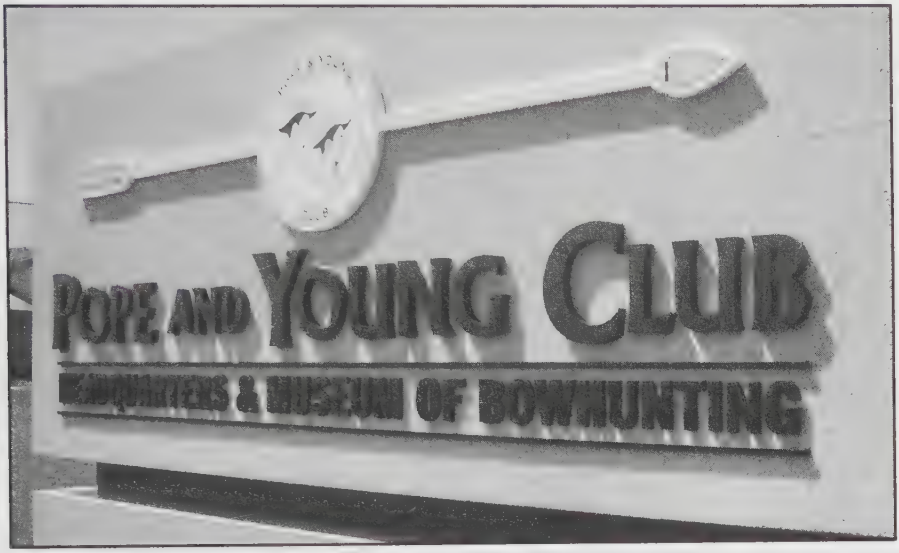
IT WAS BACK IN 1985 that Glenn had arranged construction of the separate addition to his Northwest Archery facility where the Pope & Young Club was founded in 1961. Originally designed to house the St. Charles Museum of Archery Americana, it featured perhaps the most complete collection of archery artifacts ever privately assembled in North America.



Exterior photo of the Club's museum and headquarters marker in Chatfield, Minnesota.

Glenn's youngest son, Joe, served as curator. Then in 1990, thanks to a generous donation from the St. Charles family and a purchase agreement arranged with Pope & Young, the new Pope & Young/St. Charles Museum was established at Northwest Archery. Among items on display were the following:

- *The largest collection of archery items made and used by pioneer bowhunters Dr. Saxton Pope, Arthur Young and Ishi, last of the Yana Indians.*
- *Over 200 wooden hunting bows made between 1835 to 1950.*
- *The most complete collection of glass, composite and metal bows - some 250 in all - made between 1945 and 1975.*
- *Over 500 hunting and target arrows.*
- *One of the world's most complete collections of broadheads, numbering over 1,500 hunting points.*
- *One of North America's largest and most complete collections of archery books and periodicals.*
- *The world's largest collection of archery equipment catalogs manufactured between 1878 and today.*
- *A variety of big game animals taken with the bow and arrow, including all of the trophies tagged by Pope & Young founder Glenn St. Charles.*

Nearly a decade and a half after touring Glenn's boyhood haunts in that Chrysler time machine and first visiting the Northwest Archery Museum, I was

This museum diorama depicts Glenn in his Seattle workshop crafting another yew bow. Other displays feature Ishi, Saxton Pope, Arthur Young and Fred Bear.

in a crowd of about 450 Pope & Young Club members, guests and visitors present in Chatfield, Minnesota, on Oct. 2, 2004. We watched as Glenn St. Charles - seated in a wheelchair but animated and obviously elated by this special moment - snipped the red ribbon spanning the entrance of the spanking new 7,000-square-foot home of the Pope & Young Club/St. Charles Museum of Bowhunting. Located just 11 miles south of the busy I-90 Rochester exit, the museum remains open six days a week and attracts thousands of visitors annually.

Glenn St. Charles is understandably proud. And so are his fans.

*****

MOST OF MY RECENT TALKS with Glenn have been, of necessity, limited to occasional telephone conversations. But in late April of 2007, he did make the long transcontinental journey from Seattle, Washington, to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to attend the Pope & Young Club's 25th Biennial Convention. At age 95! And once there Glenn basked in the glow of constant attention and adulation bestowed by his many admirers. Finally, in a rare private moment after

the scheduled events had wound down, Glenn told me that he thought the Club was once again "on the right track." I took that comment as high praise indeed, promising him that the officers and members would continue working to make him proud of the organization he'd founded nearly half a century ago.

It was just more than a year previous in early 2006, prior to announcing my candidacy for Pope & Young Club president, that I'd made a courtesy call to "The Old Man." He'd listened silently as I voiced my concerns about Club matters, outlined a planned course of action and offered a personal vision for the organization that Glenn had founded 45 years earlier.

"I know that you and I haven't always agreed on what's best for bowhunting and the Pope & Young Club," I concluded. "But I know we've each had the best interests of Pope & Young at heart. If I'm elected, I'll do my best to get all 7,000 members pulling in the same direction. And from time to time I'll be asking for your ideas and advice."

For a frozen moment the silence on the other end of the line made me wonder if Glenn had quietly hung up while I rambled on. But then I heard the gruffly familiar voice telling me he felt I'd always done a good job leading P&Y.

"You've got my support," he growled. "Just don't let the bowhunters down."

Put that way, Glenn, I wouldn't dare. And by the way, please accept my public thanks for all you've done for the Pope & Young Club and bowhunting. We owe you more than we can ever repay.

GLENN ST. CHARLES

- Born in Washington State in 1911; became a noted bowyer who led the early fight for archery-only seasons in the Pacific Northwest
- Created a new bowhunting record-keeping organization in 1961, founding the Pope & Young Club to prove the effectiveness of archery tackle for hunting and to collect and record for posterity the top North American big game trophies taken by bowhunters
- Personally amassed one of the continent's largest, most complete private collections of archery and bowhunting artifacts
- Elected to the Archery Hall of Fame on April 12, 1991 for myriad contributions as a bowhunter, educator and conservationist

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

THE MAKING OF A LONGBOW LEGEND

Howard Hill Protégé Bob Swinehart Wrote Hunting History

"During my many years of hunting with the bow and arrow, I have covered different parts of the world and have hunted with many archers. Of these bowhunters I am convinced that Bob Swinehart is the best big game hunter I have had the pleasure of being with on the trail and in the bush.

"He not only is an extremely good shot with the bow, but in addition has a great deal of patience, is a fine tracker and possesses great courage ... Also for a man his size - weight 170 and height 5' 10" - his strength is prodigious. He can handle bows pulling over 100 pounds.

"When this young man set out to down Africa's Big Five with bow and arrow - something he'd been dreaming of since a boy - I was confident that he would accomplish the task, providing he did not get himself killed first. My only criticism of him was that he took too many risks."

— Howard Hill, Vincent, Alabama, May 5, 1970

SUCH LAUDATORY WORDS ARE HIGH PRAISE, indeed, coming directly from the one man hailed as the greatest instinctive archer ever to draw and release a feathered shaft. Hill's own shooting skills are legendary. More than 2,000 game animals fell to his well-placed arrows. Quite naturally, when such a master archer spoke, people listened.

And while most everyone knows about Howard Hill, exactly who was this guy Swinehart, anyway? Let me explain.

I first came to know of Pennsylvanian Bob Swinehart soon after becoming a member of the Professional Bowhunters Society in 1965. The PBS was and still is a fraternal, hunting-oriented archery organization whose membership is more interested in pursuing game animals than plunking inanimate targets.

Bob successfully bowhunted the Rocky Mountains for cougars and black bears in the 1960s. He later turned his attention to the Dark Continent and more dangerous game animals.

In early 2000, after I inducted Bob Swinehart into the Archery Hall of Fame, Bob's daughter Lisa Wieda and I posed with his plaque and a photo of the famous bowhunter who died in 1982. Bob was the first archer to kill Africa's dangerous "Big Five."

A founder and one of five provisional officers, Bob was the PBS vice president in 1963-64. And by the time I was busy focusing my attention on bowhunting trips for whitetails, mule deer, black bears and mountain lions, Bob Swinehart already had been there, done that. Quite successfully, too. And by the mid-'60s, his concentration was on fulfilling a lifetime bowhunting dream - stalking and killing the most dangerous of African game.

Black-maned lion. Stealthy leopard. Thick-hided elephant and rhino. And finally Cape buffalo, that short-tempered horned beast known as "black death."

Such lofty dreams made planning my own North American bowhunting adventures seem tame by comparison. But I had enough sense to realize I wasn't quite yet ready for Africa. Bob Swinehart was. And for him it had become an obsession. Even these sobering handwritten words from his best friend would not deter him:

Every animal in Africa can kill you. Remember that. Good luck and good hunting. Your old hunting pal, – Howard

Bob, I would learn later, received his first real bow for his 12th birthday in 1940, the same year I was born in southern Illinois. That left-handed Ben Pearson lemonwood longbow was a gift from his parents. They knew all too well of Bob's

fascination with tales of Indians, Robin Hood and William Tell. In no time he'd learned to shoot it accurately, thanks to lengthy practice sessions at Brookside, the Swinehart family farm near Pottstown. And the youngster's announced goal? Bob declared he wanted to be able to shoot the longbow as well as his newly discovered hero, Howard Hill.

A good friend of the legendary Howard Hill and other notable bowhunters including Ben Pearson, Bob was inspired to begin shooting a bow after seeing a movie featuring "The World's Greatest Archer." This photo shows Hill (left) and archer Ted Ekin.

"From the time I was a small boy this amazing archer was my idol," Bob said. "Little did I suspect in those days that I would become acquainted with him and that I would actually live with him."

Not long before Bob's 12th birthday, sisters Mary and June took their little brother to see a movie titled "Howard Hill – The World's Greatest Archer." And almost immediately the inspired youth was spending every spare moment trying to duplicate the fabulous shooting feats he'd just witnessed on the silver screen. Bob confessed his sole disappointment was that he didn't shoot right-handed like his hero. In every other aspect, he was the miniature mirror image of Howard Hill.

A gifted natural athlete, Bob Swinehart eventually put his archery interests on hold long enough to earn varsity letters in four different sports during his high school years. "I was more active in sports than studies," he confessed. "My best subjects were art and English. Playing football, basketball, baseball and track left little time for anything else during the school year."

After four years as a college student jock, and another three years spent soldiering in Korea, Bob returned to Pennsylvania to start a general contracting

business and travel agency. It was at this point he rekindled his lifelong interest in shooting the bow and arrow. Things would never be the same.

Bob quickly discovered field archery and was elected president of the Unami Bowmen of Emmaus, Pennsylvania. He began bowhunting whitetail deer, groundhogs and fast-flying pheasants. He met and forged a lifetime friendship with Howard Hill, learning to knock dimes out of the air and shoot the longbow with his feet. And in the years that followed, Robert Neiffer Swinehart not only successfully bowhunted his way across North America but made eight separate safaris to Africa. Along the way Bob met and spent quality time with several other bowhunting icons of his day. One man he befriended was Ben Pearson. Another was a fellow Pennsylvania bowhunter and lefty shooter named Fred Bernard Bear. Heady company for a young farm boy. But one fact was undeniable: During the 1960s and 1970s Bob Swinehart was one of a mere handful of adventuresome bowhunters to stalk and kill the world's dangerous game.

Notably, Bob forever etched his name into the annals of bowhunting history after becoming the first stickbow hunter to harvest the Dark Continent's deadly "Big Five." Hill euphemistically called the creatures Africa's "notorious entourage." Whatever appellation was applied, the fact is Bob Swinehart used a favorite bamboo longbow pulling about 100 pounds to down four-fifths of the dangerous African quintet. Only his leopard was killed with a recurve bow, its lethal shaft flashing from a 75-pound Ben Pearson takedown model that Bob was field-testing for his Pine Bluff, Arkansas, bowmaking friend. Afterward, Bob Swinehart was spotlighted in "Ripley's Believe It or Not" for arrowing his 3-ton black rhino.

Perhaps even more important, Bob continued to endorse the virtues of archery and bowhunting. Using his growing celebrity, he teamed with Howard Hill at public shooting exhibitions before large crowds of admirers. In 1970, a full year before the first issue of *Bowhunter* magazine appeared, Bob published the story of his fascinating life in "Sagittarius," an autobiographical book that many readers regard as an archery classic.

Incidentally, it was in 1972 that the three pre-eminent bowhunters of the era - Hill, Pearson and Bear - were among the very first great longbow and recurve shooters to be inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame. And 28 years later, Bob Swinehart officially joined them. In early January of 2000, standing before a sold out crowd at the Archery Trade Association show Saturday night dinner in Indianapolis, I had the singular honor of inducting Bob posthumously as the Archery Hall's 50th member. By then 18 years had passed since Bob's premature, self-inflicted death.

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***"SAGITTARIUS"* IS NOT GREAT LITERATURE,** really, but the book's words, photos and art offer special insights into the lives of not one but

This is one of my favorite photos from Bob's autobiographical adventure book, "Sagittarius," published in 1970. It perfectly captures the bowhunter's moment of truth an instant before Bob released the killing shot and ended his quest for a menacing Cape buffalo.

two truly remarkable men. Their larger-than-life bowhunting accomplishments are still talked about to this very day with well-deserved reverence. Here's a mere taste...

"He [Howard Hill] was the first [white] man to kill an elephant with the bow and arrow. He won 196 Field Archery Tournaments in a row (over a 25-year period), wrote the first set of Archery Golf rules, and published two best-selling archery books, "Hunting the Hard Way" and "Wild Adventure." His record of game kills may never be matched ...

"He preferred the simple longbow, for many reasons, but primarily because it was more accurate ... [and], people thought I used it because of Howard - because he was my idol I would blindly use it regardless of performance.

"But the last word above answers it - performance. It got the job done better than any other design of bow ..."

Elsewhere in his book, Bob candidly explained his longbow's appeal. Its length meant less error in arrow trajectory. The bamboo material offered superior strength and dependability. It could be shot accurately from any odd or awkward position. It's also lightweight, easy to string, quiet when launching heavy hunting arrows, and a joy to carry even in thick cover.

Besides sharing personal equipment preferences, shooting/hunting advice and fascinating Howard Hill anecdotes, Bob Swinehart happened to mention several hunting partners whose names are familiar to many longtime Pope & Young Club members. He said he once shared a camp with Dempsey Cape on the Newfoundland barrens. Hunting along the Victoria River in 1966, Cape arrowed the new Pope & Young Club world record woodland caribou, a giant 23-point stag scoring an incredible 345 ⅜ inches. In '99, I was fortunate to kill a giant Newfoundland stag of my own, but its total score was still 25 inches below Cape's record which remains bowhunting's best ever woodland caribou after 30-plus years.

Bob also wrote of bowfishing for sharks off Long Island with Homer "Dutch" Wambold, the Pennsylvania-based outdoor writer best known for his 1970 book, "Bowhunting for Deer." I first got to know Dutch Wambold in the 1970s and even included a signed photo of him standing in his trophy room in the first Pope & Young record book that I edited in '75.

And Bob's recollections of the famous Sullivan County Bow Festival at Forksville in Pennsylvania's Endless Mountains stirred more memories of friends and places I've known while walking in Bob Swinehart's footsteps. He called the annual bowhunters' gathering "the most unique and heavily attended archery event in the world." And based on what I've seen there, I can't dispute his claim.

*****

BOB'S DAUGHTER, LISA WEIDA, told me that her father had

passed along his love of archery to his own children. She smiled while recalling special memories of Bob bowfishing with her, brother Kurt and sister Heidi. How he taught them to bait hooks and catch game fish. How he showed them the easy way to check wind direction by using leaves. How Lisa and her siblings loved playing with the frequent visitor the youngsters called "Uncle Howard."

The actor Hugh O'Brian, another of Bob's friends and hunting pals, perhaps summed up Bob Swinehart perfectly when he called him "a most amazing individual" who "led a life of adventure that other men never come close to doing, except in fantasy."

"He hunts," O'Brian observed, "but he is not a 'killer.' Bob has a genuine fondness for animals and the outdoors ... He only likes hunting if there is a challenge or danger connected with it ... In my opinion he is the greatest archer in the world. Certainly the bravest."

All I can add is this: Read or reread "Sagittarius" sometime. Ponder the author's many accomplishments. Then decide for yourself exactly where Bob Swinehart belongs in the rankings of bowhunting's best.

Whatever your conclusion, you'll undoubtedly agree that his longbow accomplishments will live forever. Rightfully so.

BOB SWINEHART

- Born in Pennsylvania in 1928, died in 1982; first stalked birds and rabbits on family farm at age 5 with a homemade hickory bow; received first "real" bow for 12th birthday
- Inspired by a Howard Hill movie, started shooting longbow and imitating his idol
- Met and befriended Hill; hunted throughout North America and Africa
- Became first bowhunter to collect "The Big Five" of dangerous African game: elephant, rhino, lion, leopard, and Cape buffalo
- Author of "Sagittarius" (1970), presented educational seminars and shooting demonstrations to promote archery and bowhunting across North America

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

THE OLD BOWHUNTER'S DREAM

Bill Wadsworth Taught Us Well

AS HE LAY DYING in a New York City hospital bed in January of 1991, William H. Wadsworth - the man known as the "Father of Bowhunter Education" - wrote this sobering farewell message to a select group of his most loyal and fervent disciples:

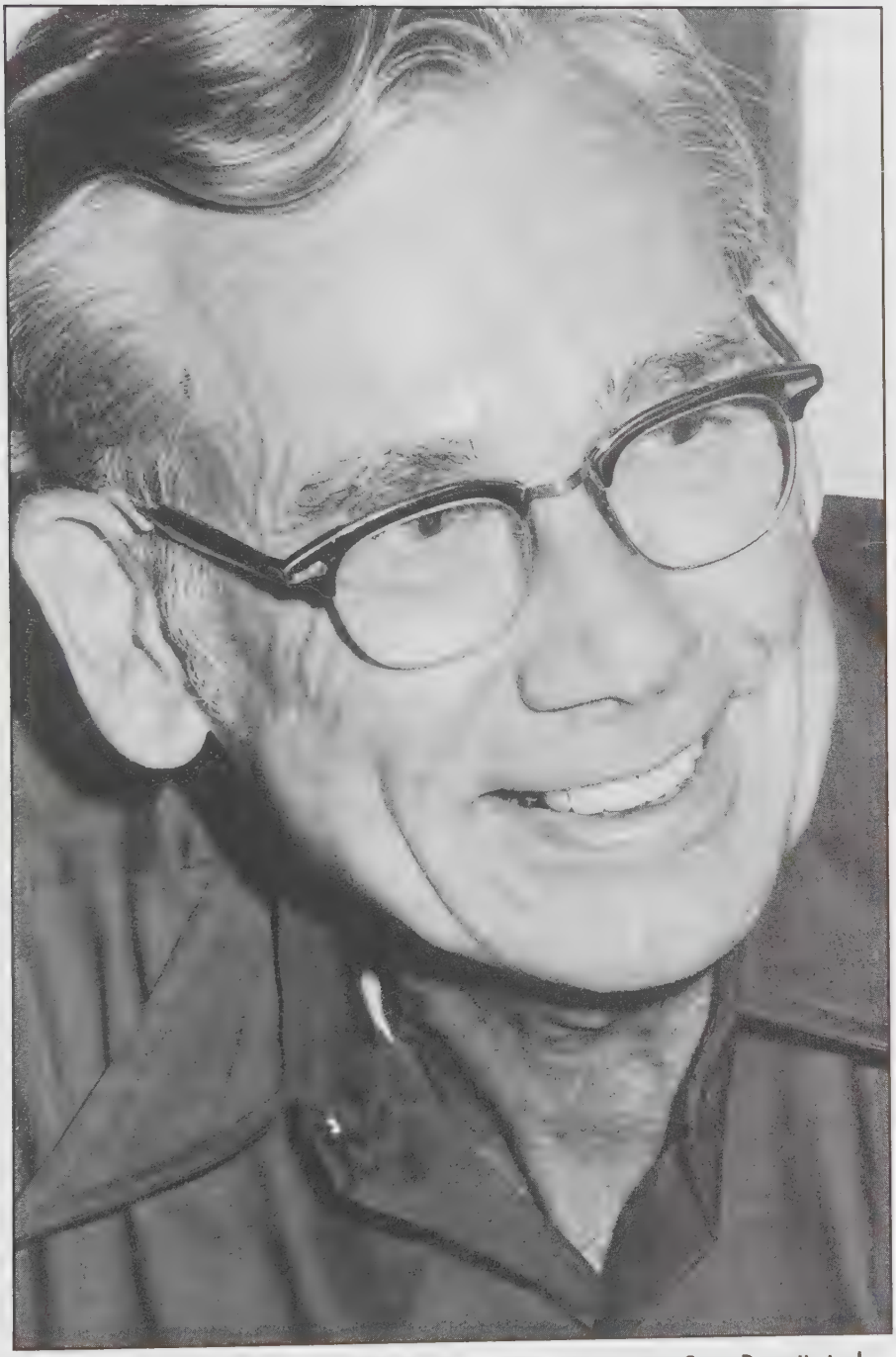
"Educating bowhunters is the most important thing we can do to assure that bowhunting has a future. I'll soon be leaving you, and I'm concerned that this important work be carried on. It's up to you, the National Bowhunter Education Foundation's Board of Directors, volunteer instructors, everyone associated with the sport to support our education efforts. Please pass this on to the gang and tell them I'll always be with them."

He was and is with us. Then and now.

Speaking as someone who knew and worked with Bill Wadsworth for more than two decades, I can say with absolute certainty that modern bowhunting is far better off worldwide because of Bill and his years of hard work. In fact, I believe that all bowhunters owe Bill Wadsworth a huge and heartfelt "Huzzah!" for his acutely clear vision, unwavering faith, focused personal effort and amazing organizational ability. Here's why.

*****

WAY BACK IN THE 1960s, when Bill was headquartered in Syracuse, New York, and heading up the Boy Scouts of America's (BSA) High Adventure Program, he grew increasingly troubled by what he saw going on in a deer hunting area west of town near Port Byron. A serious, experienced and increasingly successful bowhunter, Bill had been asked to use his BSA organizational and managerial skills to promote and run bowhunts at the 3,300-acre Howland Island Game Management Area. There he met archers with all levels of shooting skill and hunting experience who were eager to bowhunt whitetail deer. Sad to say, many were ill-prepared. Not surprisingly, anti-hunting critics soon arrived, searching for proof that bows and arrows were ineffective tools for



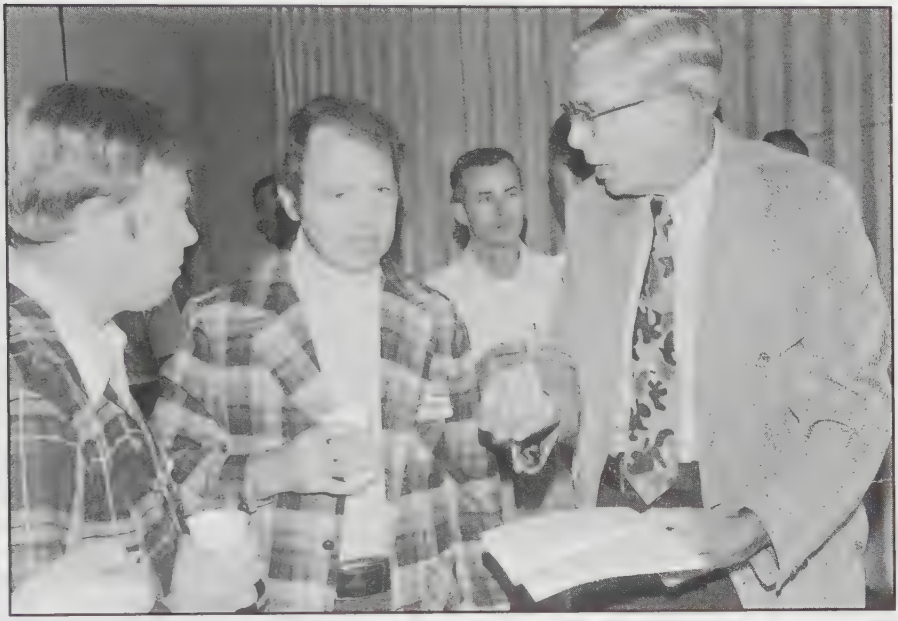
Here's one of my favorite photos of Bill. *Bowhunter* magazine partner Steve Doucette took the candid picture as Bill and I discussed the day's schedule during a meeting in my office.

I first met Bill Wadsworth in the early 1970s and soon joined his effort to spread the gospel of bowhunter education across North America. Bill traveled more than 100,000 miles each year and taught the Indiana class that qualified me as a certified instructor.

humanely and efficiently killing deer. Bill realized that positive improvements had to be made. Immediately.

"Bill Wadsworth was an intense person and not one to take criticism of his interests without some comment," recalls Dr. Wayne Trimm of the New York state Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC), an artist and bowhunter whose sketches illustrate the National Bowhunter Education Foundation's (NBEF) "Hunter Responsibility Series" of how-to booklets and all bowhunter education manuals. "Bill, with a few of us helping, put together an educational program for bowhunters based on accumulated experience, plus information from Howland Island hunts, to train the new bowhunters so they would be outstanding examples - in terms of skill and behavior - in the field. The bowhunter education program was born."

A detailed and well-illustrated 64-page manual, *Bowhunting in New York State*, was the cornerstone of the hunter education course. Copies sold for $1.25 each. Bill was listed as editor and the New York State Field Archery Association, in cooperation with the New York State DEC, prepared and delivered the manuals. The publication's dedication paid tribute to Dr. Paul Crouch, the father of bowhunting in New York state, and "the generations of bowhunters who have helped us to know and enjoy the sport of bowhunting."



This is the way I remember Bill, never passing up the opportunity to explain his Bowhunter Education program. This photo was snapped at a Pope & Young Club meeting and is special to me for two reasons. First, it captures Bill's passion perfectly. Second, he's wearing the camouflage tie he later gave to me. I still wear it in Bill's memory on special occasions.

By the way, statistics collected on Howland Island bowhunts later helped convince New York state conservation officials to issue the state's first bowhunting stamp in 1967. That special stamp - along with a big game license - enabled New York state deer hunters to take part in an early "bow-only" season. More than 33,000 stamps were sold in '67, an all-time high for archery participation within state boundaries. Previously, a special longbow season had been established in Westchester County in 1942, and a two-week bow season had been launched prior to New York's 1948 regular hunting season.

*****

USING HIS SUCCESS in New York state bowhunter education efforts as a springboard to dive into far broader and deeper waters, Bill next turned his full attention to the national bowhunting scene during the mid-1970s. Dr. Dave Samuel, *Bowhunter* magazine conservation editor and later an NBEF president, clearly remembers his initial meeting with Bill Wadsworth:

"In 1976, at my first NBEF meeting, I found a man totally dedicated to bowhunter education and the future of bowhunting.... In my opinion Bill Wadsworth did more for bowhunting's future than anyone I've ever met. ... He

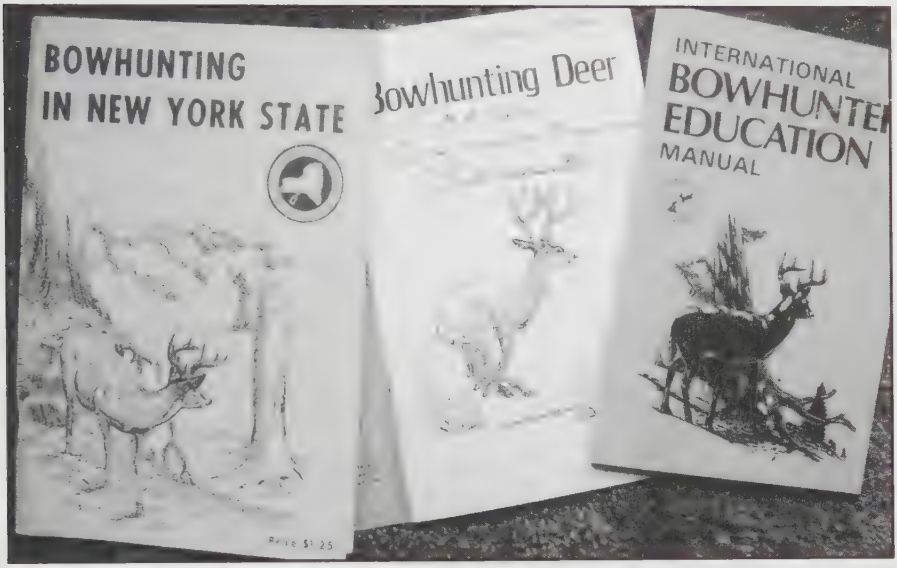
This snapshot caught The Old Bowhunter passing along some words of wisdom to a young editor. *Bowhunter* magazine routinely published Bowhunter Education materials and urged readers to support Bill's cause.

guided bowhunter education from its inception, when few in the (archery) industry supported the concept, to the powerful organization it is today with peer recognition worldwide.

"I am an educator and take pride in my teaching. Bill was the epitome of what a good educator is, simply unbelievable. In the classroom he had charisma, organization, professionalism, ethics, knowledge - plus enthusiasm. The classroom was his home."

David Woodward, another former NBEF president, adds his own insightful observations: "Bill was on a mission. He believed the only way to preserve bowhunting was through the educational process, and he was fervent in this belief. He worked long hours, traveled thousands of miles right through retirement and up to his hospital bed to prove it. There was no negative energy coming from this man, and it was impossible to associate with him and not have faith that he was right."

Marilyn Bentz, current NBEF executive director, says, "I'm not sure if Bill Wadsworth ever envisioned the enormity or grandeur of what he started. Since the NBEF was formed in 1979, more than 1 million students have taken the basic course. The task at hand is to continue this legacy Bill created. More people need to experience bowhunting. Only then will individuals understand the passion of past crusaders such as Bill Wadsworth, who made the sport of bowhunting possible today."



My office library contains several old bowhunter education publications that Bill personalized and passed along as tokens of appreciation for joining his campaign.

*****

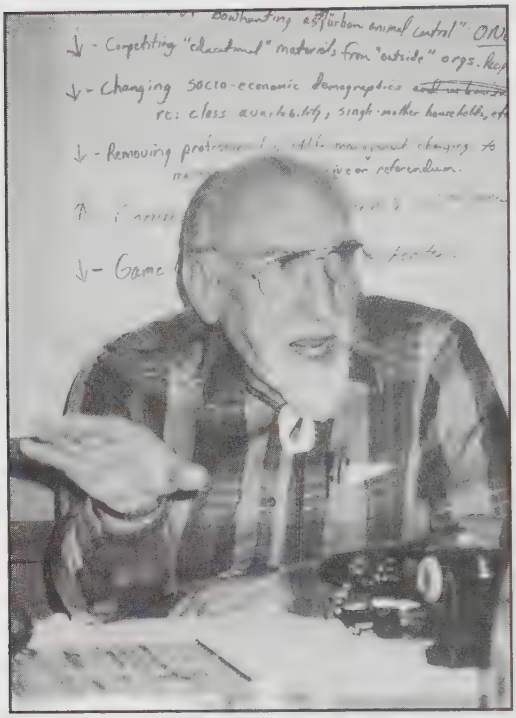
INITIALLY, ROADBLOCKS WERE PLACED in his path by some skeptical manufacturers worried about losing sales if hunter education training classes were mandated before hunting licenses could be issued. Yet Bill Wadsworth continued to spread his gospel of teaching bowhunting basics and responsible hunting practices.

State and provincial conservation departments. Bowhunting organizations. Archery clubs. Pro-hunting groups. Conservation associations. And anyone else willing to listen. Bill Wadsworth talked to them all and he convinced most.

Eventually Bill teamed up with the National Field Archery Association, which adopted and promoted his duly proven and highly effective training program. However, in 1979 the NBEF was established as an independent, non-profit organization whose primary purpose was to protect bowhunting privileges. Its stated goal: *improving the quality of bowhunters through education.*

"The future of bowhunting depends on bowhunter education," was a favorite Bill Wadsworth mantra, and quickly became the NBEF slogan.

And Bill continued his tireless personal efforts, training volunteer instructors to effectively teach archers how to be safe, responsible, effective bowhunters. This dedication eventually carried him to every state, province, and territory in North America. To say that the NBEF's International Bowhunting Education Program



Artist Wayne Trimm is a mutual friend whose illustrations graced the first Pope & Young Club record book in 1975 and later Bill Wadsworth's bowhunter education booklets.

became successful would be the understatement of the past century. Former NBEF chairman James M. Jones summed it up perfectly:

"Because of Bill Wadsworth's vision, we are now reaching hundreds of thousands of bowhunters each year ... extending the program into Europe and Africa and other continents, always with the same message: *safe and responsible bowhunting assures that the sport of bowhunting has a long future.*

"In simple terms, Bill loved bowhunting and had little patience with those who did not support bowhunter education. The fact is he was right, for of all the programs yet devised to save bowhunting and make it a better sport, bowhunter education stands out among all as the most successful."

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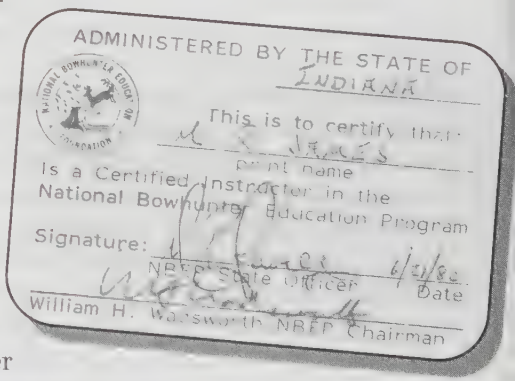
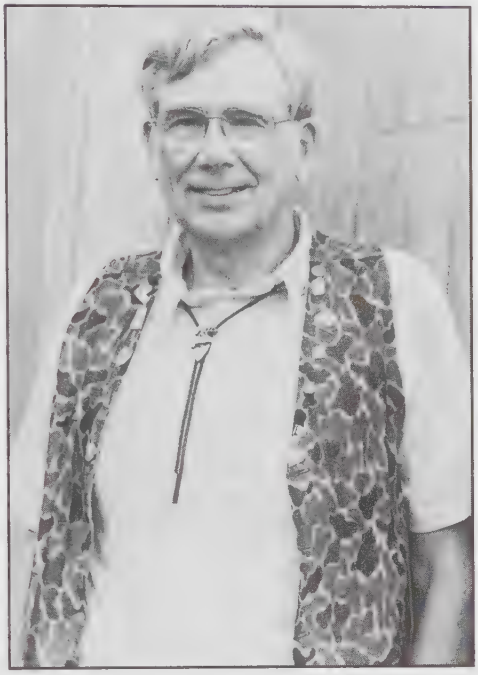


THE 2-INCH-BY-3-INCH YELLOW CARD that I've carried in my wallet since June 21, 1980 officially certifies me as a volunteer instructor in Bill Wadsworth's National Bowhunter Education Program. Although proud of that distinction and the classes that I've taught over the years, I'm equally proud to have earned my card in an Indiana class taught by Bill himself. Nobody did it better.

And, arguably, nobody has ever done more personally for the future of bowhunting.

As I wrote in *Bowhunter* magazine shortly after Bill's death, saying goodbye to a

Here's the Bill Wadsworth known to thousands of bowhunter education students. Bolo tie. Camo vest. And an encouraging smile. The "Father of Bowhunter Education" died in 1991 but his work continues thanks to an army of dedicated volunteers who carry on his work.



friend is never easy. But Bill Wadsworth did everything that he could to make it easier for those of us he left behind to carry on his life's work in bowhunter education. That's the kind of man Bill was.

His spirit is with us still. ... We will think of Bill often, we will miss him and we will work to make him proud. And although we have lost a friend, we have not lost dedication or direction.

Rest easy, Old Bowhunter. You showed the way. Now let us carry on.

WILLIAM H. WADSWORTH

- The "Father of Bowhunter Education;" founder of the National Bowhunter Education Foundation; his tireless crusade for ethical bowhunting paved the way for the lengthy seasons today's bowhunters enjoy
- Author of "Tips from the Old Bowhunter" and editor of "Bowhunting Deer," the National Bowhunter Education Manual
- Elected into the Hunter Education Hall of Fame in 1988; posthumously elected into the Archery Hall of Fame in 1998
- Touched the lives of hundreds of thousands of bowhunters worldwide through the NBEF's International Bowhunter Education Program and its thousands of volunteer instructors

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

A TRUE LEADING LADY

P&Y Trailblazer Carolyn Zanoni

THERE SIMPLY WAS NO WAY to thread an arrow through the maze of tree branches. The hounds yammered louder. The treed cougar hissed and snarled. And the Utah guides stood with their bowhunting client peering upward, pondering the next move. Then, mere moments later, the bowhunter purposefully moved over to the base of a towering Douglas fir directly opposite the angry cat, carefully climbed limb by limb some 30 yards upward into the thin mountain air, raised the bow, calmly drew an arrow and drove it accurately through the lion's chest.

The year was 1966. The bowhunter was a Quincy, Illinois, nurse named Carolyn Siebrasse.

Obviously, this was no girly girl. This was a consistently successful bowhunter who traveled widely and collected an impressive variety of big game animals. But this was a time when the mere handful of lady archers involved in bowhunting just didn't go traipsing around the country on their own. They went with their husbands or they hunted alone near their home. Single women simply didn't do the sort of thing that Carolyn Siebrasse did.

A woman who wanted to book a solo bear or lion hunt? Sure! Right! Male bowhunters and veteran guides eyed her suspiciously. A lone woman in a hunting camp? Come on!

Just who was this gal, anyway? And what was she really up to?

*****

I FIRST GOT TO KNOW and admire Carolyn through her published articles in Roy Hoff's *Archery Magazine*. She had arrowed her first Pope & Young Illinois whitetail in 1961, two years before I collected my initial record-book buck across the winding Wabash River in Indiana. And Carolyn's '66 Tavaputs Plateau mountain lion, mentioned in the opening paragraphs, fell four full years before I duplicated her feat in another remote Utah canyon.

Oh, yes. I have to admit that she also tagged her first black bear a couple of years

Carolyn Siebrasse arrowed "Buster" in Illinois in 1961 at the outset of her long and successful bowhunting career. Today her whitetail mount hangs proudly in the Pope & Young/St. Charles Museum in Chatfield, Minnesota.

An avid pronghorn hunter for many years, Carolyn traveled to Wyoming each September with husband George to hunt the famous Spearhead Ranch north of Douglas. The annual hunts resulted in numerous record book antelope for the bowhunting duo.

before I killed my first bruin. But, honestly, I never minded following in Carolyn's boot tracks. Truth be known, she inspired me. As a traveling bowhunter. As a writer who shared exciting bowhunting adventures with others. And as a proud and qualified member of the Pope & Young Club.

Although Margaret "Rick" Cooley, another Prairie State bowhunter, was actually the first woman to earn regular member status, Carolyn became the second in 1967. Incidentally, Margaret Cooley and her bowhunting husband, Dick, were among the first 50 members. A bylaws change in '66 doubled that number to 100, opening the door to regular membership for Carolyn and eventually for other pioneering women bowhunters such as Midge Dandridge and Judy Grooms in 1977, and Betty Gulman in 1979.

Carolyn later made Pope & Young Club history of her own, becoming the club's first female senior member in 1980.

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SPEAKING OF CAROLYN'S FIRSTS, picture a bundled bowhunter easing along an overgrown Illinois fence line one frigid November morning in 1961. Back at the family farmhouse an outside thermometer reads 8 degrees. No camo for this 60s-era deer hunter, only a hooded jacket, woolen trousers, socks and gloves. Leather boots completed the ensemble. Her bow of choice is a Joe Fries 40-pound recurve equipped only with brush buttons, a nocking point and a bow quiver containing four cedar arrows. Each shaft is tipped with Hilbre two-blade broadheads.

Snow squeaks beneath lugged soles, and Carolyn's breath ghosts float in the icy air. Then a big-racked buck is suddenly there, standing just across the barbed-wire fence only 30 short yards away. Amazingly, the whitetail doesn't move as Carolyn nocks an arrow, draws, holds, aims and releases. But her cedar shaft sails high, its sharp broadhead cutting a wisp of gray hair from the deer's broad back. The buck flinches but doesn't run. Incredibly, he turns his head to stare at the cedar arrow jutting from the frozen field.

"*Buster,*" Carolyn is thinking as she draws a follow-up arrow, "*if you're going to wait for me...*"

Her second arrow slices through the buck's lungs. Carolyn Siebrasse has

In 1980 Carolyn became the first woman eligible for a senior membership in the Pope & Young Club. Husband George is also a longtime senior member. I took this photo of the happy couple in their Westchester, Illinois, memory room.

just tagged her first record-book animal. And today, nearly half a century and many more Pope & Young Club animals later, "Buster" hangs on public display at the Pope & Young Club/Glenn St. Charles Museum in Chatfield, Minnesota. Appropriately, this pioneering lady bowhunter's very special bow and arrow buck has ended up in a very special place - shared, seen and admired.

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CAROLYN'S BOWHUNTING DAYS ended in 1998. The ravages of rheumatoid arthritis left her hands and fingers looking like those of some big league catcher who'd spent a long career being battered by bone-breaking foul balls. Simply drawing a bow was increasingly painful. And finally impossible.

"Hunting became more and more difficult for Carolyn," explained George Zanoni, her husband since 1980 and another P&Y Club senior member. "Over time just walking to and from a whitetail or bear stand was an ordeal. And, of course, plodding across spongy tundra on caribou hunts, climbing in and out of the boats, really pushed the envelope.

"Antelope hunting - sitting and waiting at prairie water holes - finally became the only type of bowhunting she could handle. Almost every September we made the trip from Illinois to Frank and Elaine Moore's wonderful Spearhead Ranch near Douglas, Wyoming.

"She hunted with a custom PSE 40-pound compound bow customized by Pete

Shepley to make less mass weight," George recalled. "It was fitted with a single sight pin she rigged up. Her arrows were carbons fitted with 100-grain Thunderheads.

"Carolyn was always a patient hunter. She never got bored waiting for game to appear. I remember one seven-day pronghorn hunt in 1980 when she spent over 100 hours in prairie blinds until the right trophy buck finally appeared. Now that's patience!

"The number of animals she killed was never really important to her," George said. "The memories and friendships were bigger and more precious."

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NOT SURPRISINGLY, the first camp that I shared with George and Carolyn was a Spearhead Ranch pronghorn hunt. That late 1980s adventure was the first of many that we spent together on the sprawling Cowboy State ranch where Carolyn heart-shot her last record book antelope at 15 yards in 1994. And even after she could no longer bowhunt, she assumed the role of camp cheerleader, offering personal encouragement to dejected hunters who'd missed shots and heartfelt congratulations to elated bowmen who'd just tagged a buck or bull.

During one six-day Spearhead bowhunt in 1992 when I arrowed a Pope & Young Club muley, bull elk and pronghorn buck, Carolyn and my wife, Janet, were a two-person fan club. And I was left with the distinct impression that my Wyoming triple meant as much to Carolyn as the pronghorn buck and doe that she had tagged.

That's just the kind of woman Carolyn is.

CAROLYN SIEBRASSE ZANONI

- Arrowed her first record book animal, a 12-point non-typical whitetail deer, in Illinois in 1961
- Arranged solo hunts for black bears, mountain lion and mule deer in the 1960s when few, if any, women bowhunters booked out-of-state hunting trips
- Published articles of her successful bowhunts in *Archery Magazine* back in the 1960s
- First female Pope & Young Club senior member (1980)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

M. R. James spent 35 years writing and editing material for *Bowhunter* magazine, the publication that he founded in 1971. A member of the Professional Bowhunters Society since 1965 and a current senior member and president of the Pope & Young Club, James' bowhunting career now spans nearly a half century.

In 2001, James was inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame as its 54th member. In 1999 he earned the Outdoor Writers Association of America's distinguished Excellence in Craft award in recognition of his outstanding writing and editing career.

James has authored half a dozen popular bowhunting books and the critically acclaimed hunting autobiography, "My Place."

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